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PLASTIC MAN
SCORES A
BULL'S-EYE
ON
CRIME!

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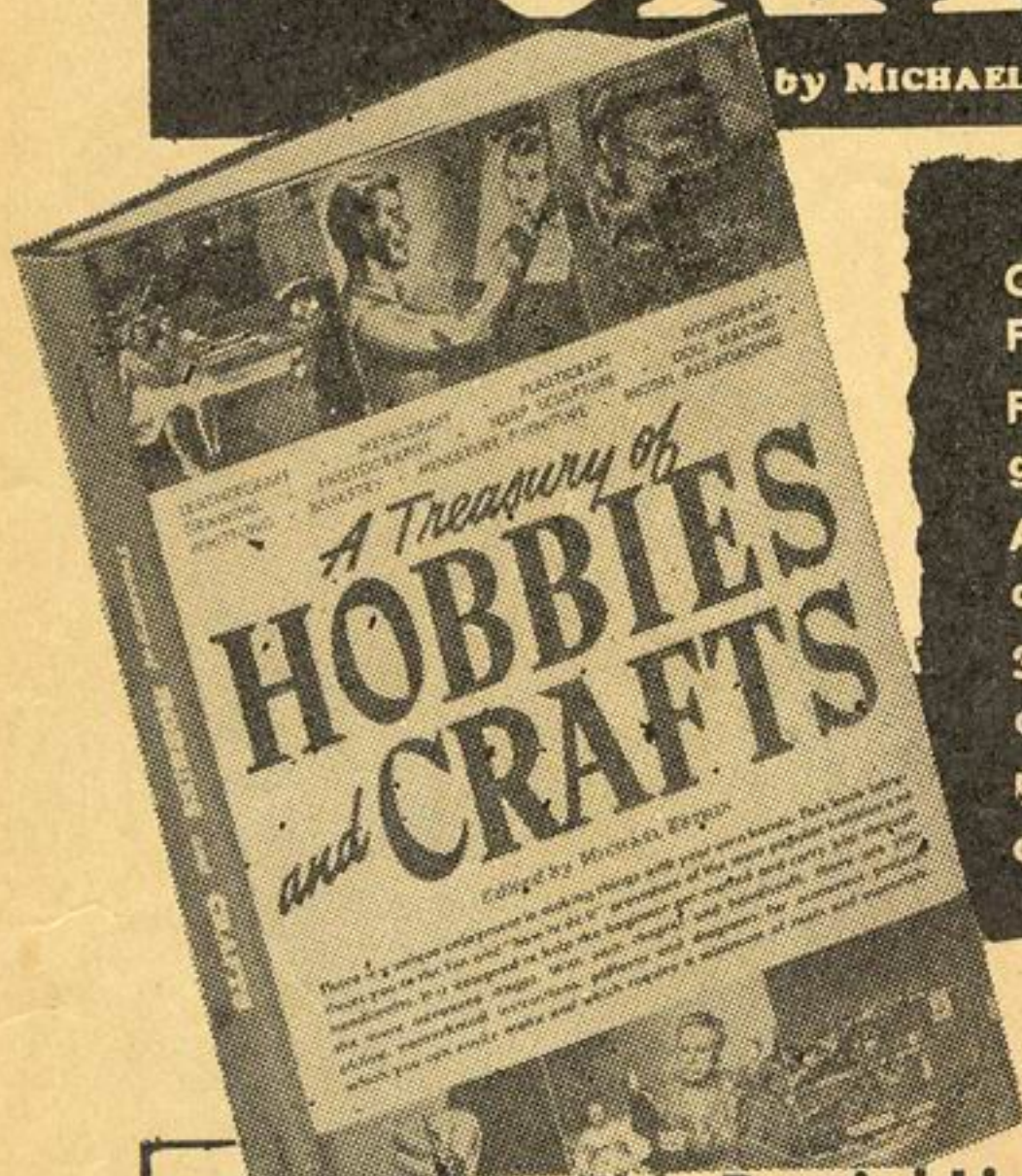




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A Treasury of HOBBIES and CRAFTS

by MICHAEL ESTRIN



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How to get started; simple vegetable garden; growing beautiful flowers; building a rock garden; grow your own fruit. Indoor gardening. Soil-less gardening.
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How to develop a home-built, home-housed miniature railroad. Locating your line—different layouts—building your railroad—tracks—train set—accessories—scenery.
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Materials used—description of weaves—making borders—directions for making different shaped baskets—Coloring and Finishing—Dyeing.
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Tools and how to use them—Painting and Decorating; How to make: Wall Book-case; Clothes Stand; Dog House; Sewing Stand; Tree Seat; Game Table; See-Saw; Sand Box; Breakfast Table and Benches; etc.
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General directions on procedure. Patterns and instructions for making complete Dining Room Set, and Bedroom Set.
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Working Hints—Tools—Patterns and directions for carving: People, Animals, Birds, Fish, Buildings, finishing.
- PHOTOGRAPHY**
Shooting the picture only half the adventure; rest comes with own processing and printing, cropping and enlarging.
- PLASTIC CRAFT**
Which plastic most suitable for home craftsmen—qualities of plastics—working procedure. How to make: Desk Blotter; Napkin Holders; Cigarette Cart; Cross Pendant; Knife Rack; Costume Rings; Pins; Pendants; Brooches; Bracelets; Ear-rings; etc.
- LEATHER CRAFT**
What leathers to use—tools and types of leather-work; Methods of working leather. Projects: Pillow cover, Desk Pad, Scrap Book, etc.
- METAL CRAFT**
Metals to use—tools—processes, finishing and polishing. How to make: Tie Clip; Letter Opener; Ash Tray; Candy Dish; Metal Bracelets; etc.

There is a unique and thrilling enjoyment in creating something with your own hands. It is a three-fold pleasure: in the planning; in the doing; and in the use of the object created. There never has been a handicraft book like this one. It is a treasure-chest of fascinating facts and working procedure, on hobbies and crafts—and it is packed with useful and artistic articles, decorative objects and home improvements ANYONE can easily make, and EVERYONE will enjoy!

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A TREASURY OF HOBBIES AND CRAFTS, the title of this brand new book, means just what it says. It is a "treasury" of the most popular handicrafts. Even if you have never handled tools in your life, you'll be able to do expert craft work. It is designed to help the beginner get started and carry him through to the more advanced stages. This handbook of craft instruction guides you through the ABC's of every step and process—and the more than 400 illustrations enable you to SEE at a glance WHAT to do and HOW to do it.

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PLASTIC MAN

WHAT?
CANDY
in
CRIME?
Well.....

Crime includes **STICKUPS**
--- **HOT SUGAR** ----
Every thug talks about
MINTS of dishonest
money ---

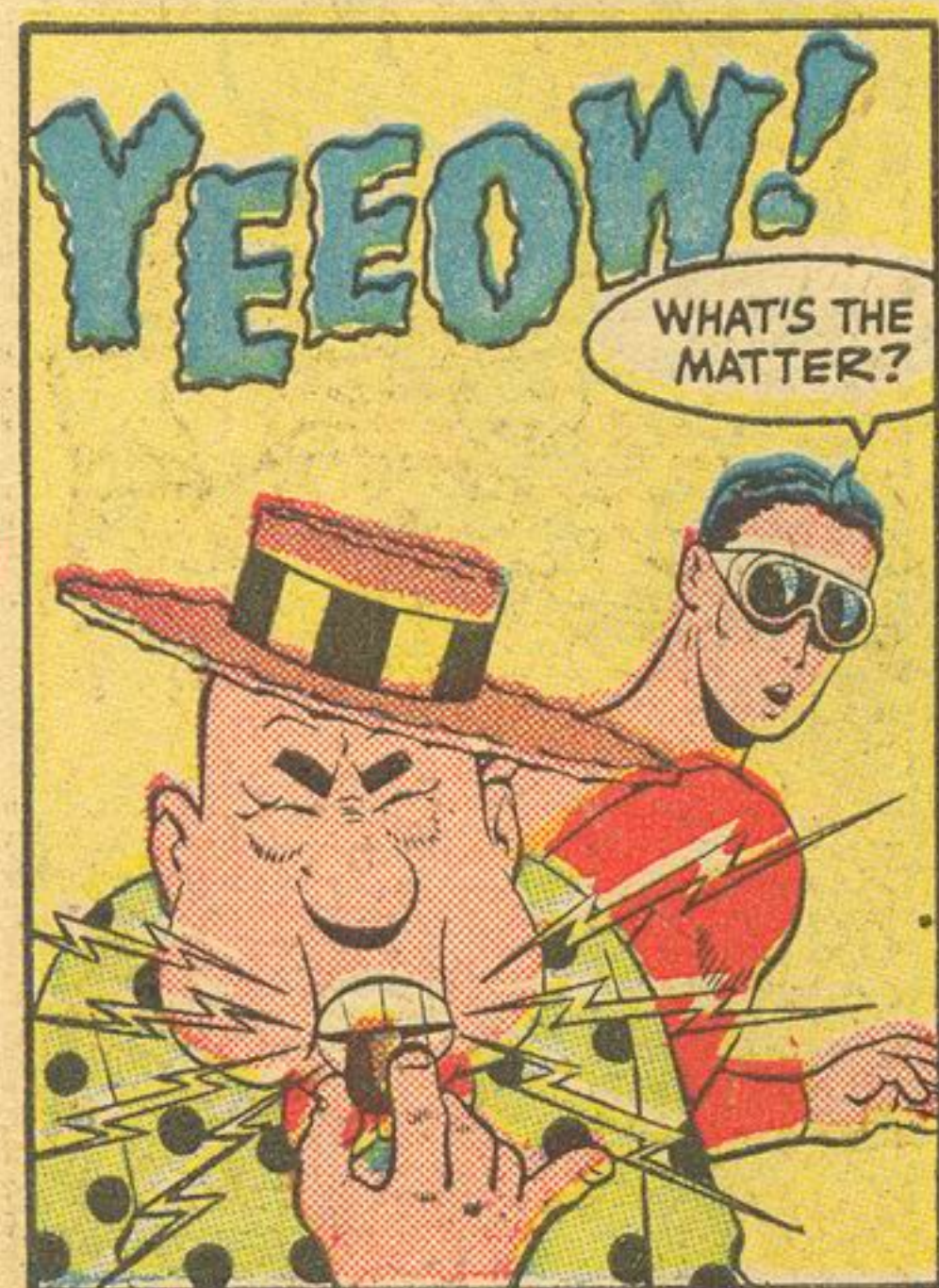
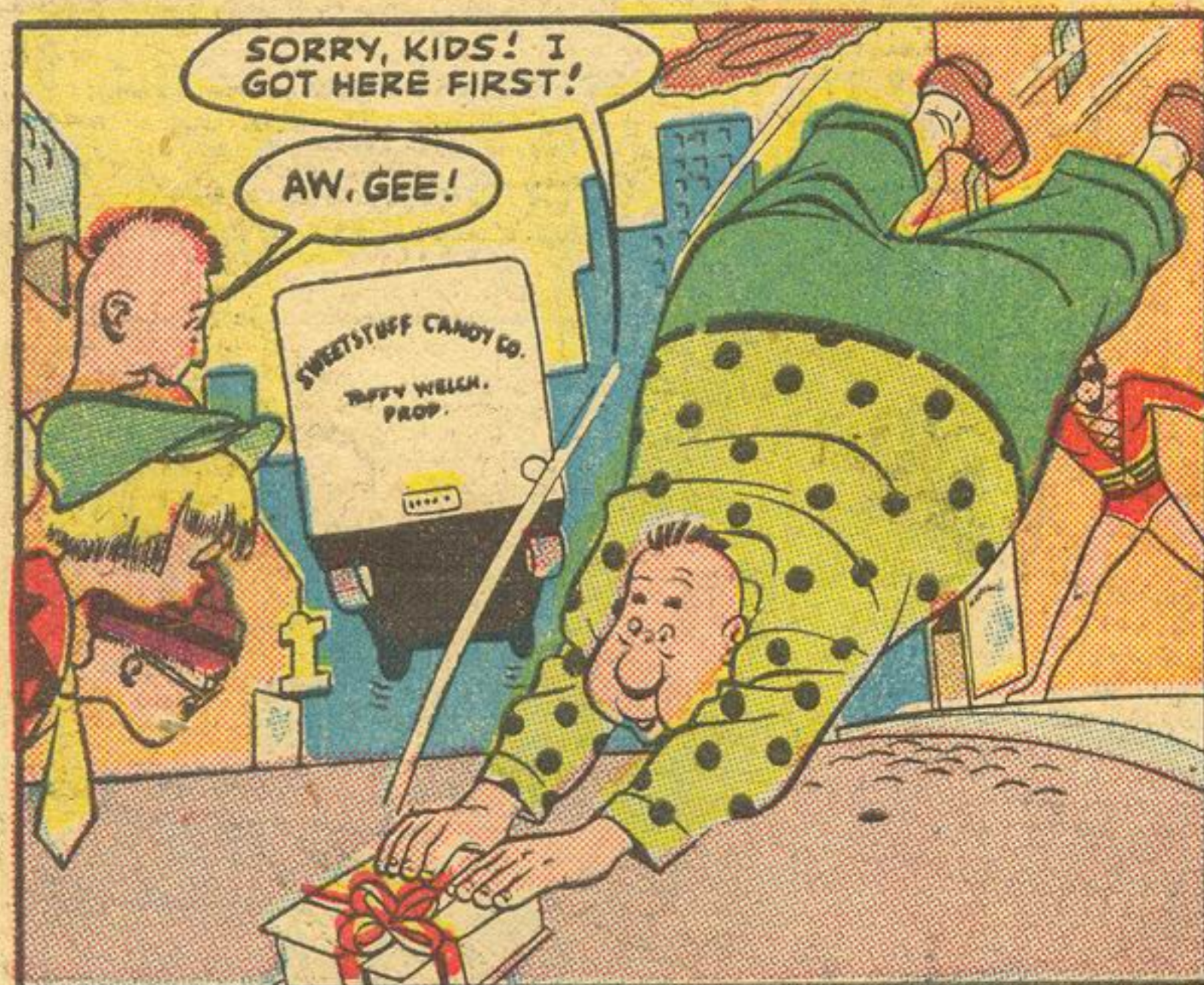
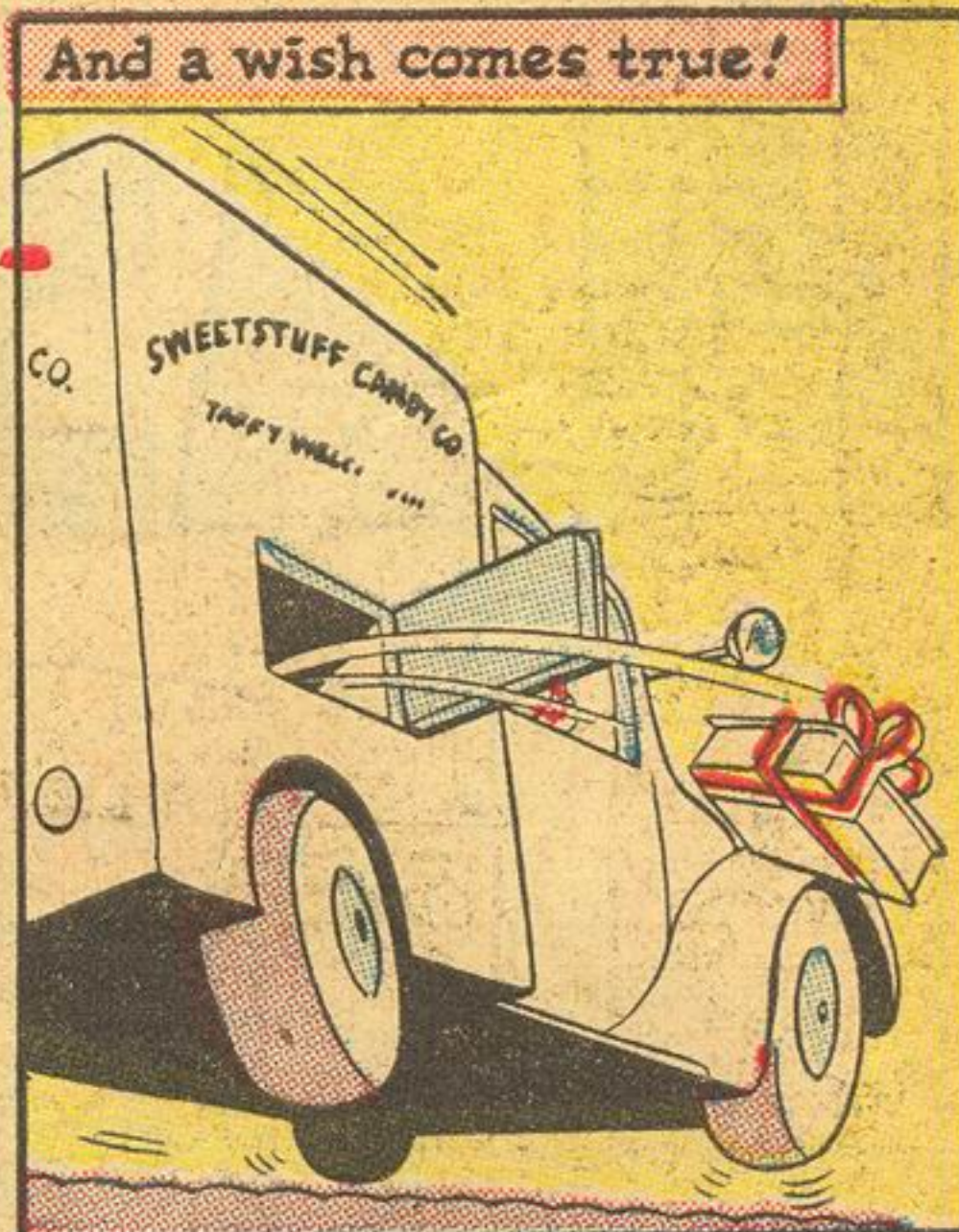
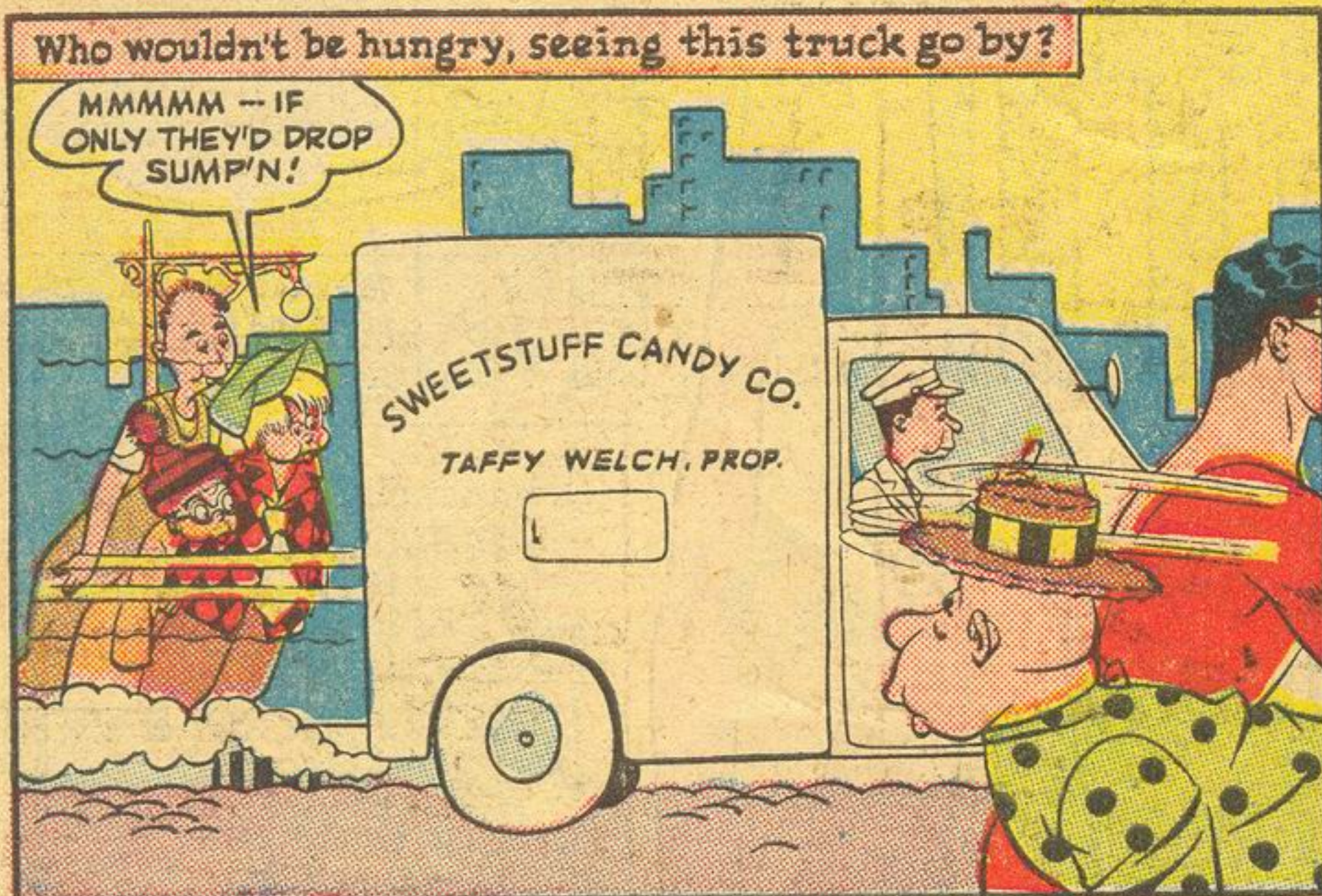
Some gangsters are
JAW-BREAKERS ---

Lots of them wind up
wearing **STRIPE**S!

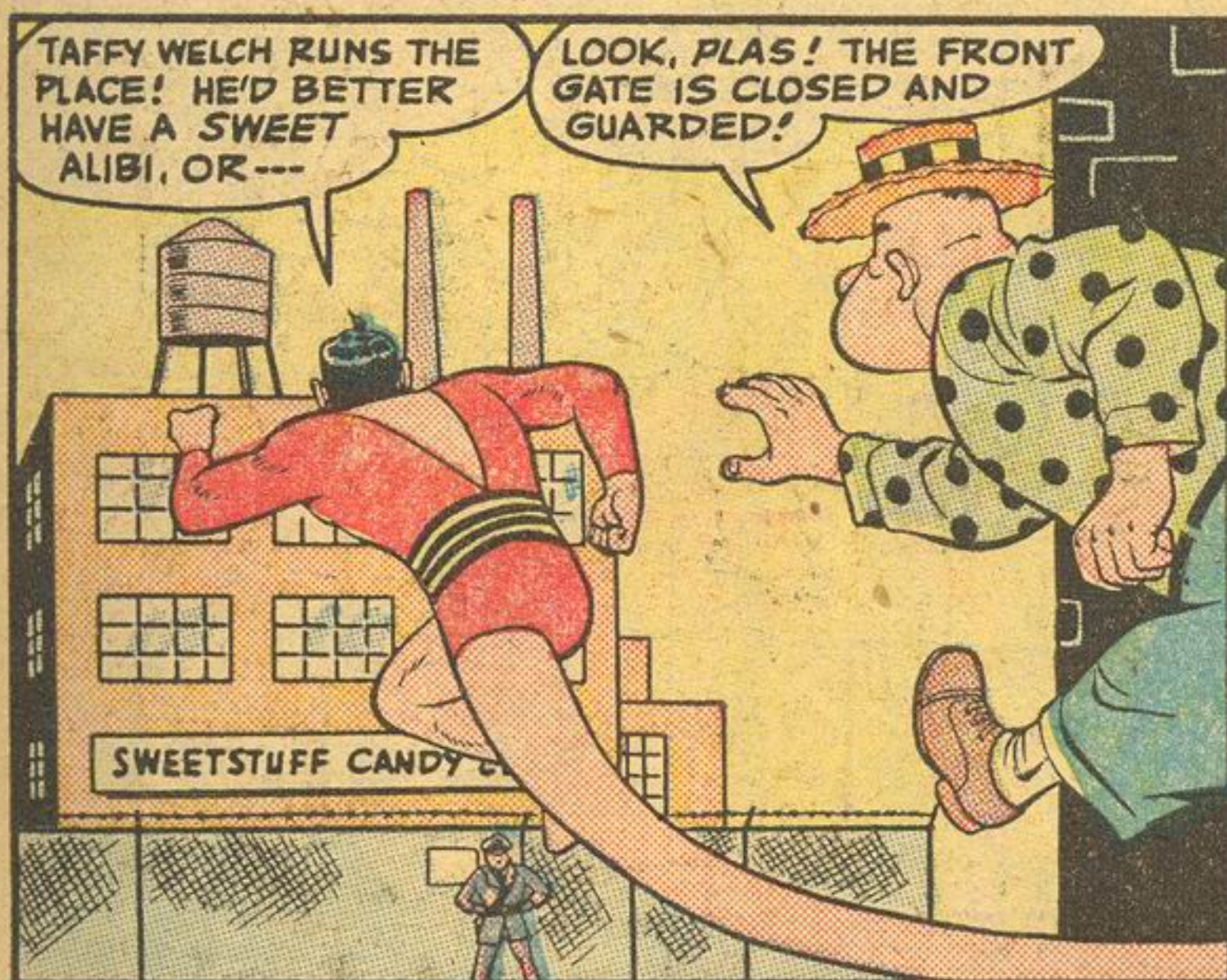
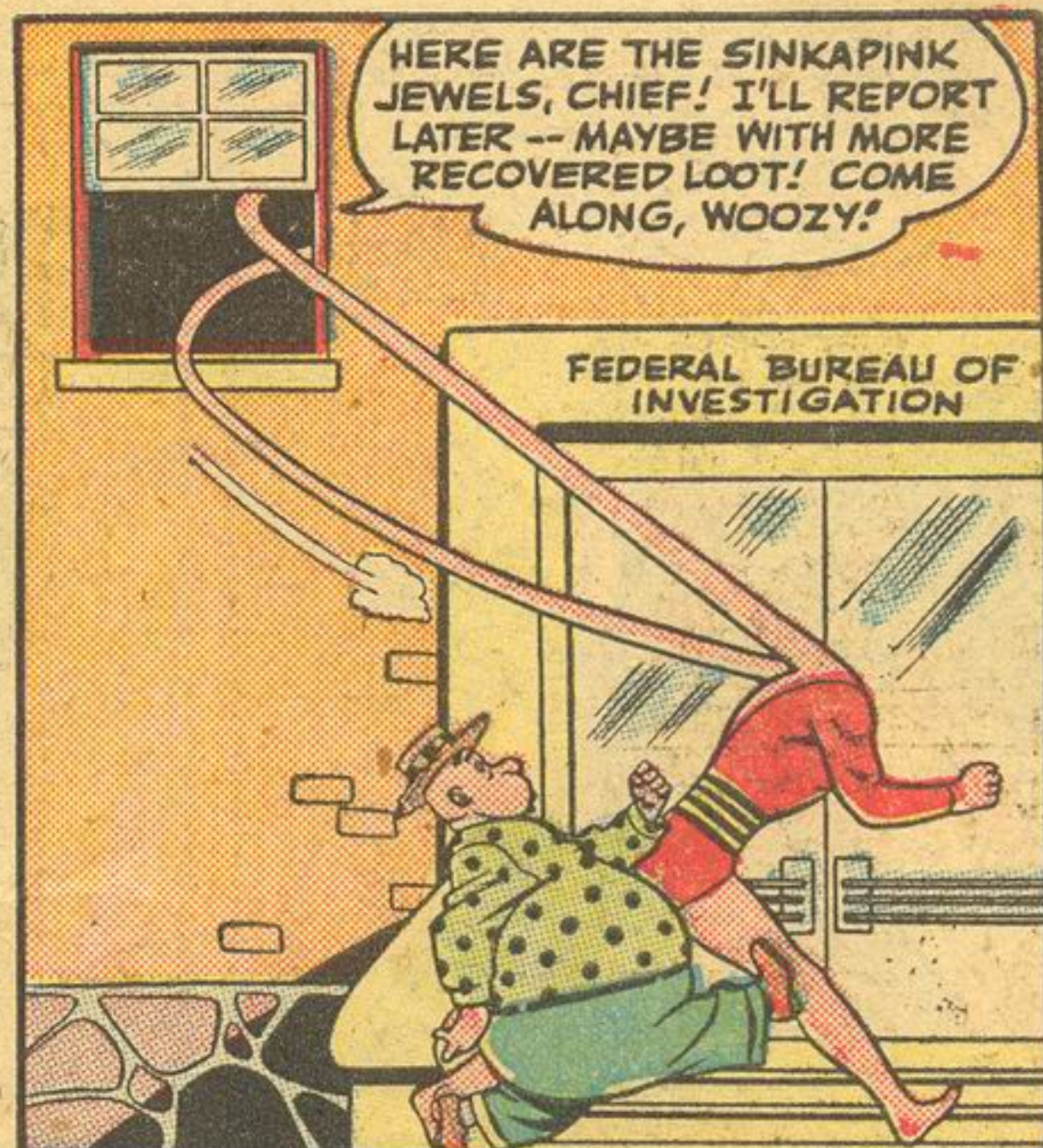
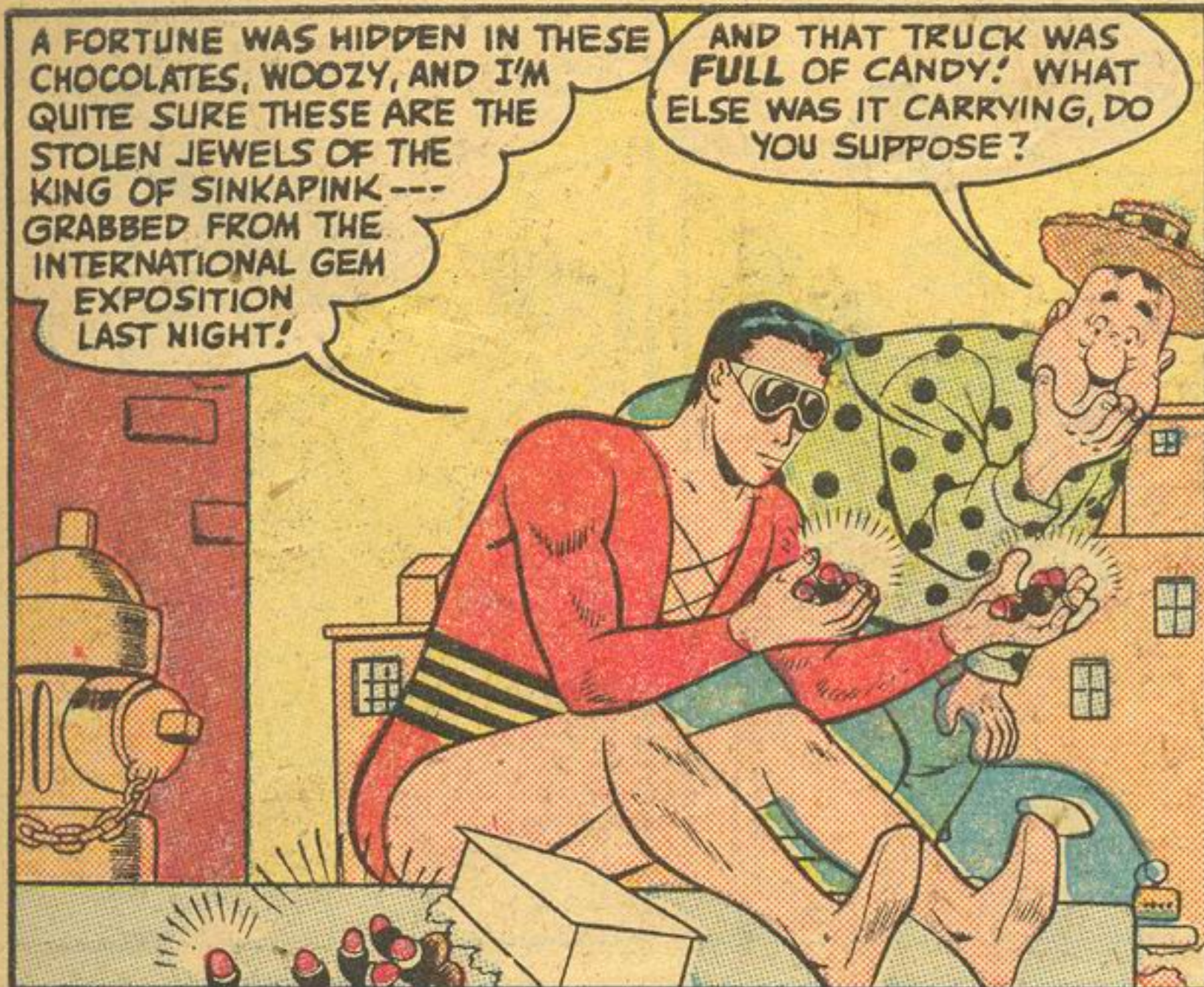
And so on and so on....

As proved by **PLASTIC**
MAN'S adventure
with **SWEETS TO**
THE SWINDLERS!

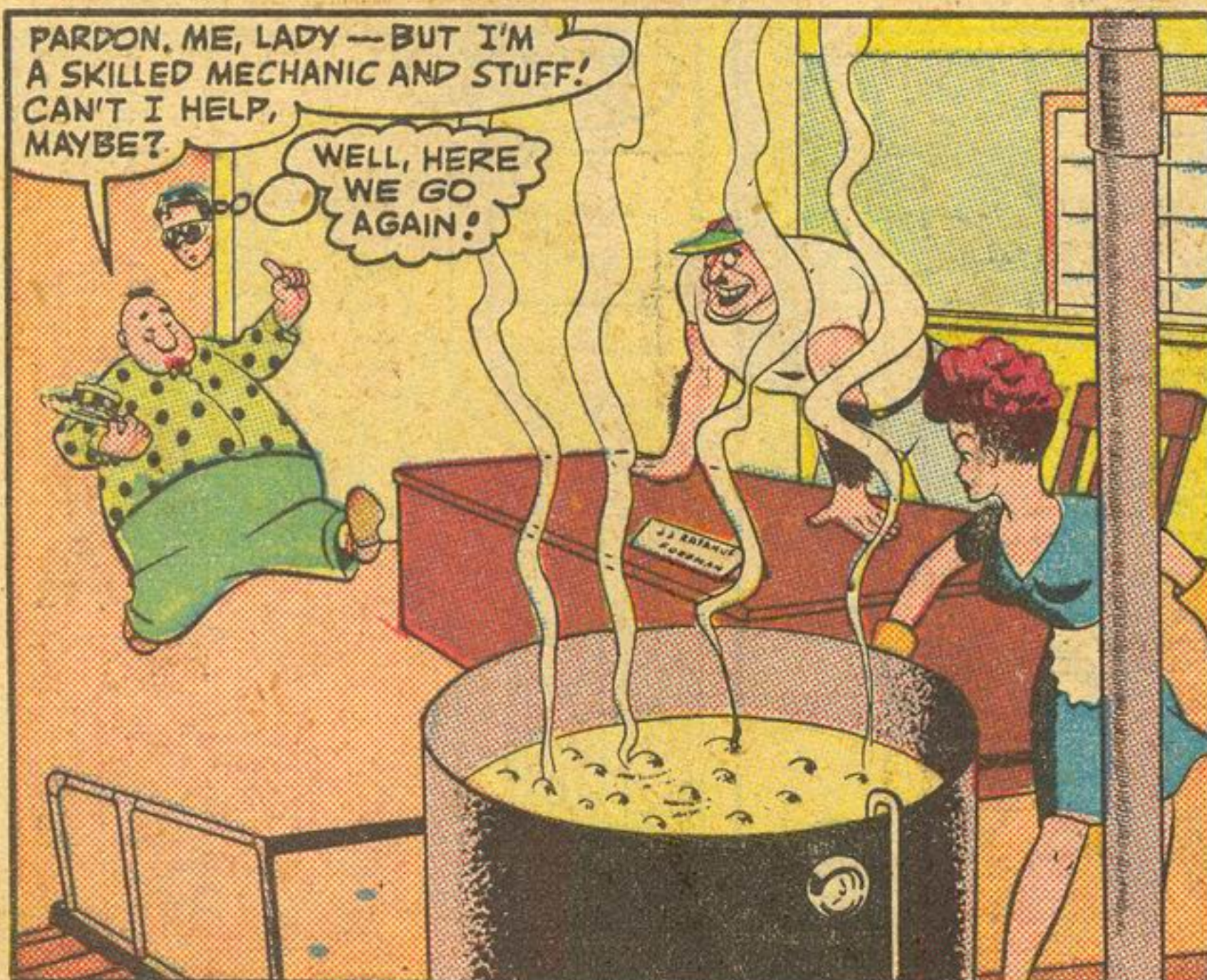
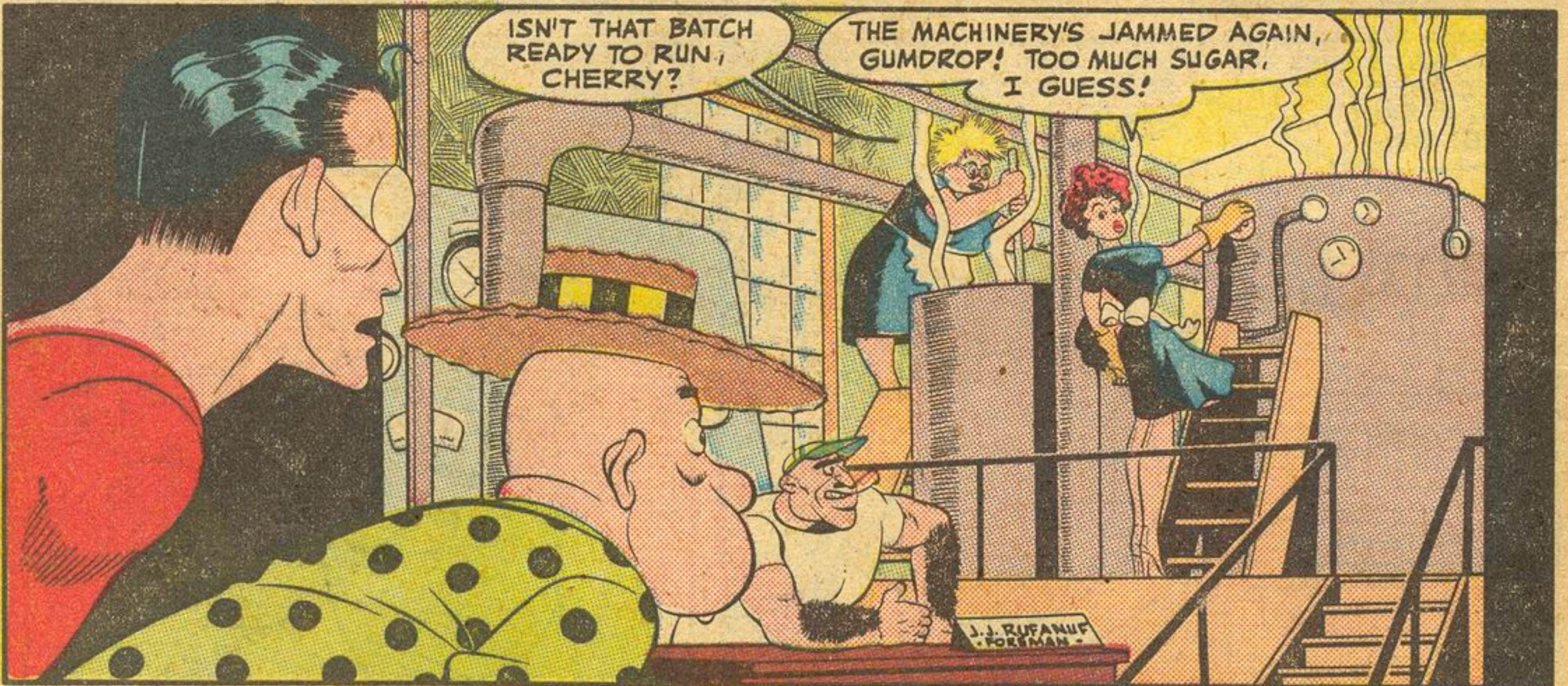


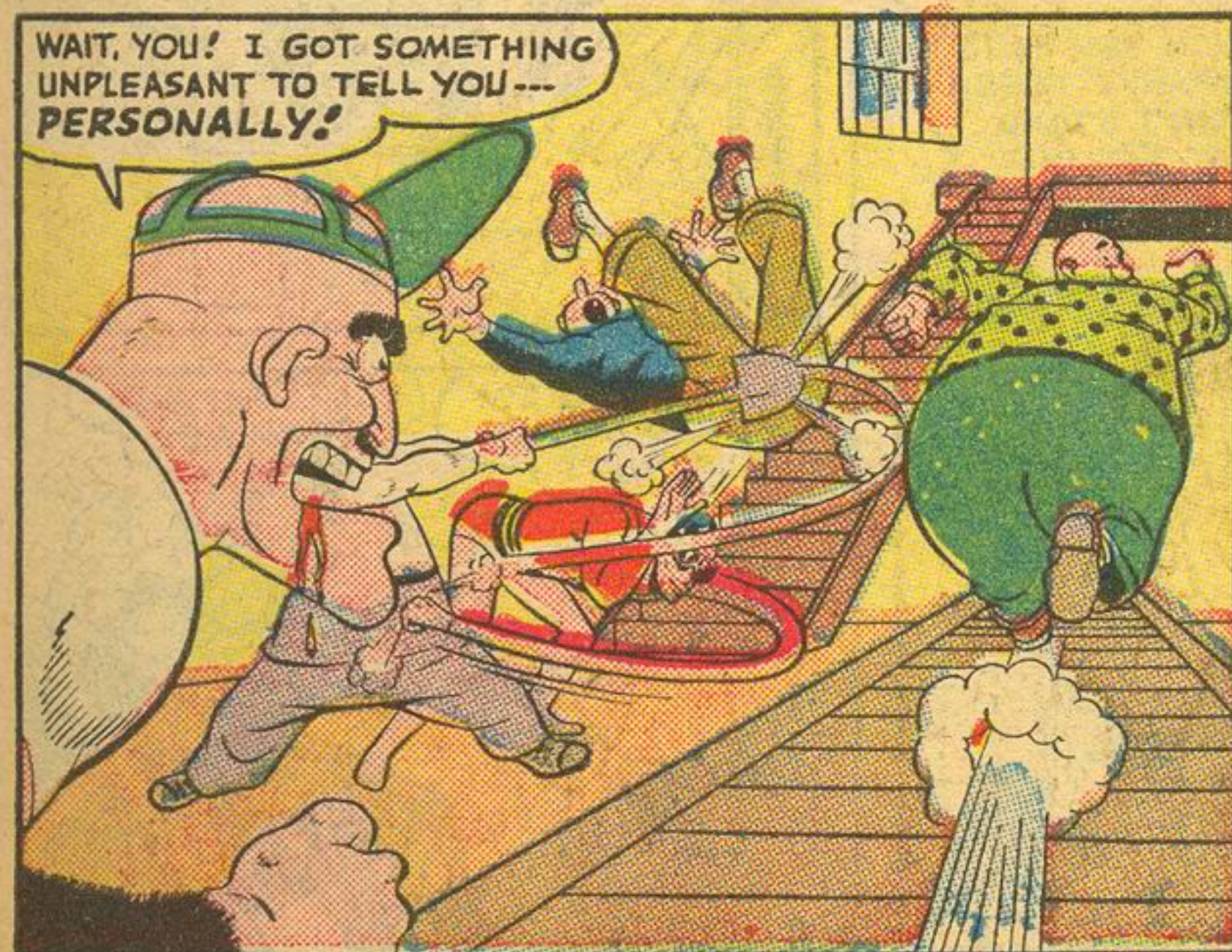
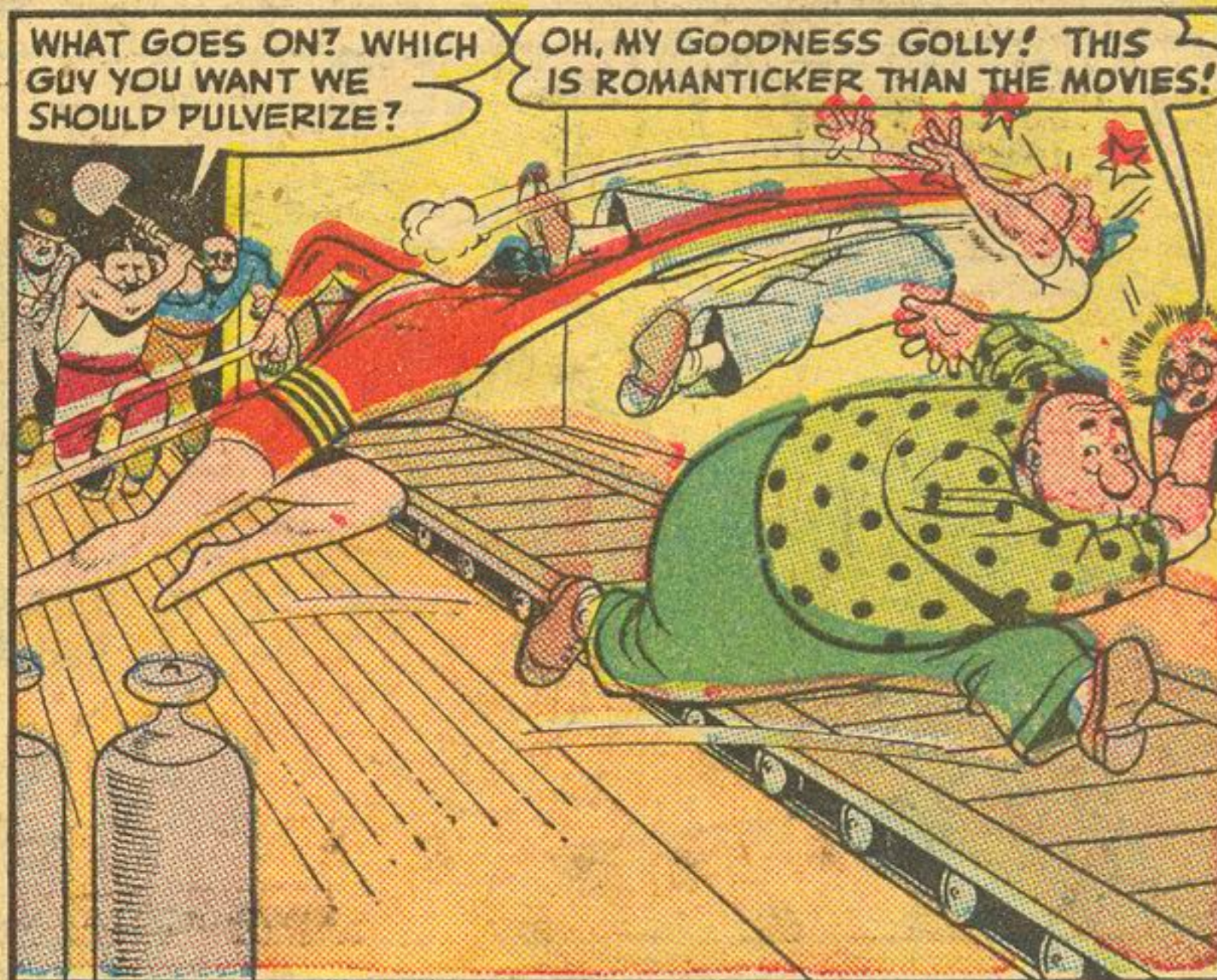
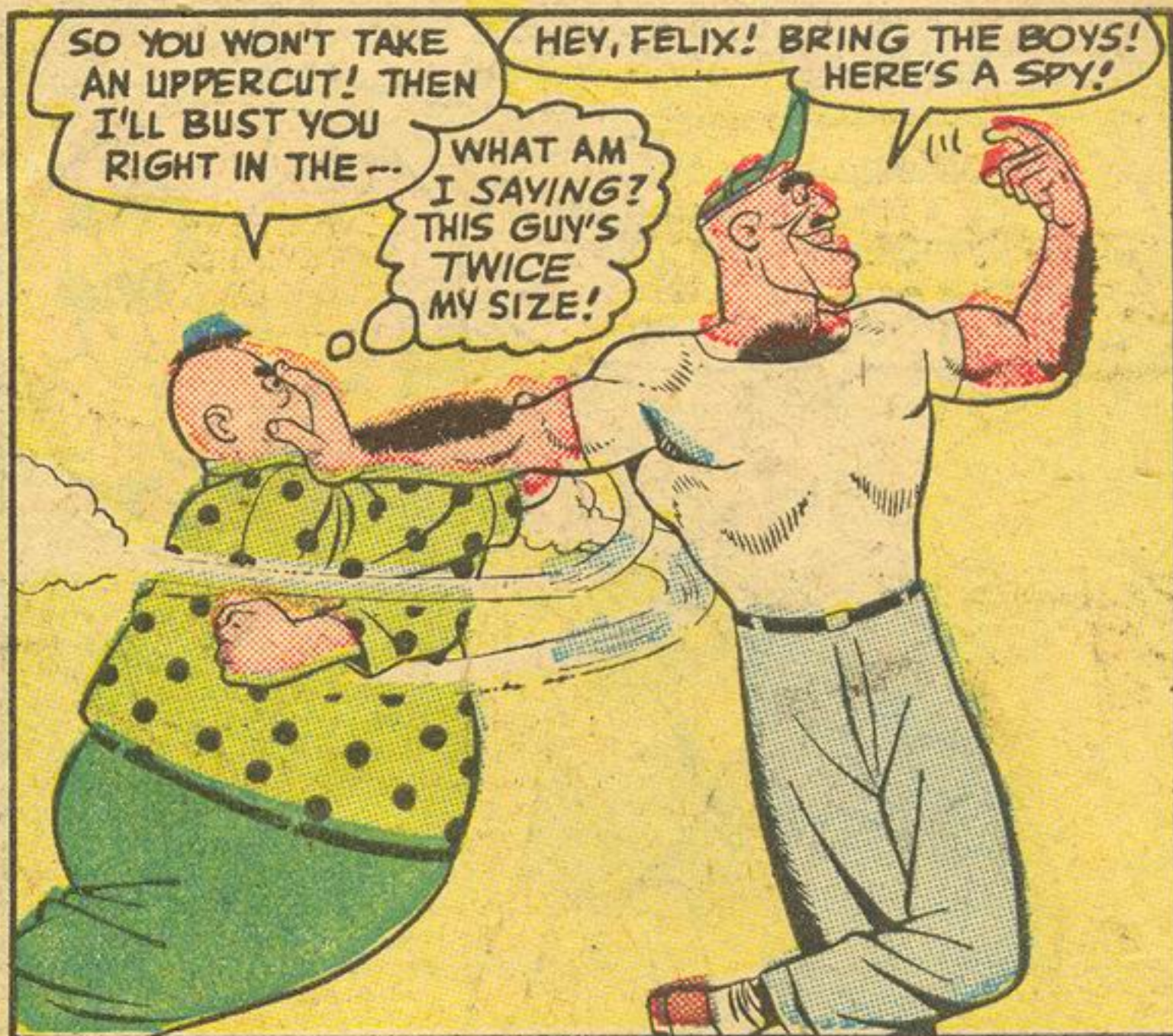


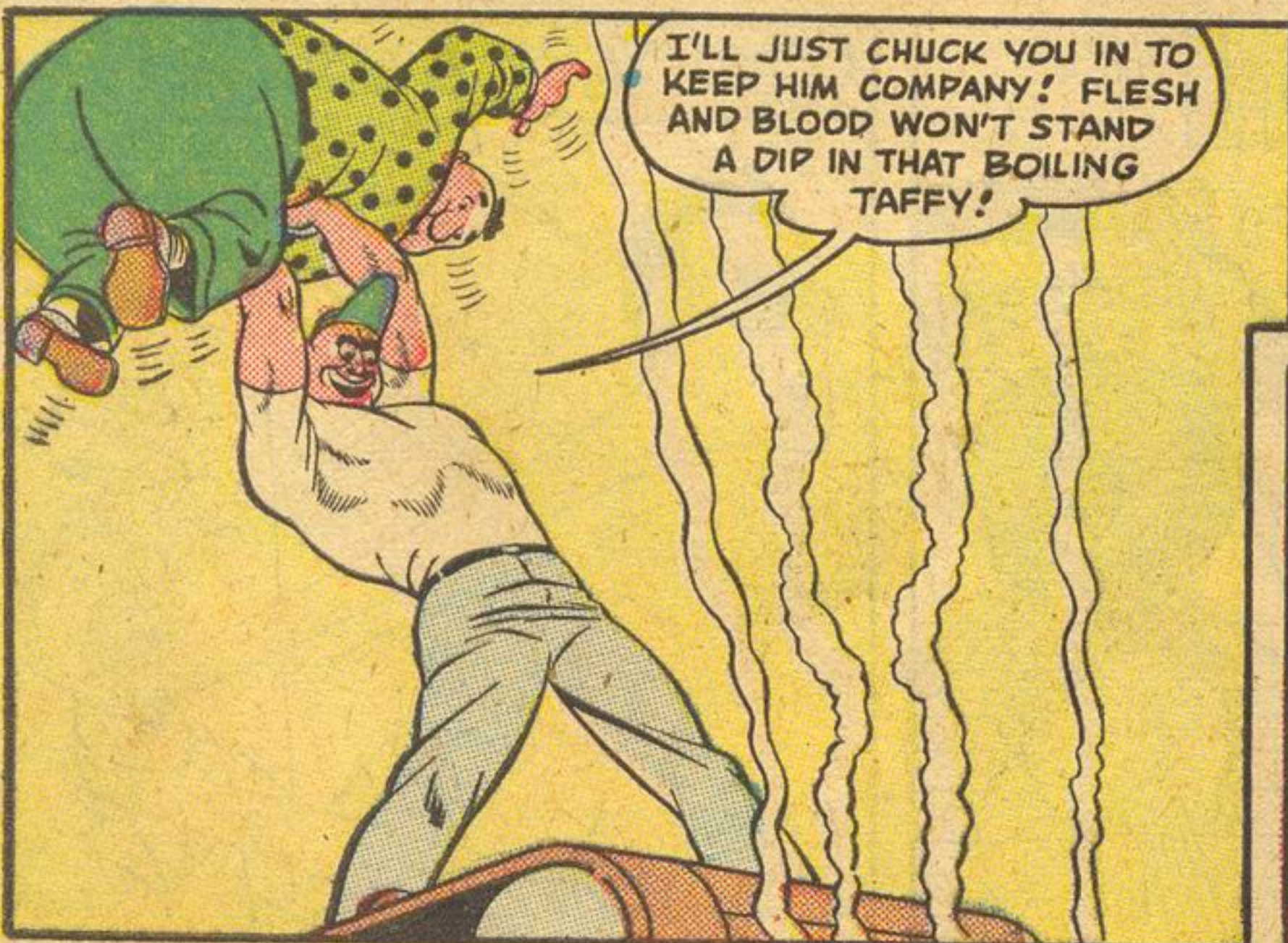
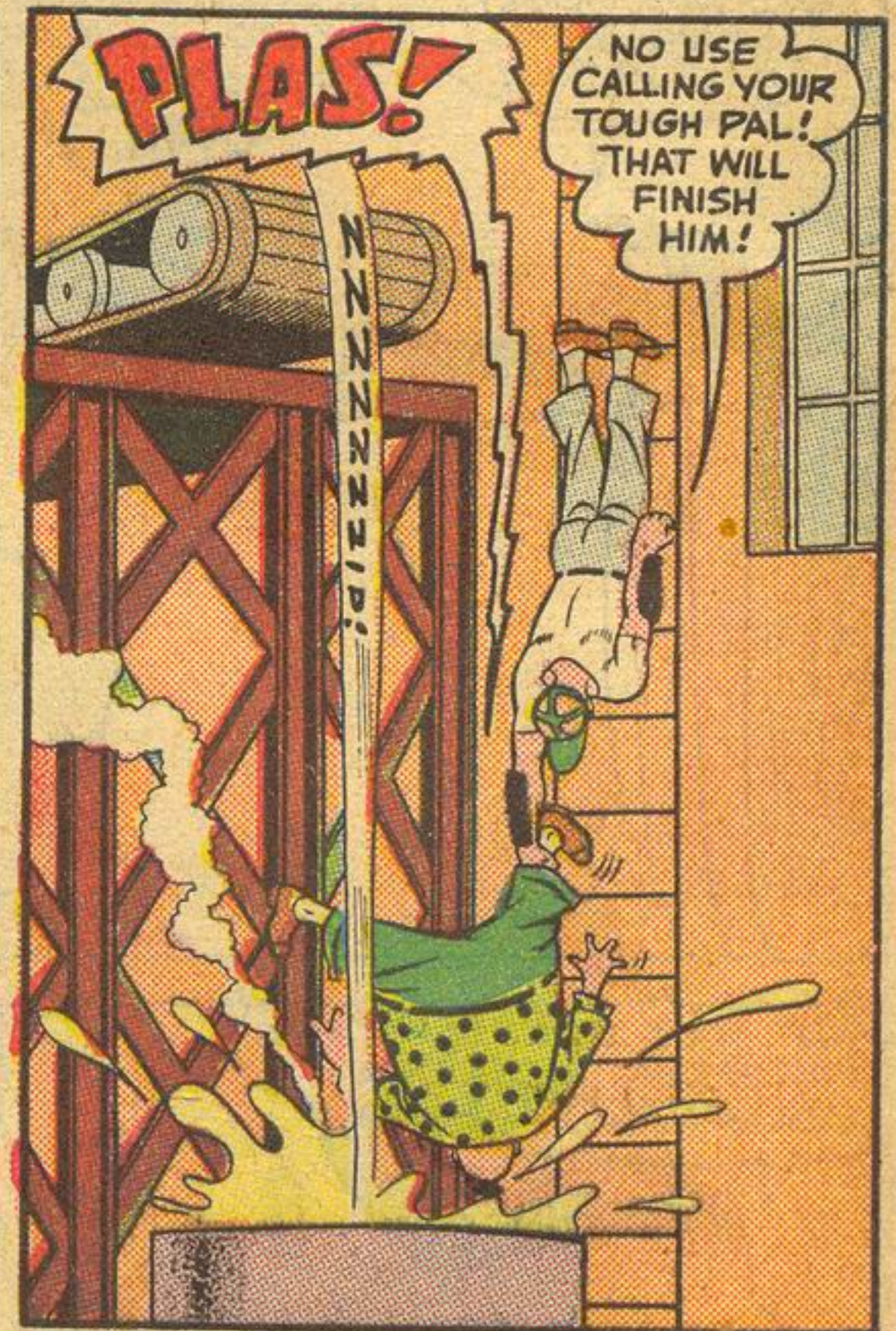
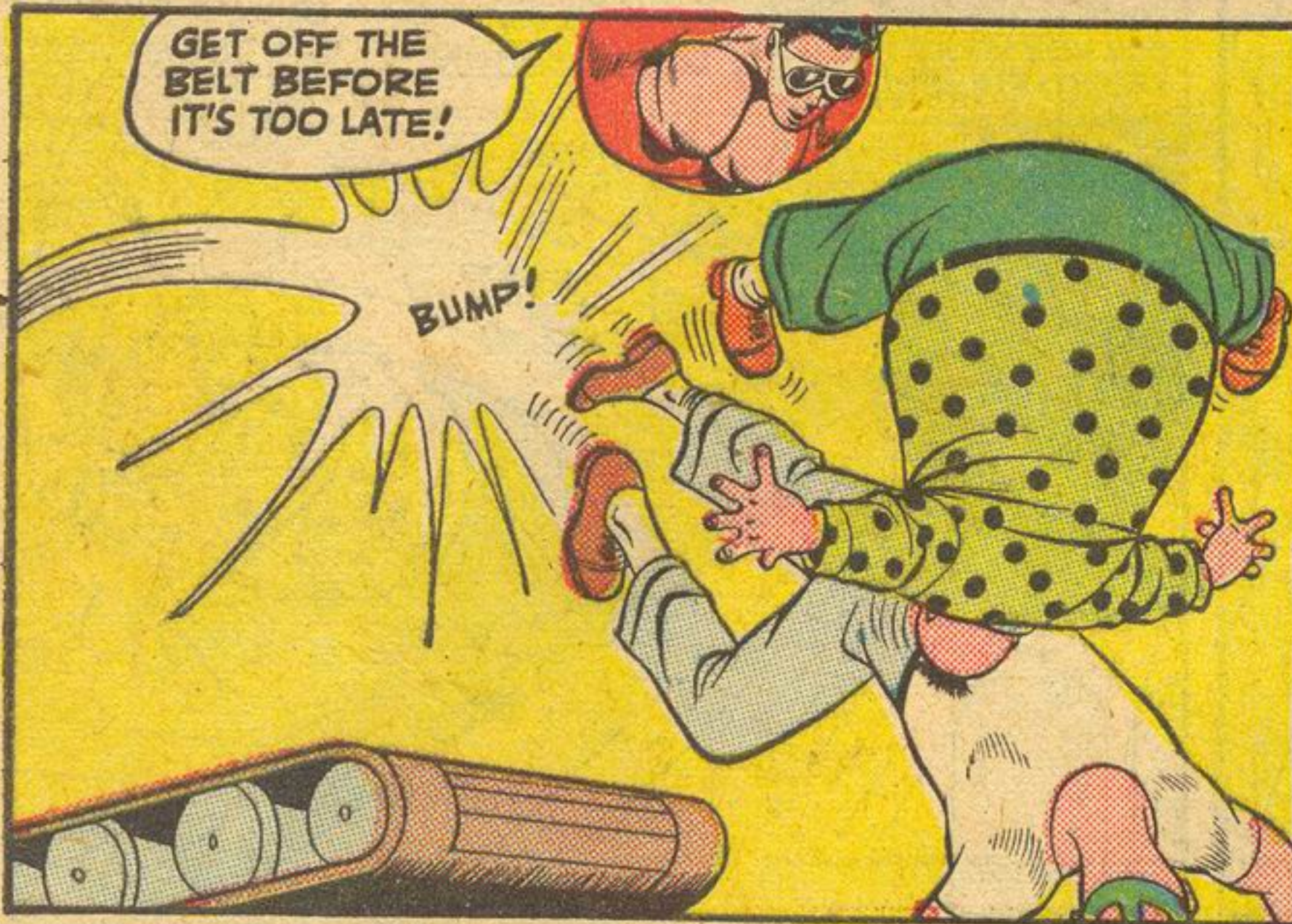
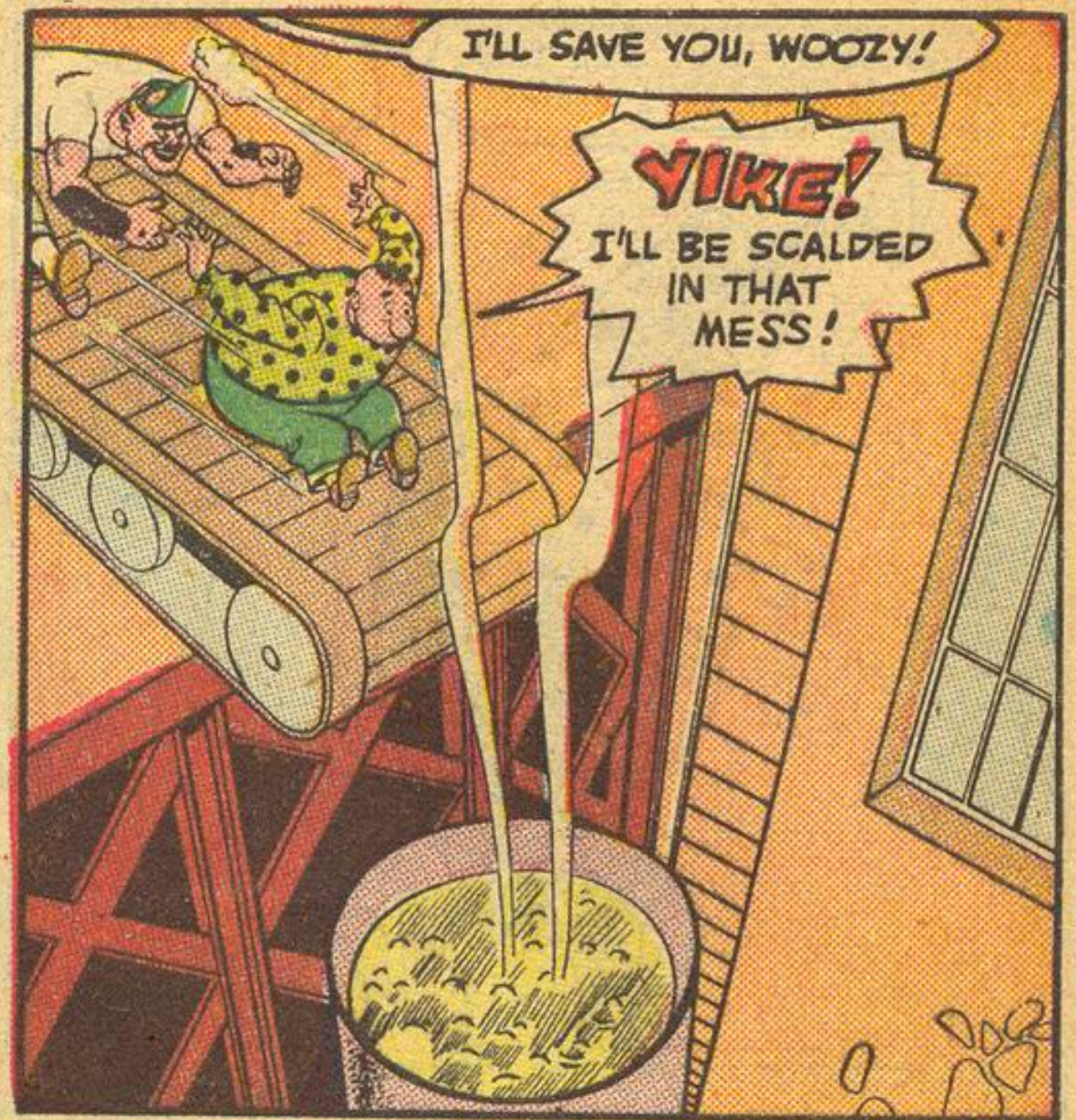
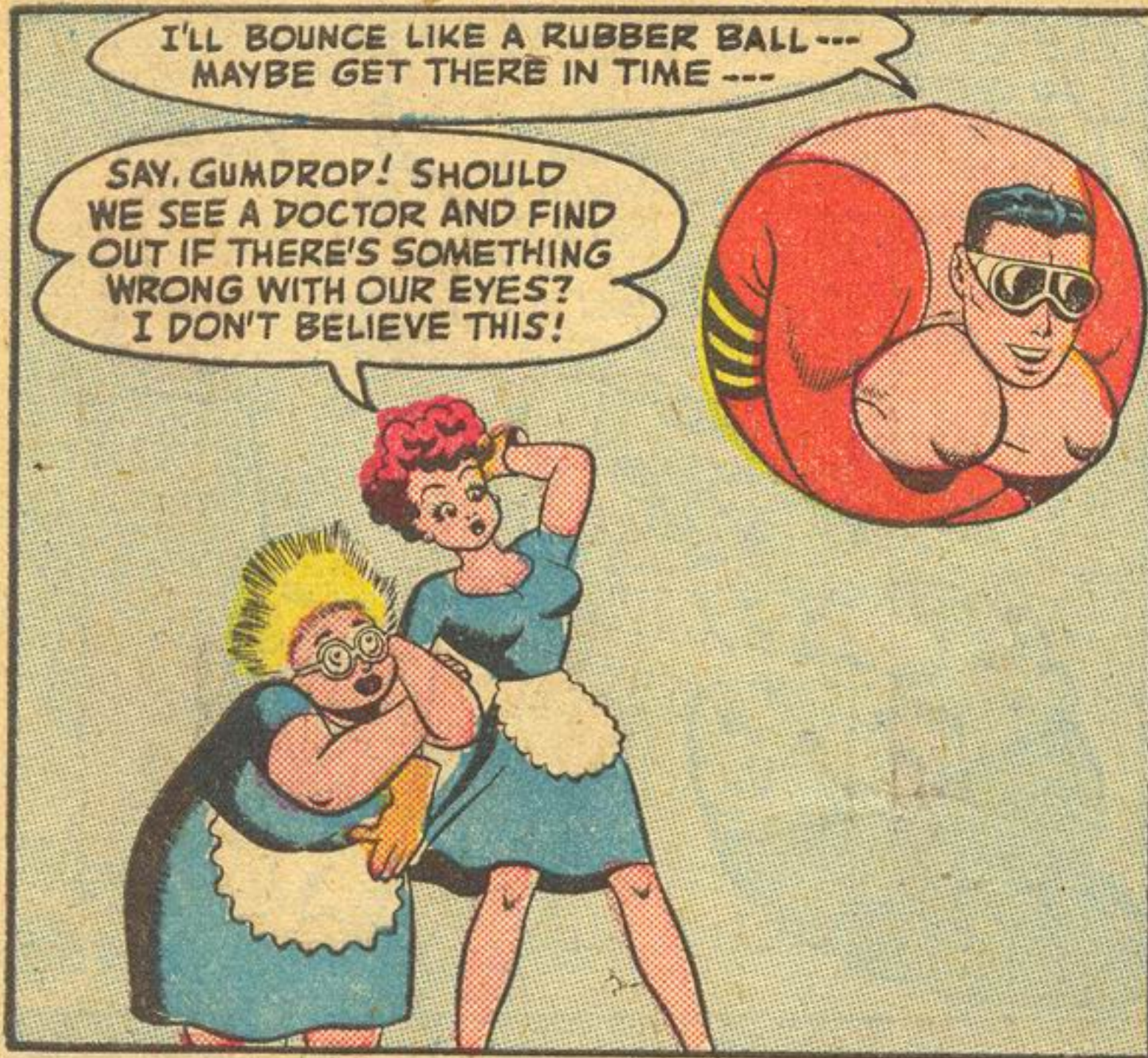
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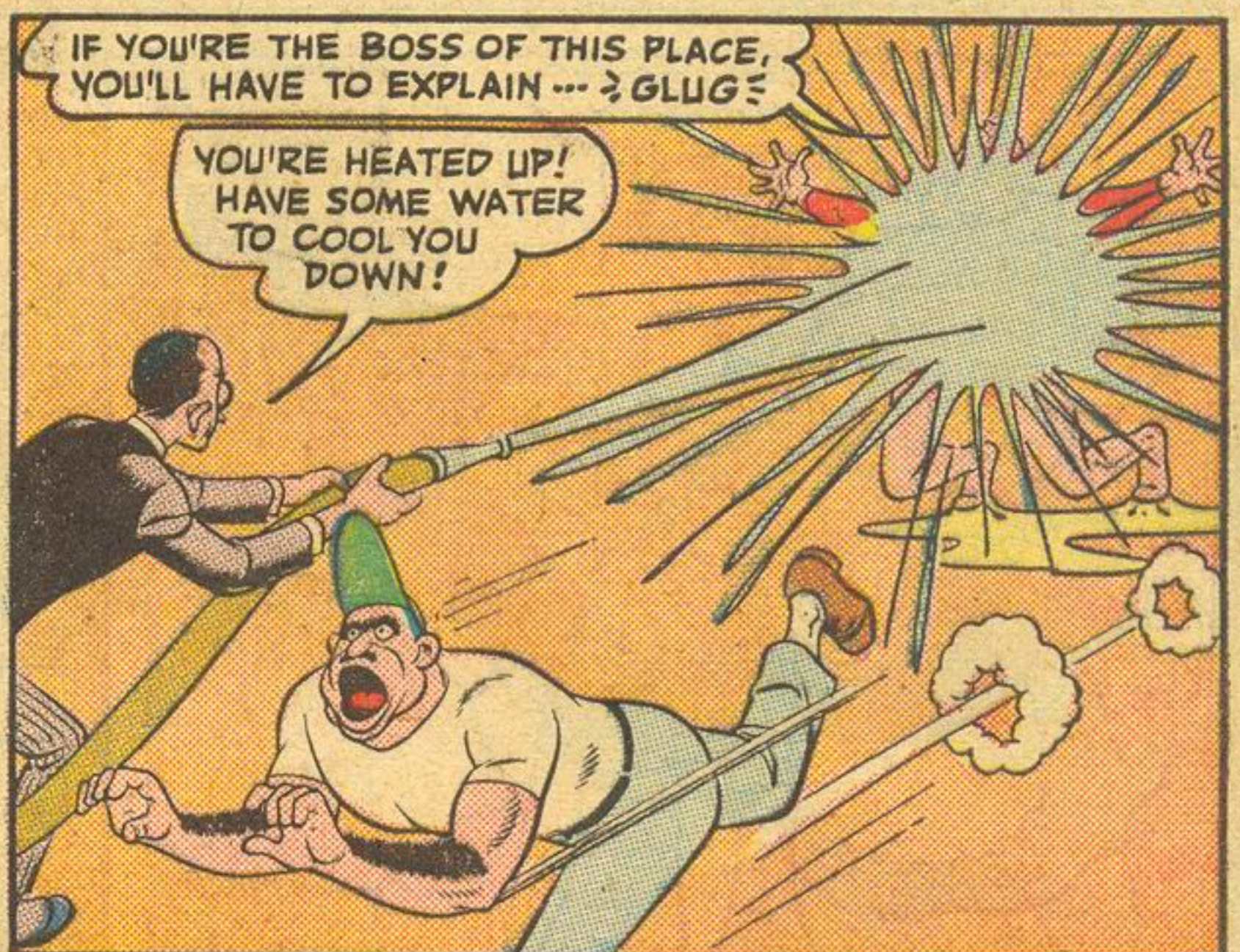
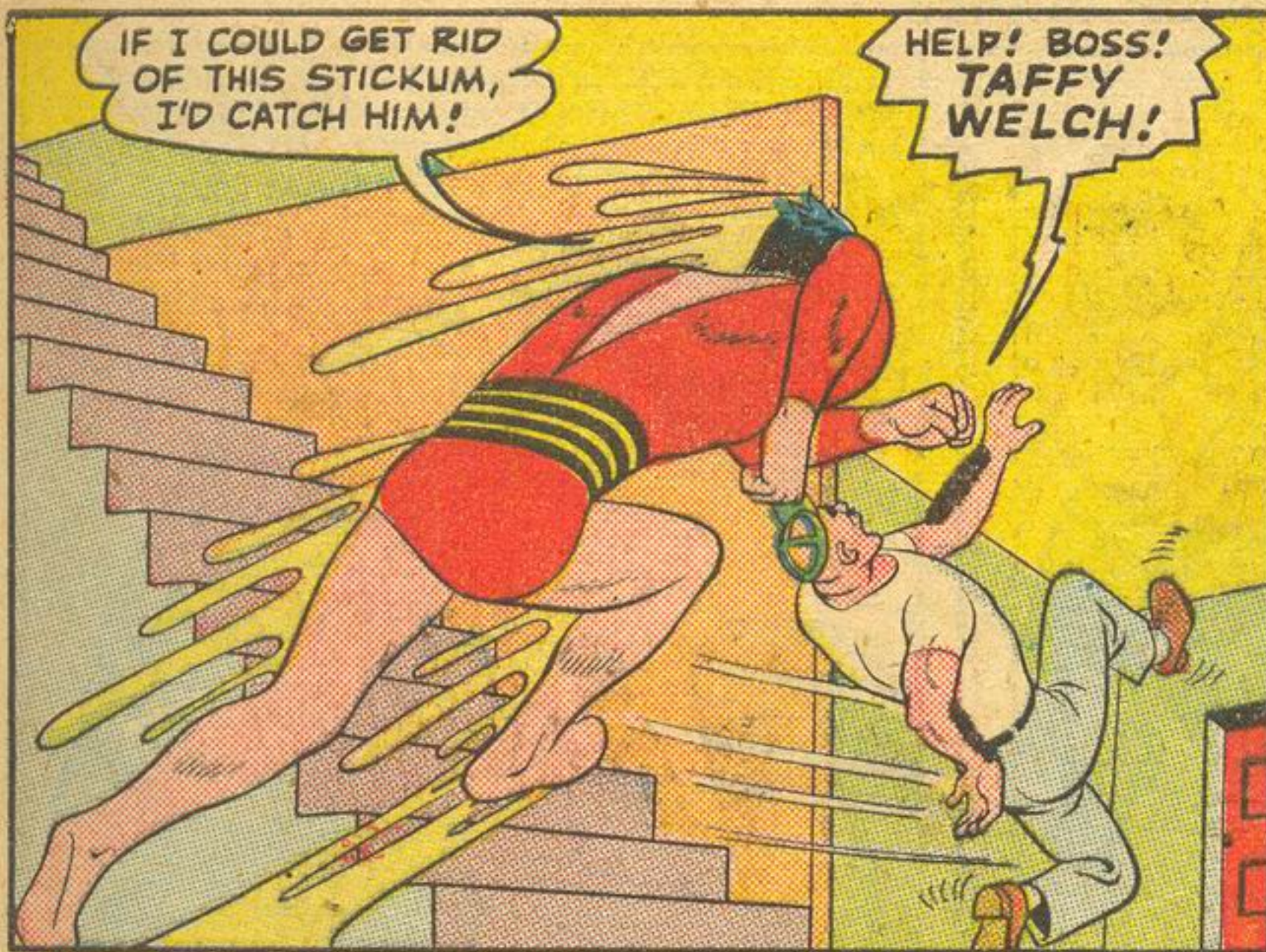


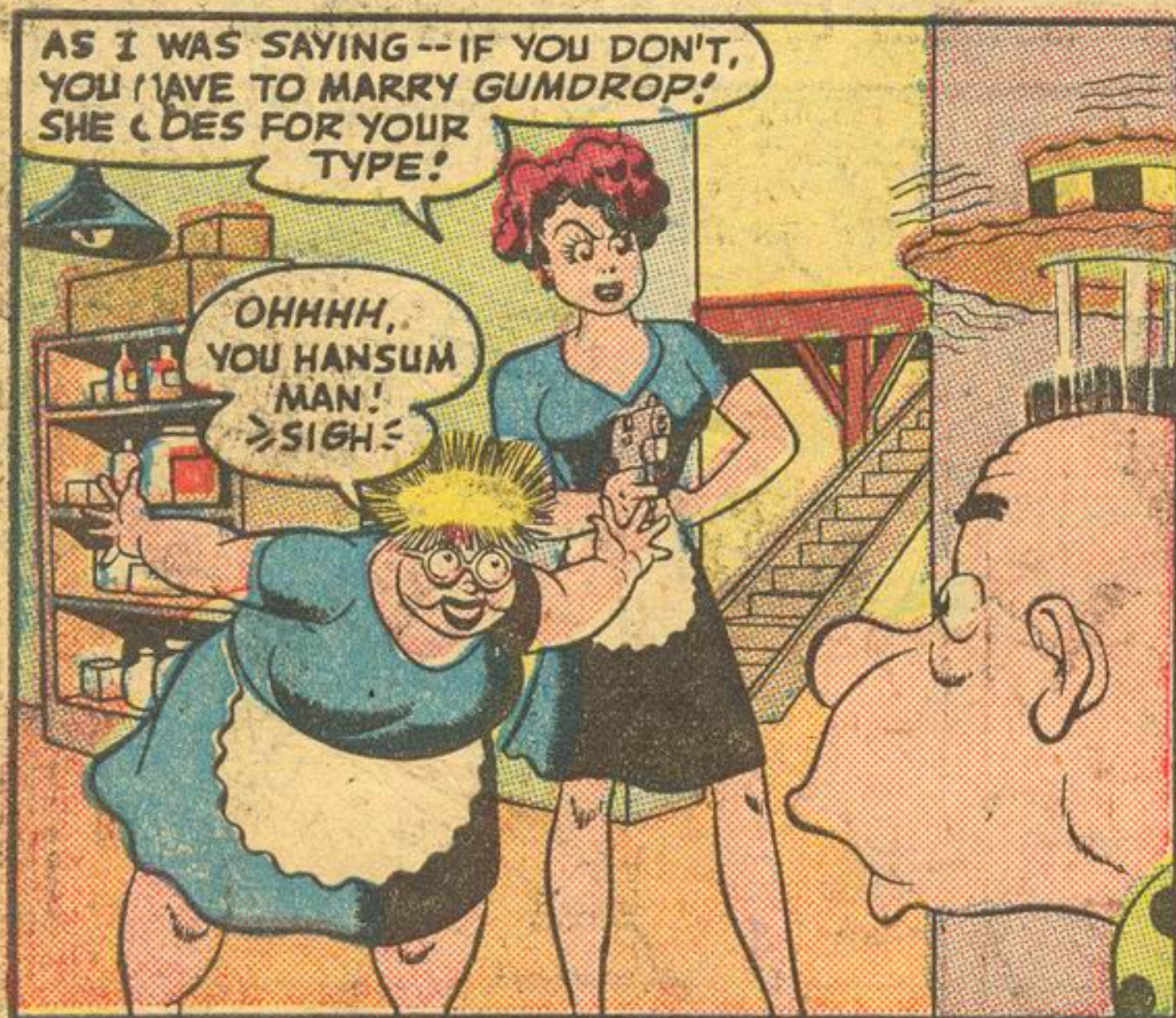
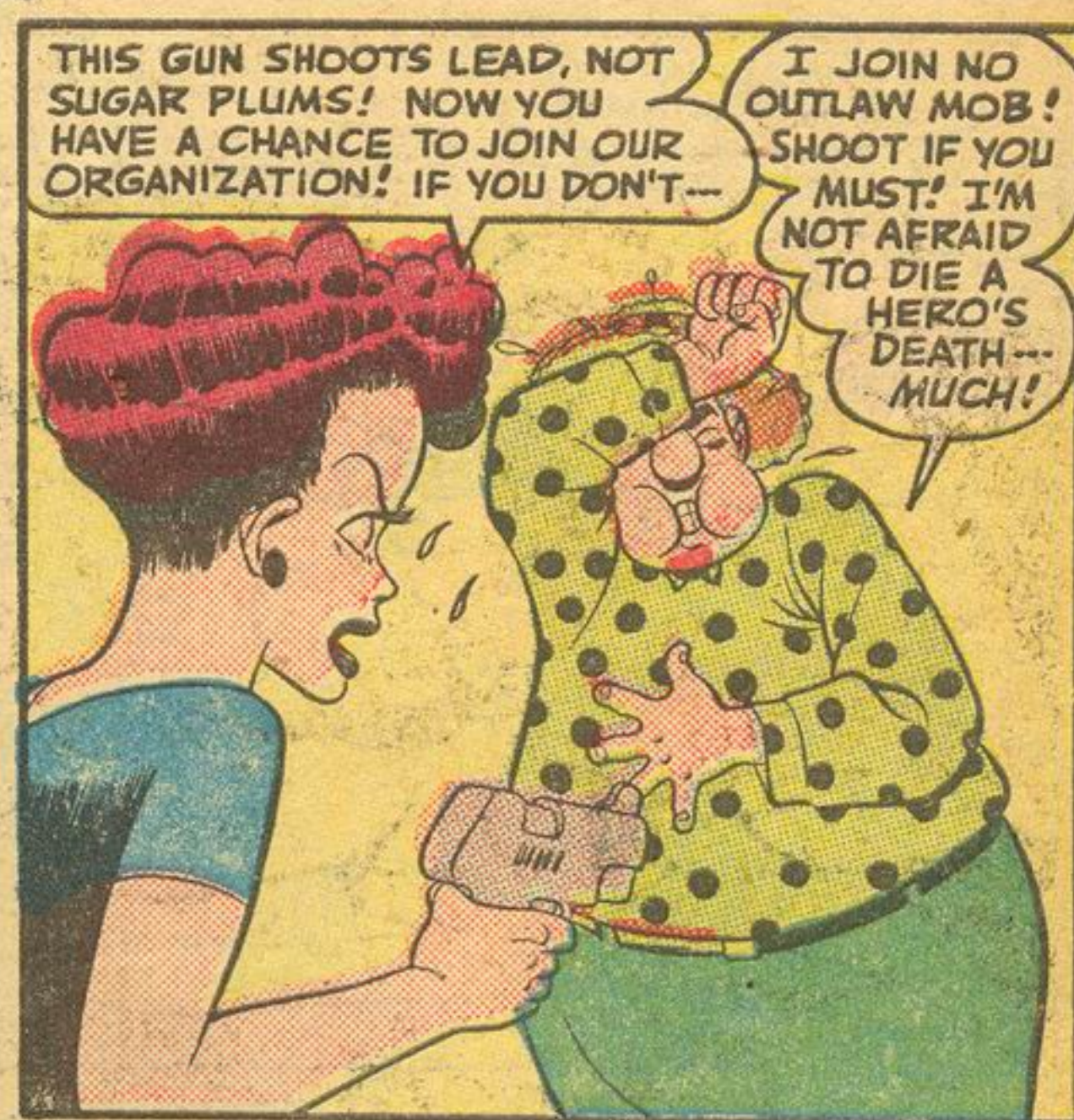
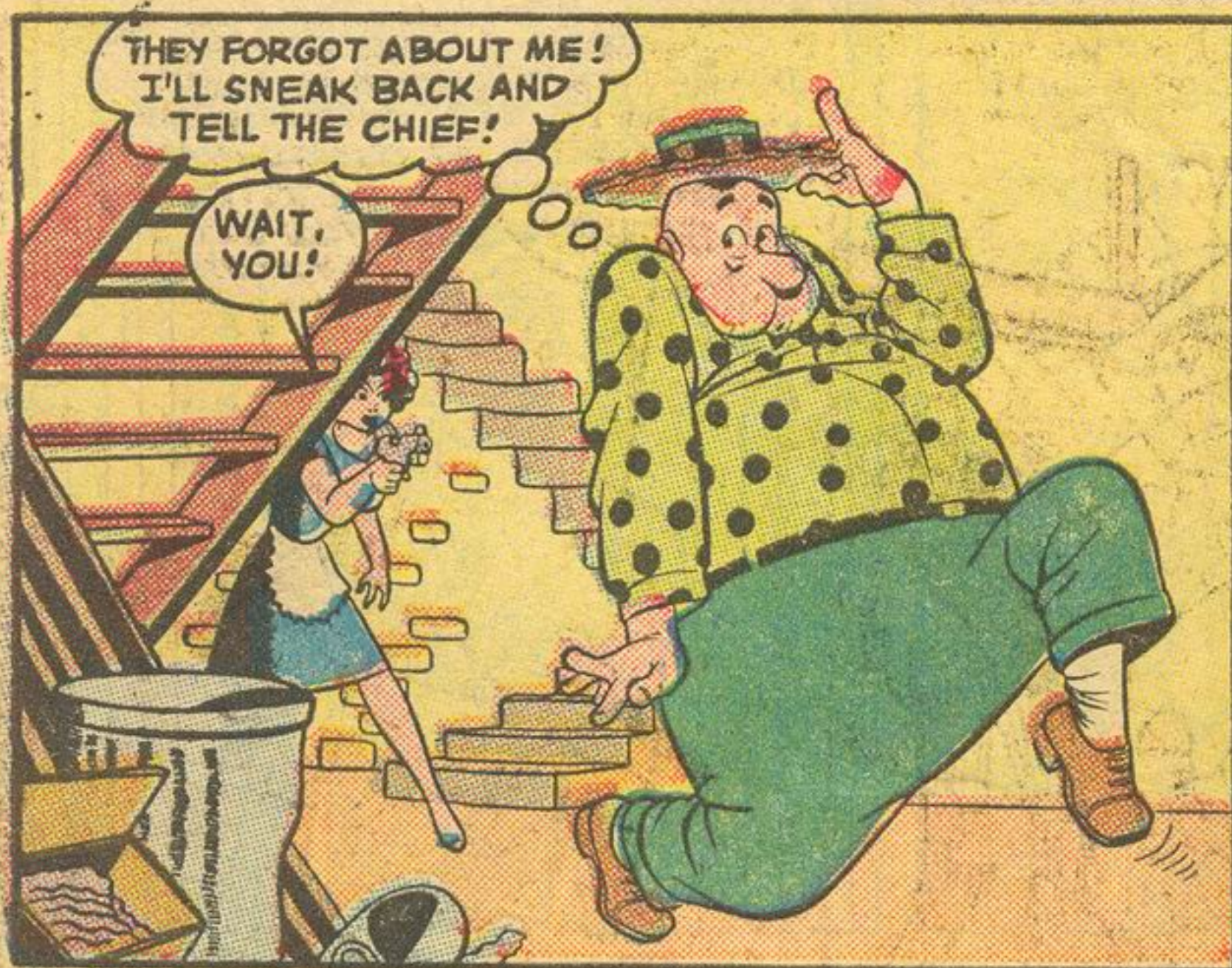
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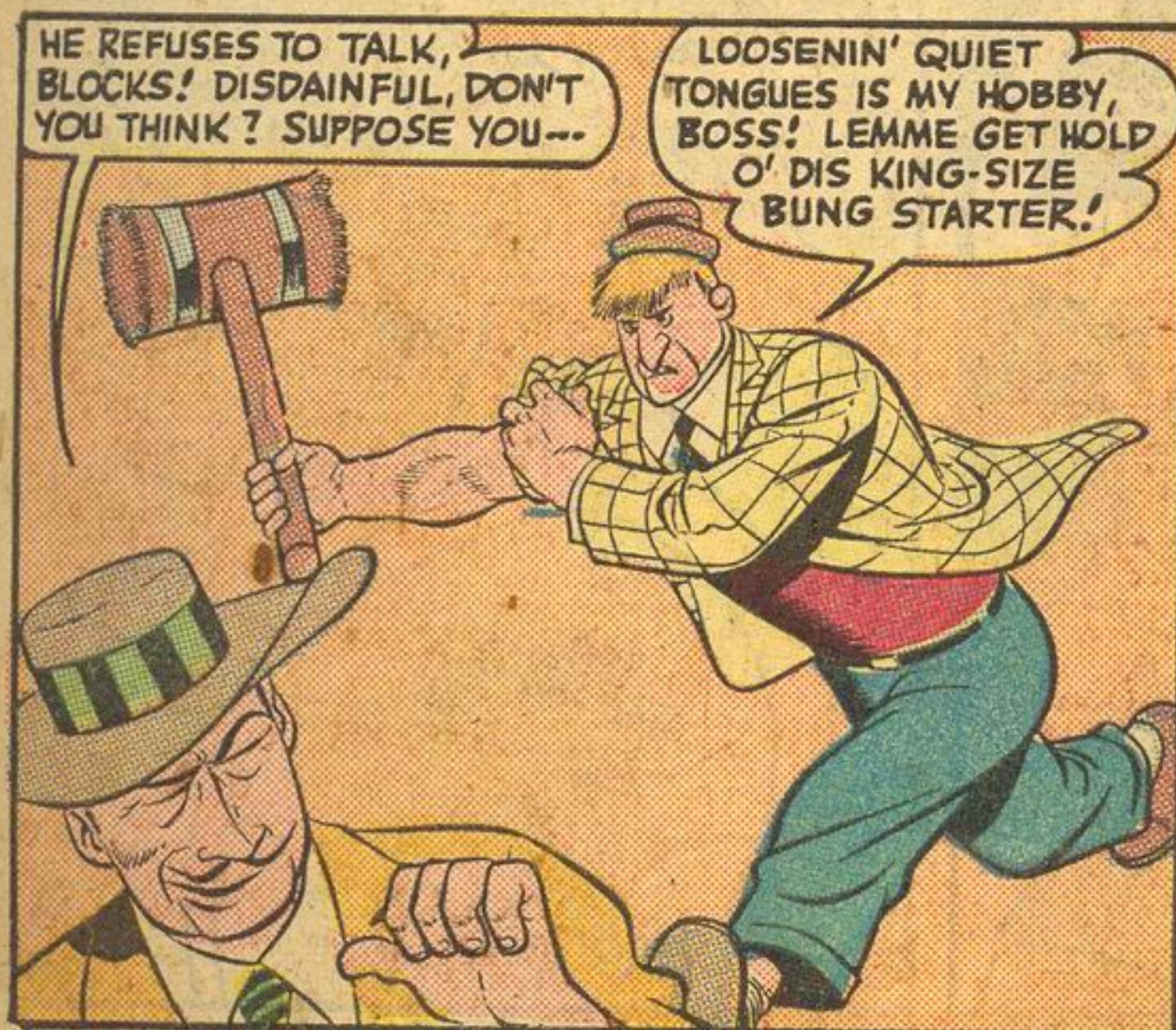


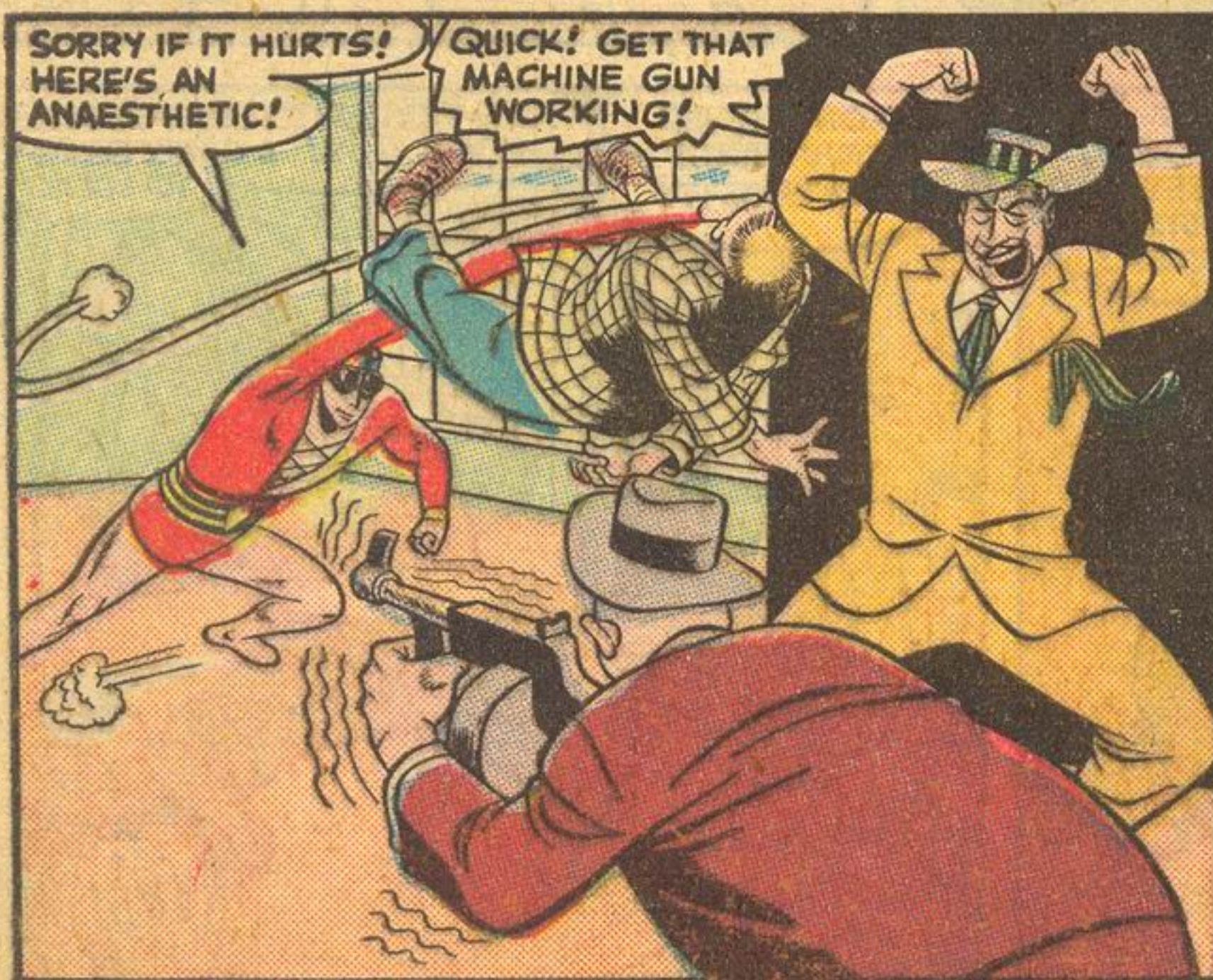
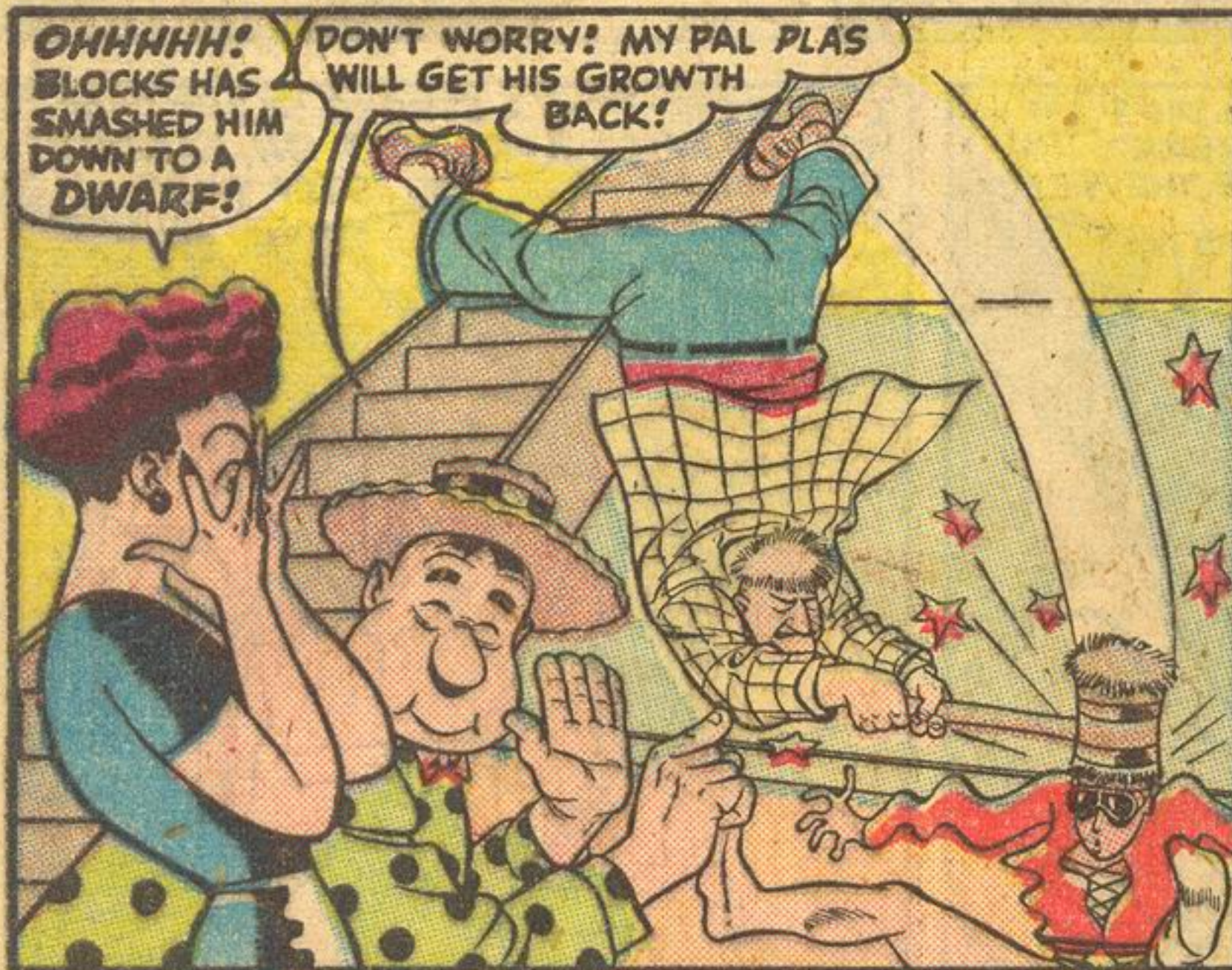
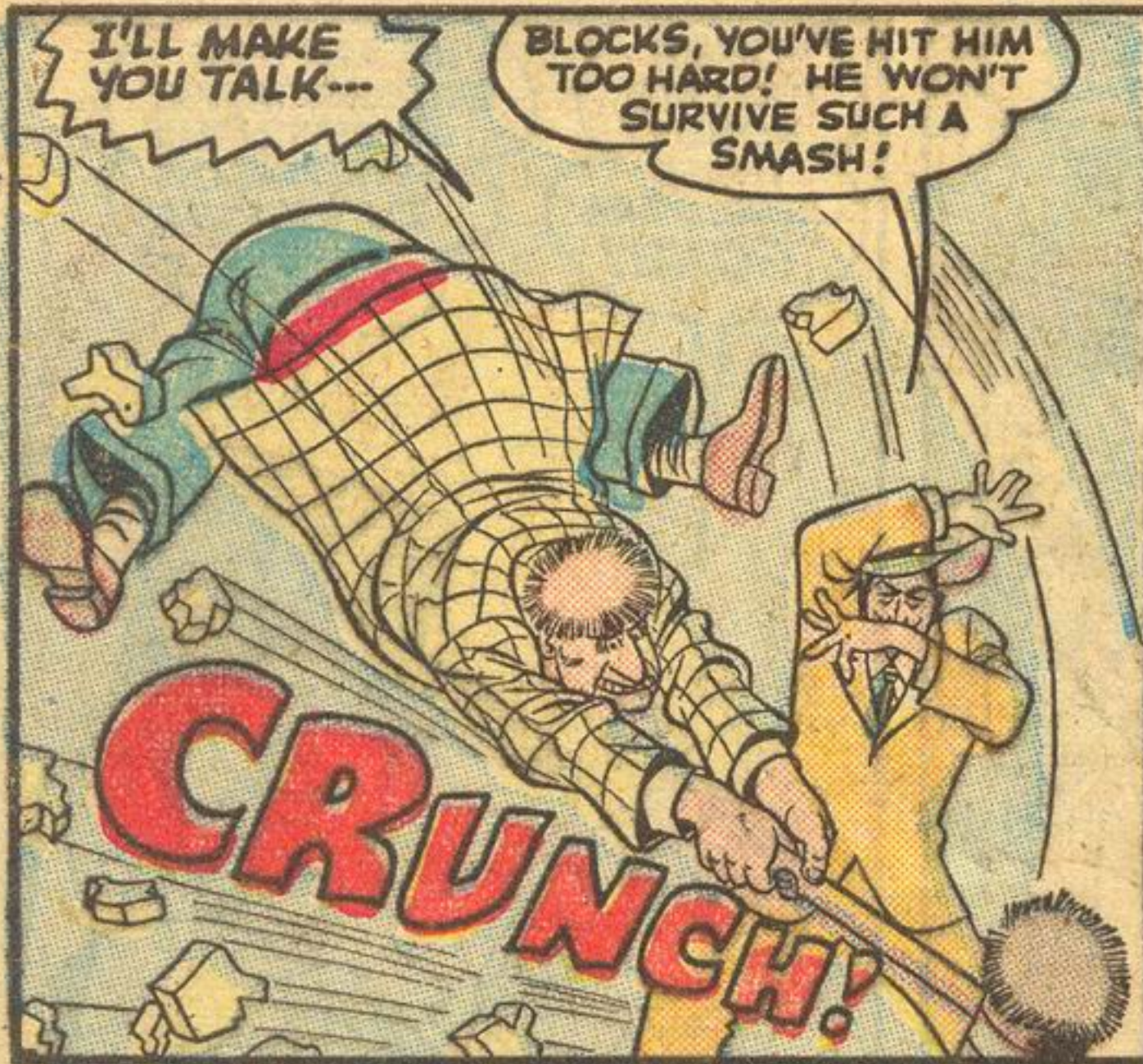


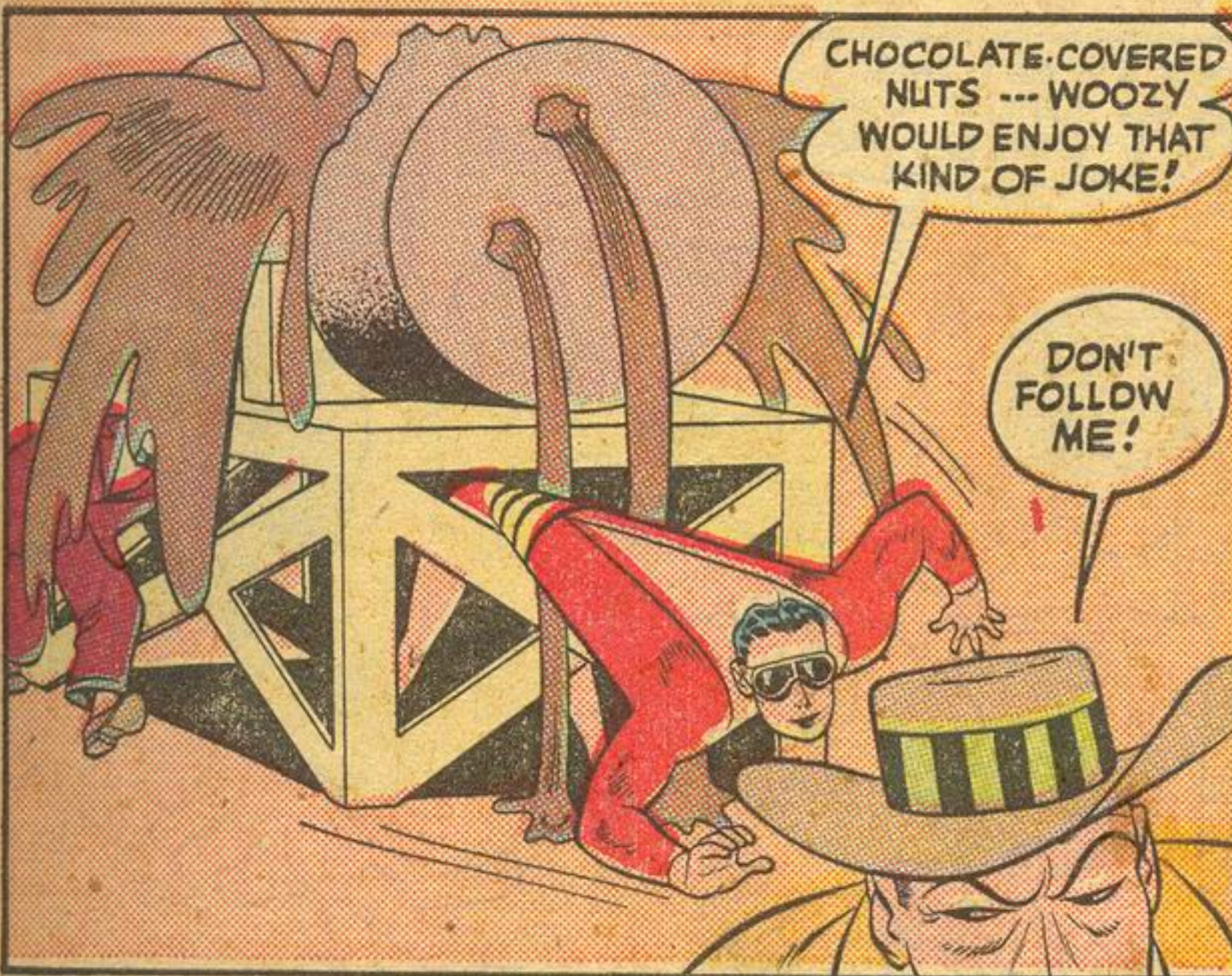
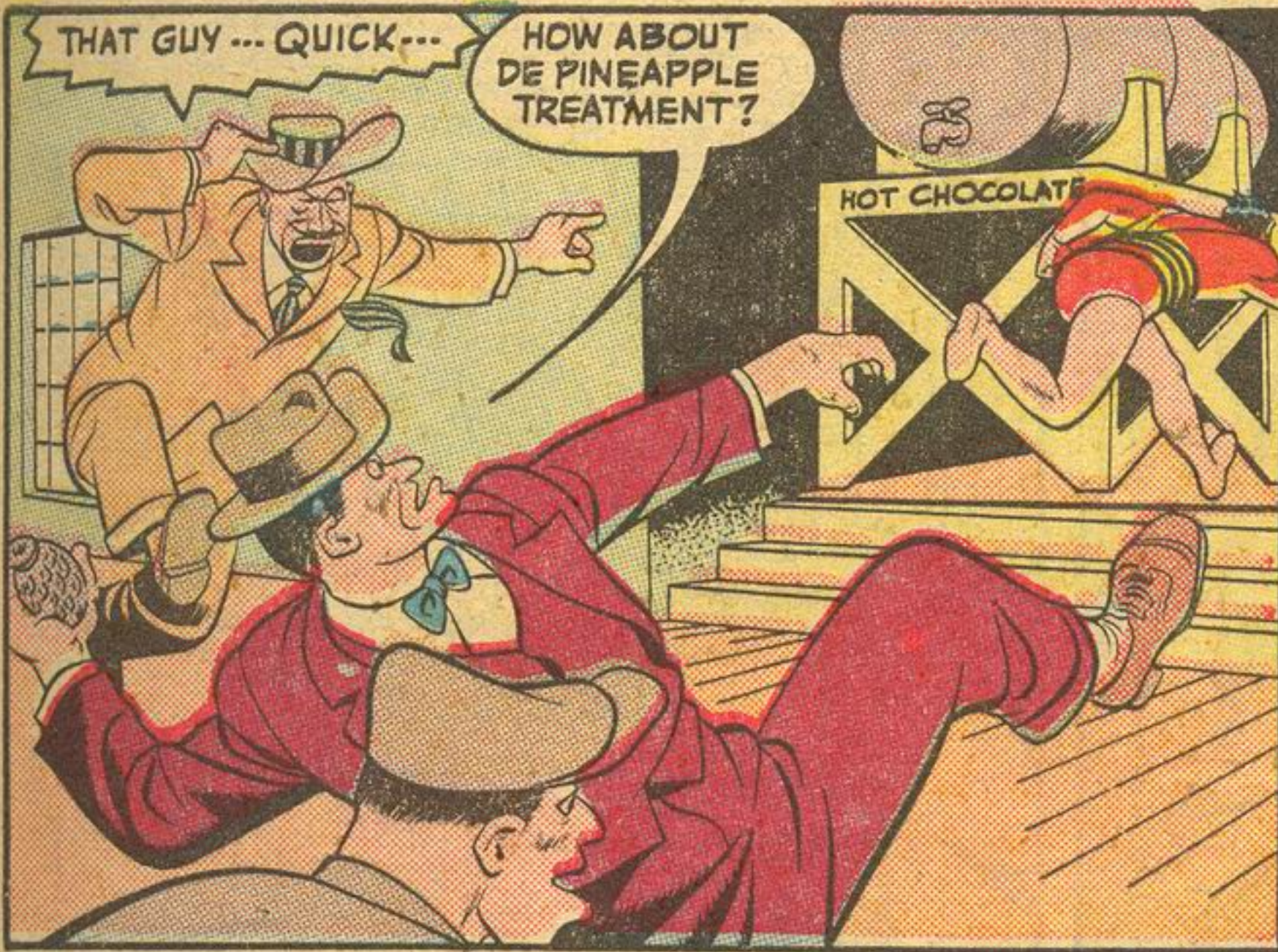




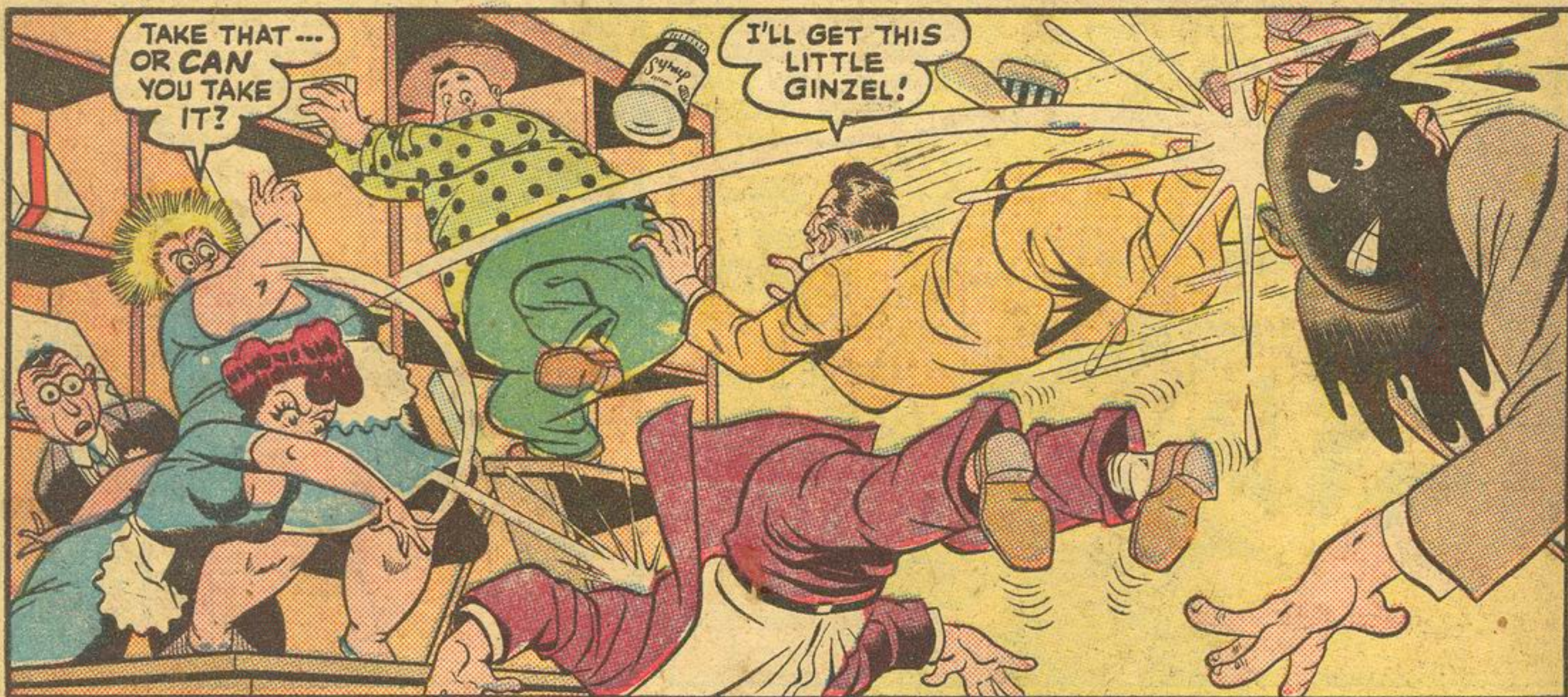
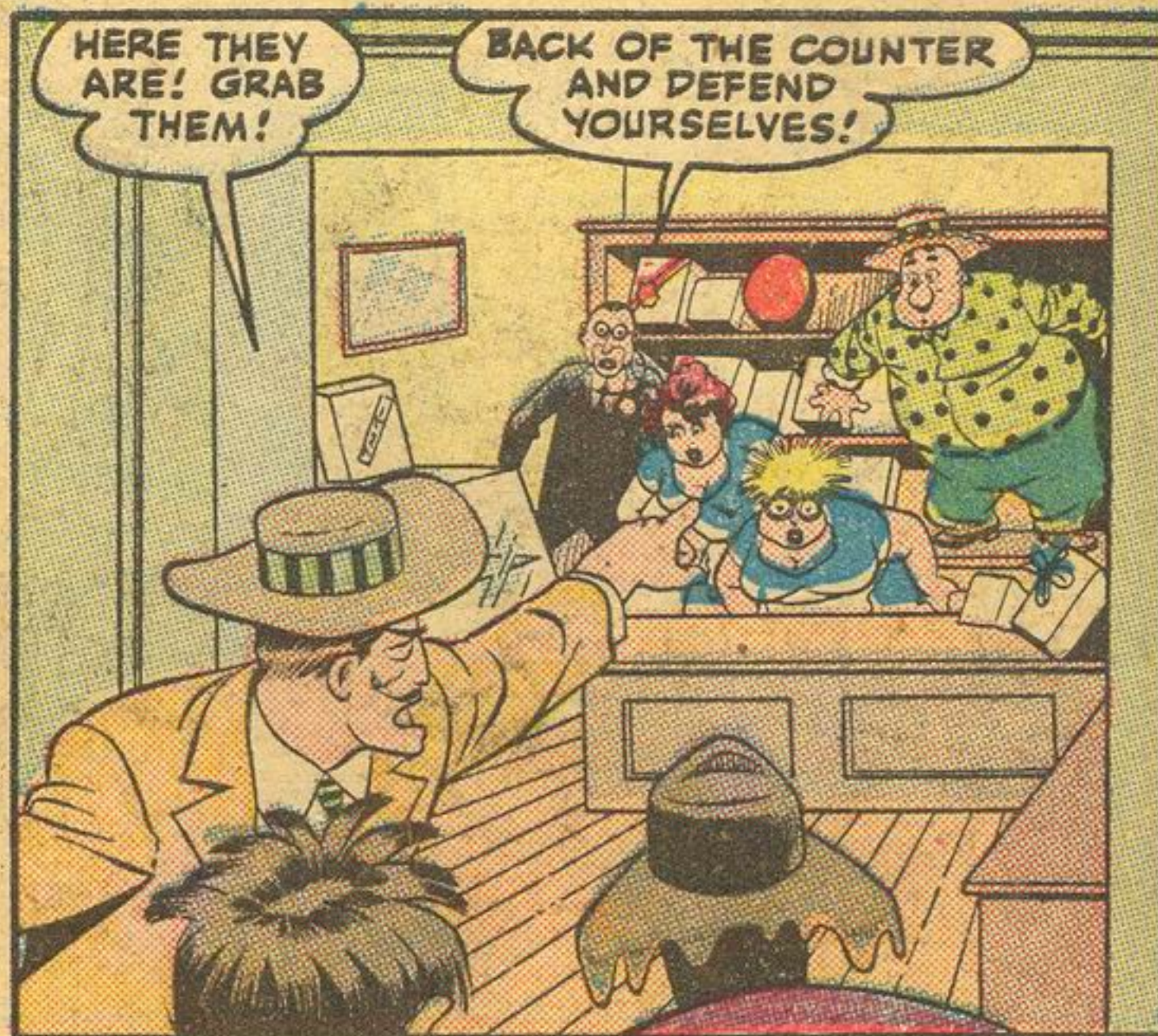
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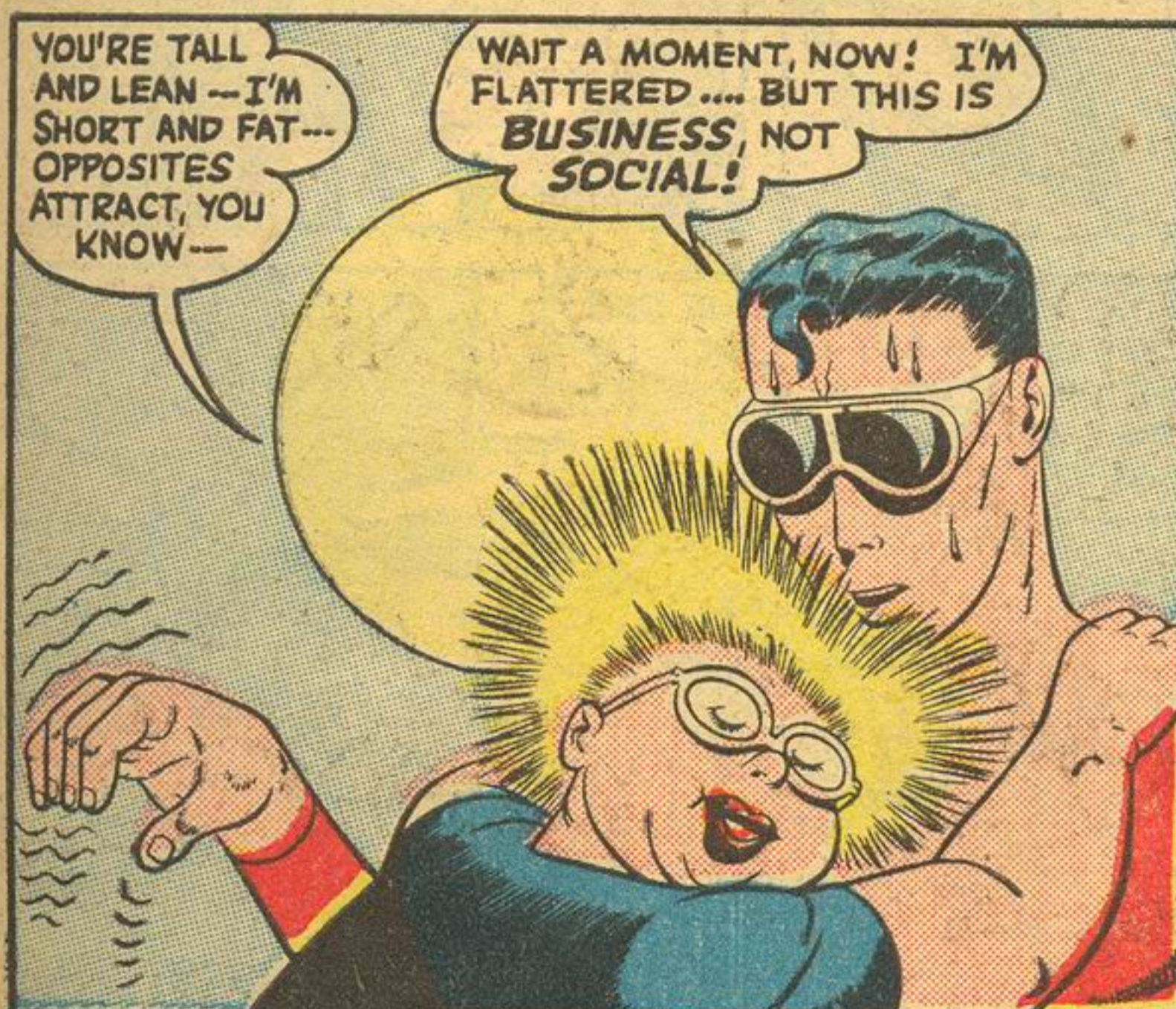
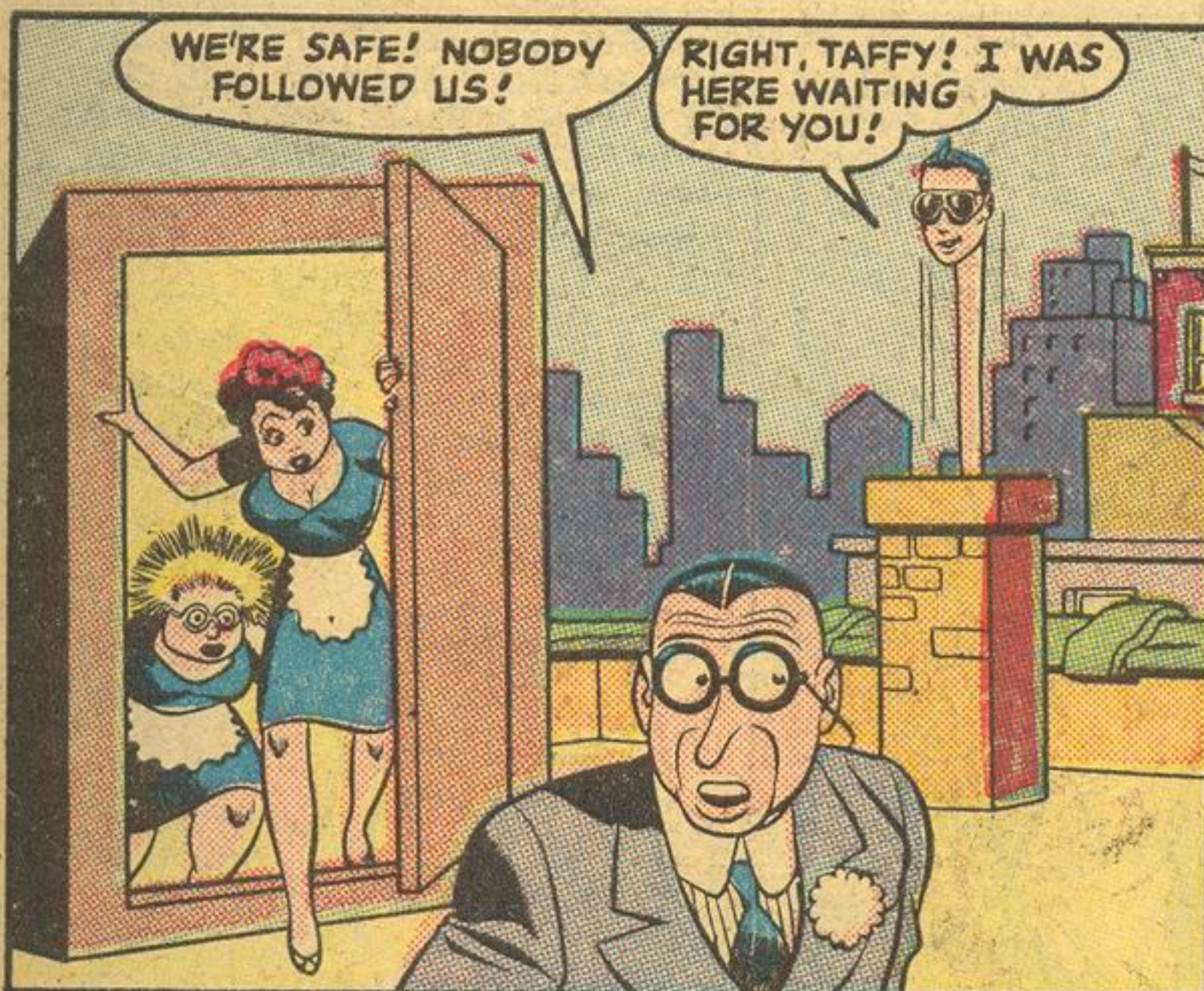
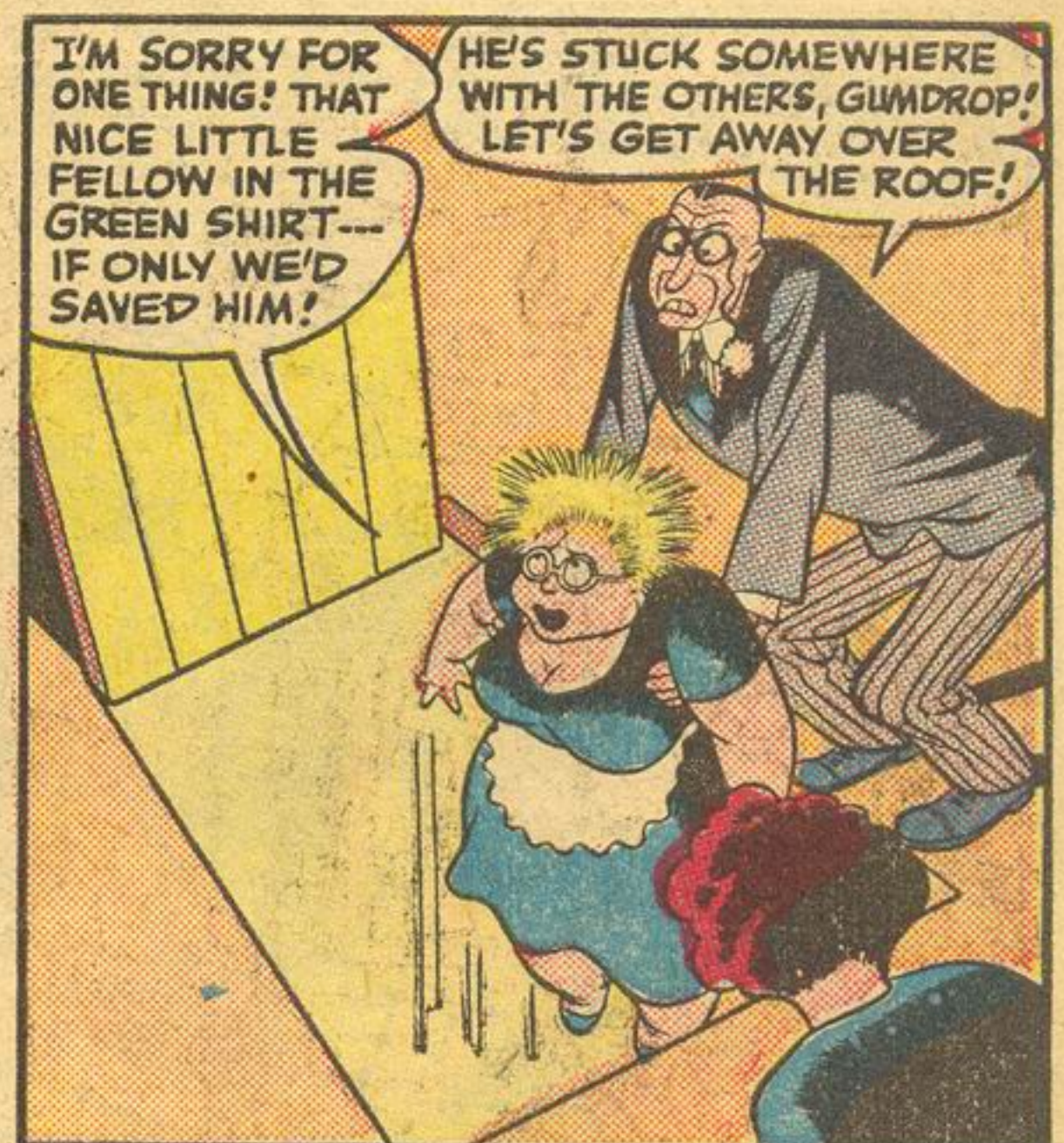
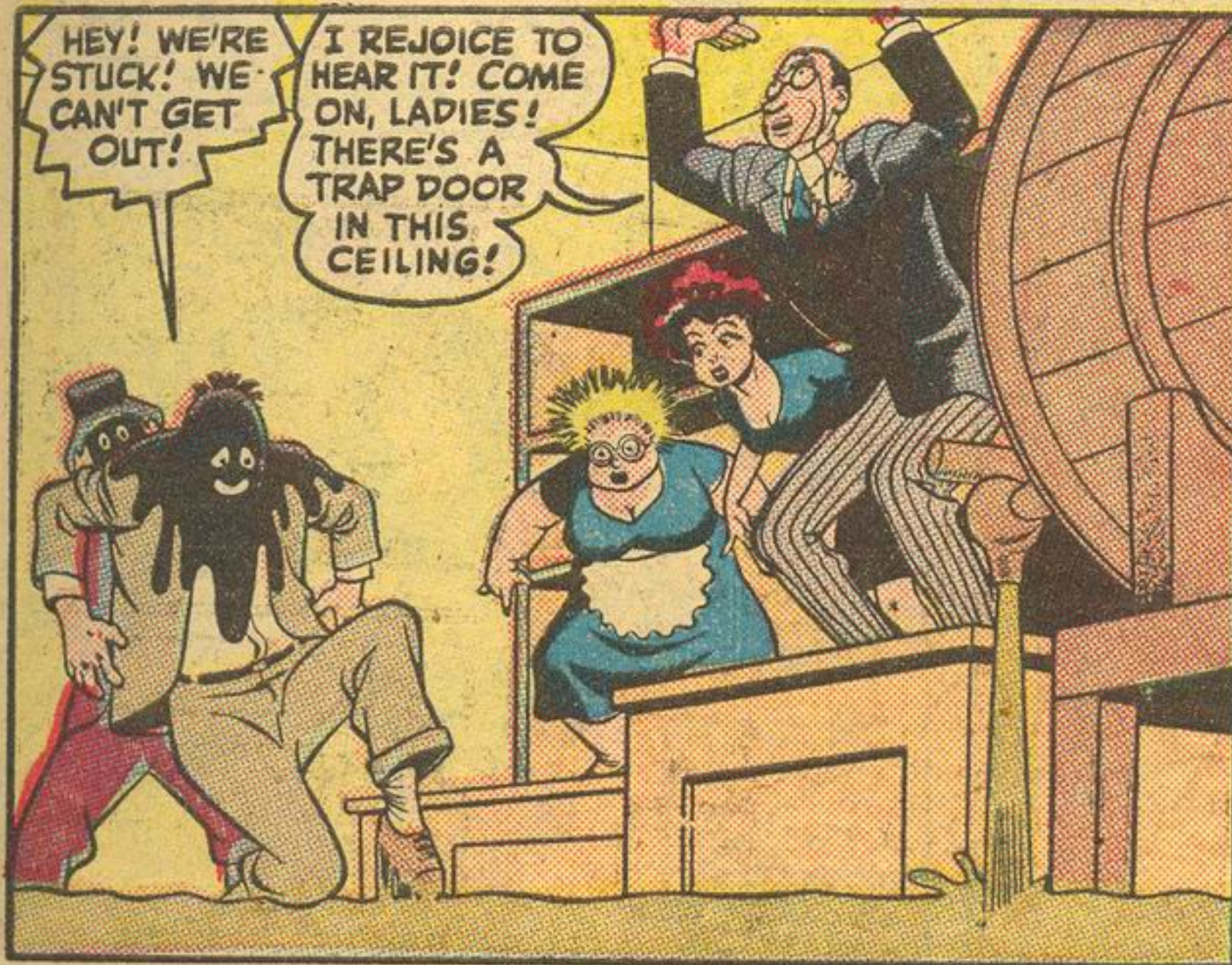


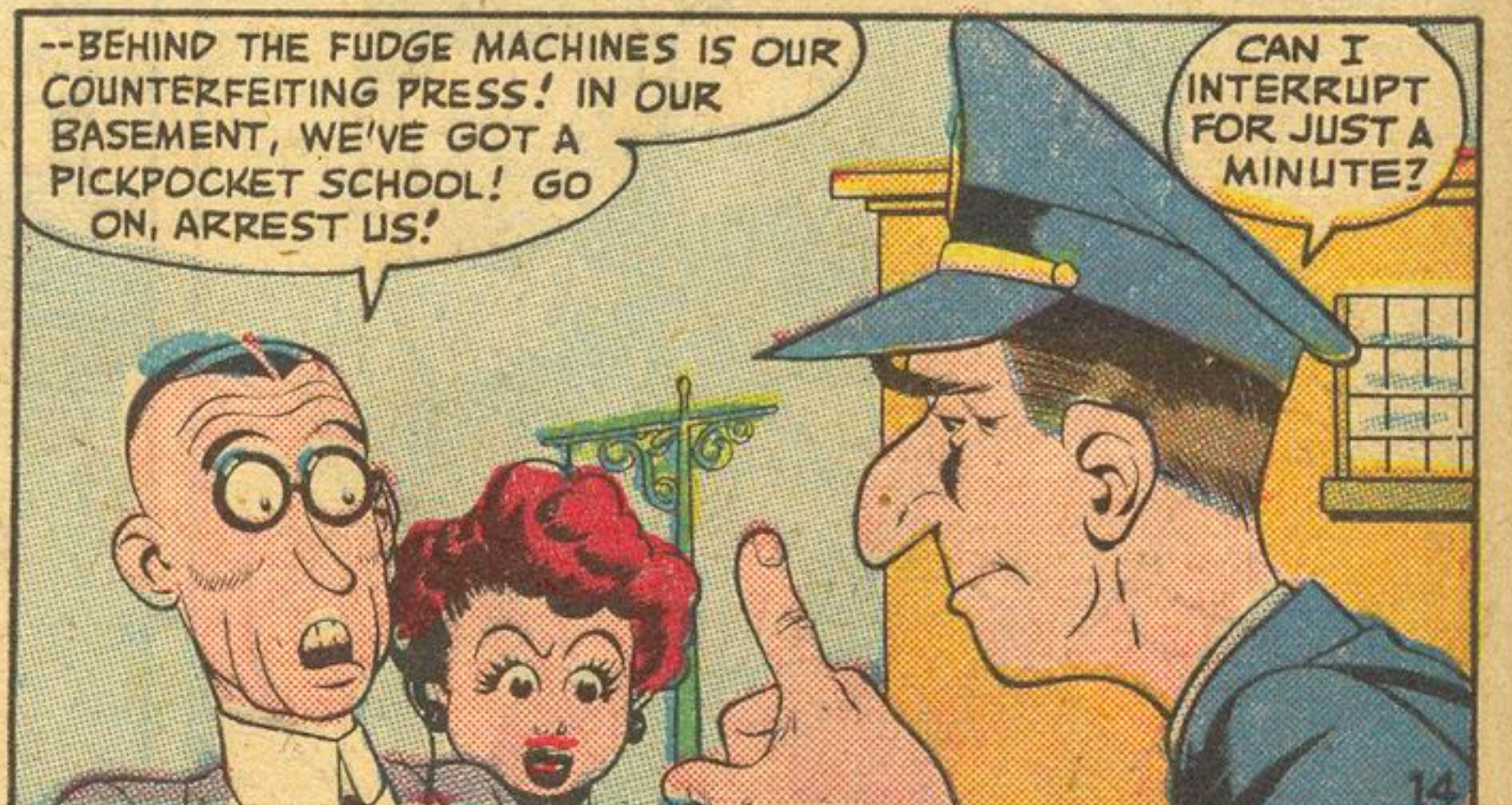
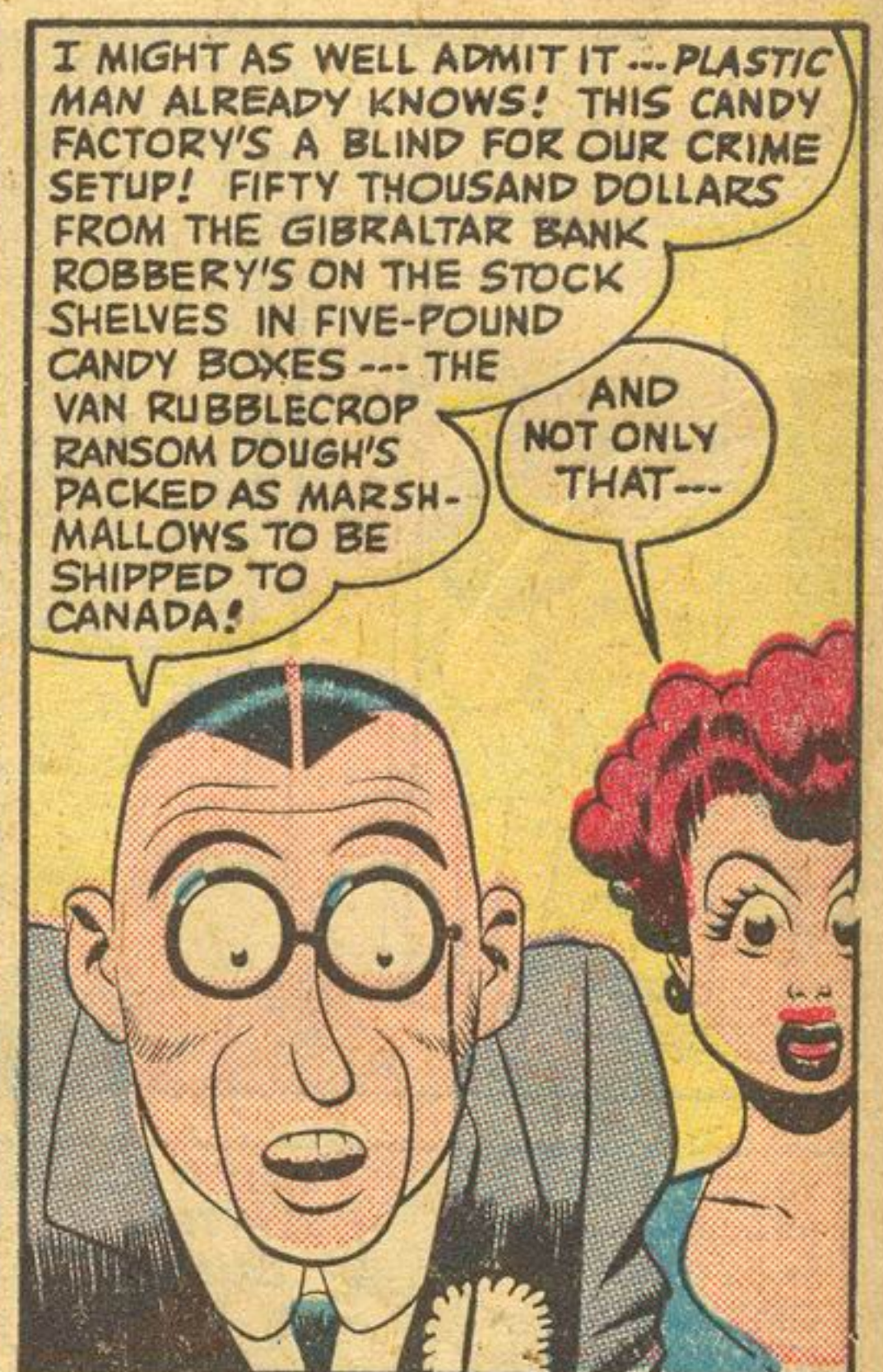
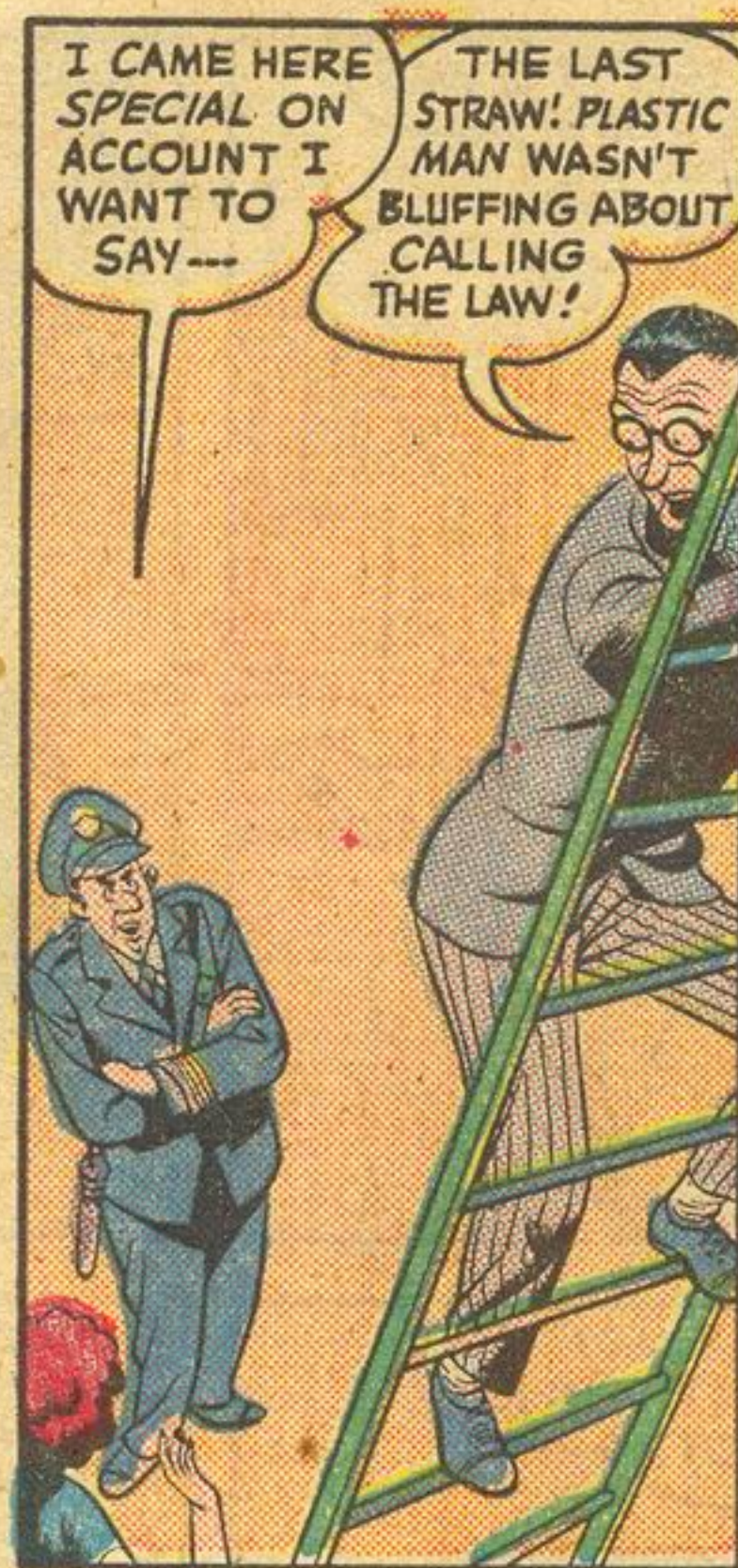
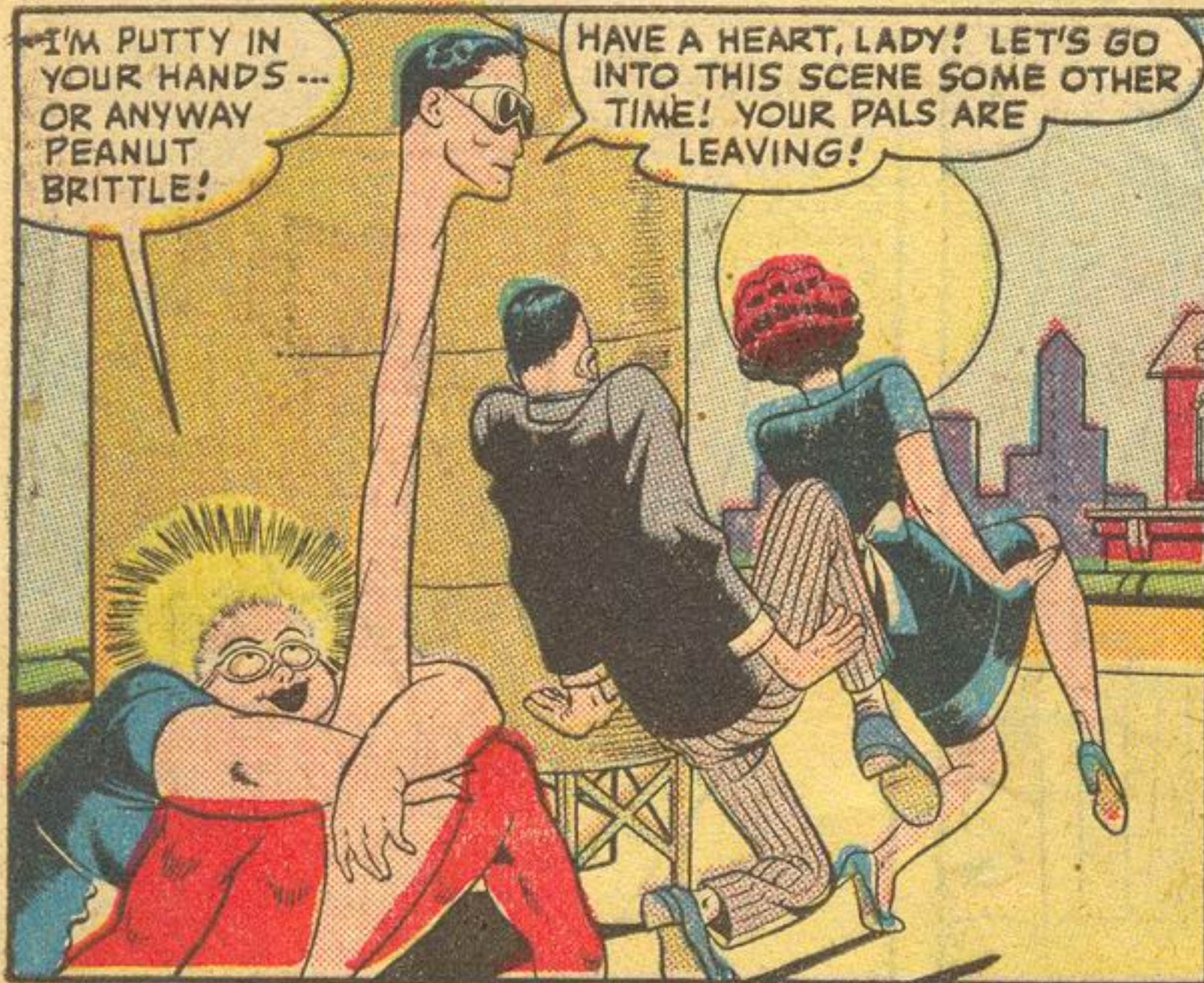




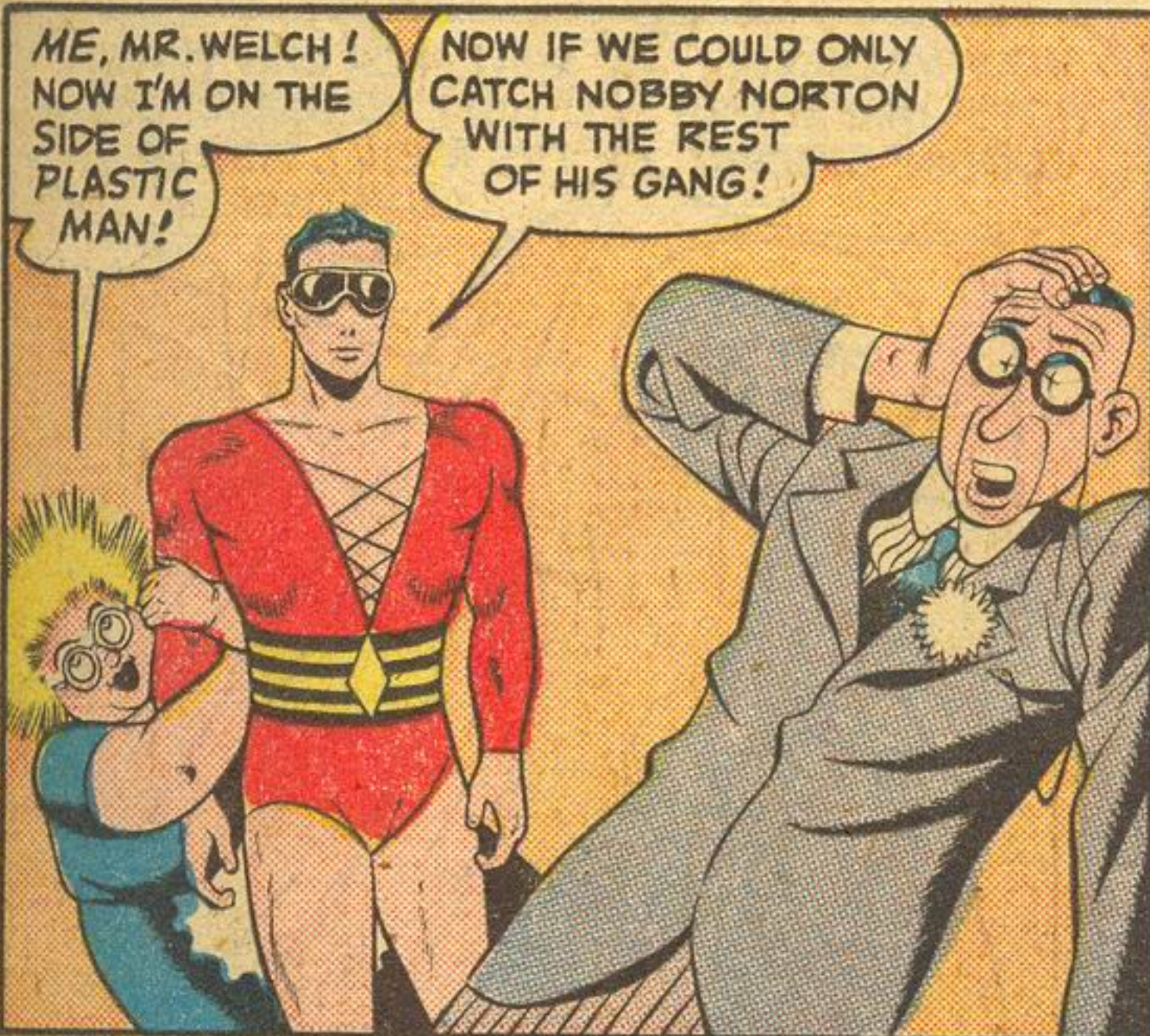
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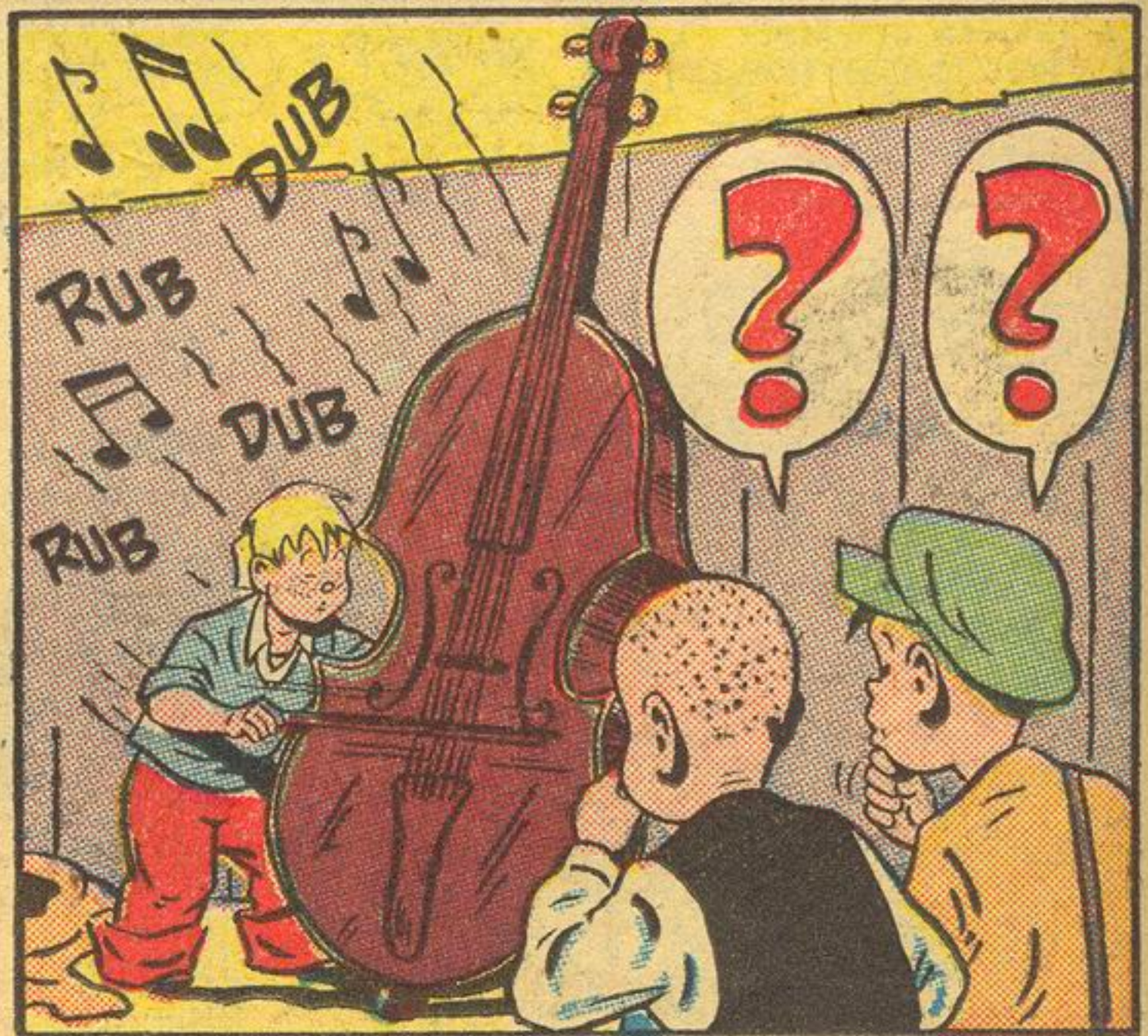
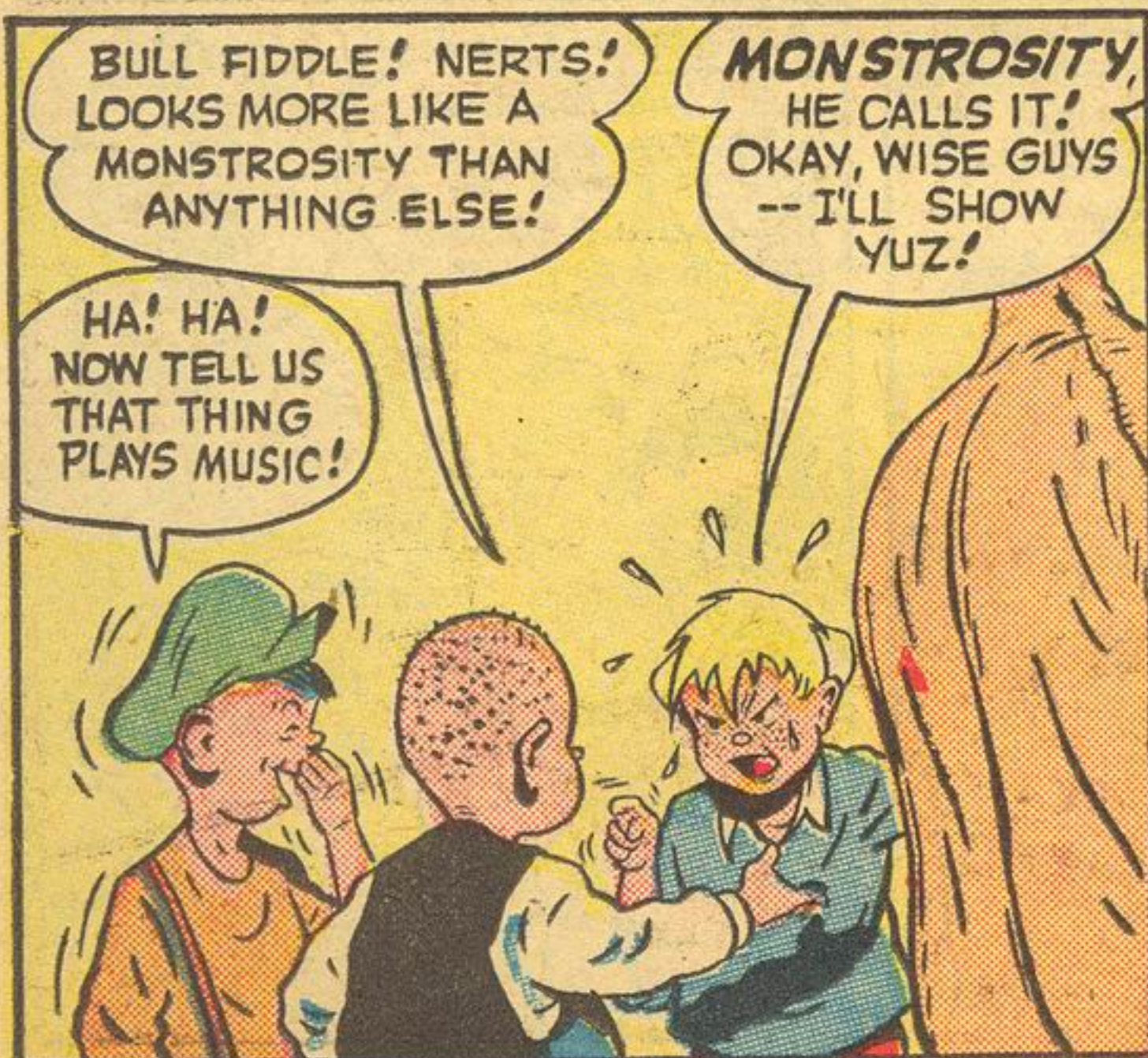
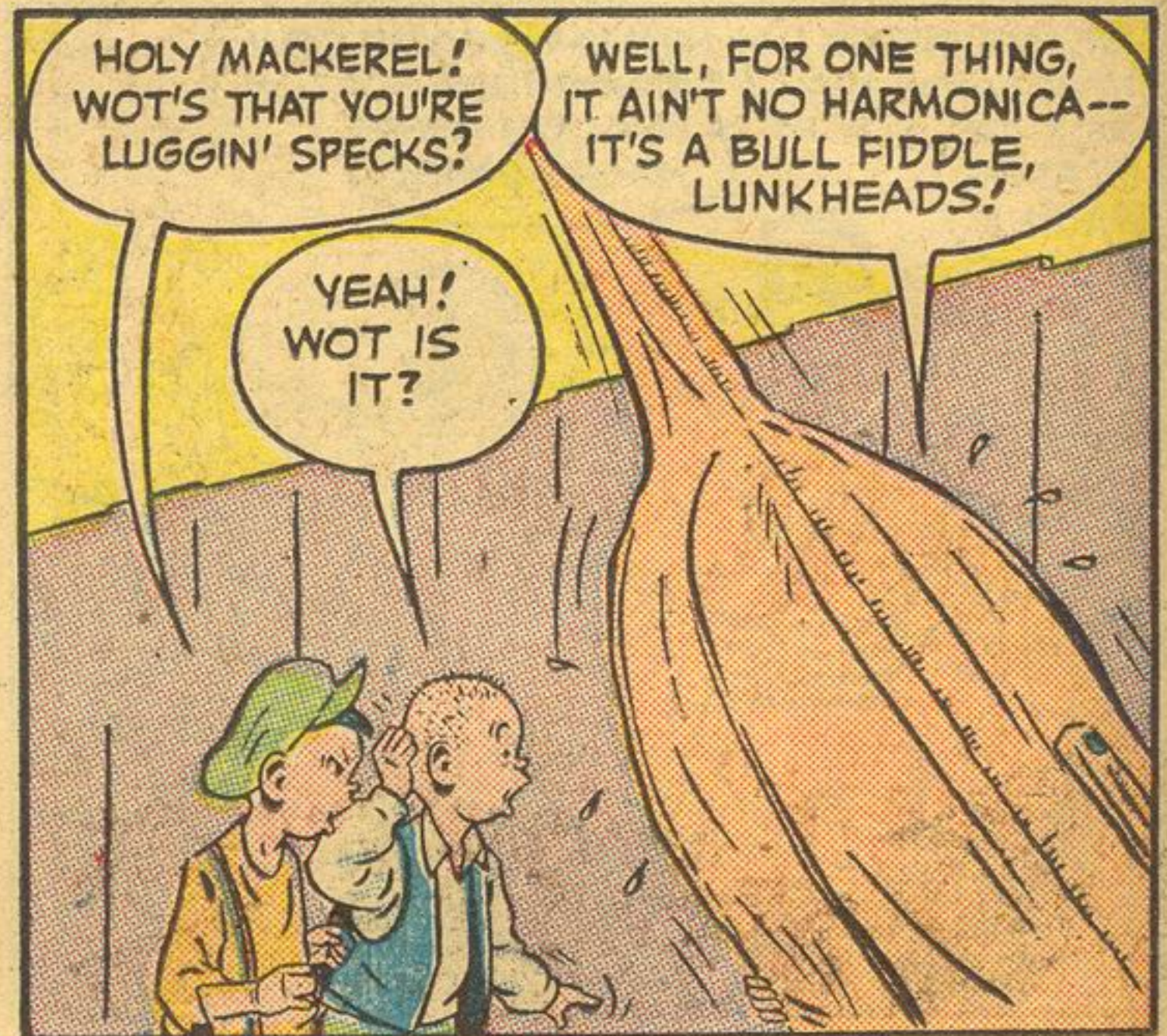
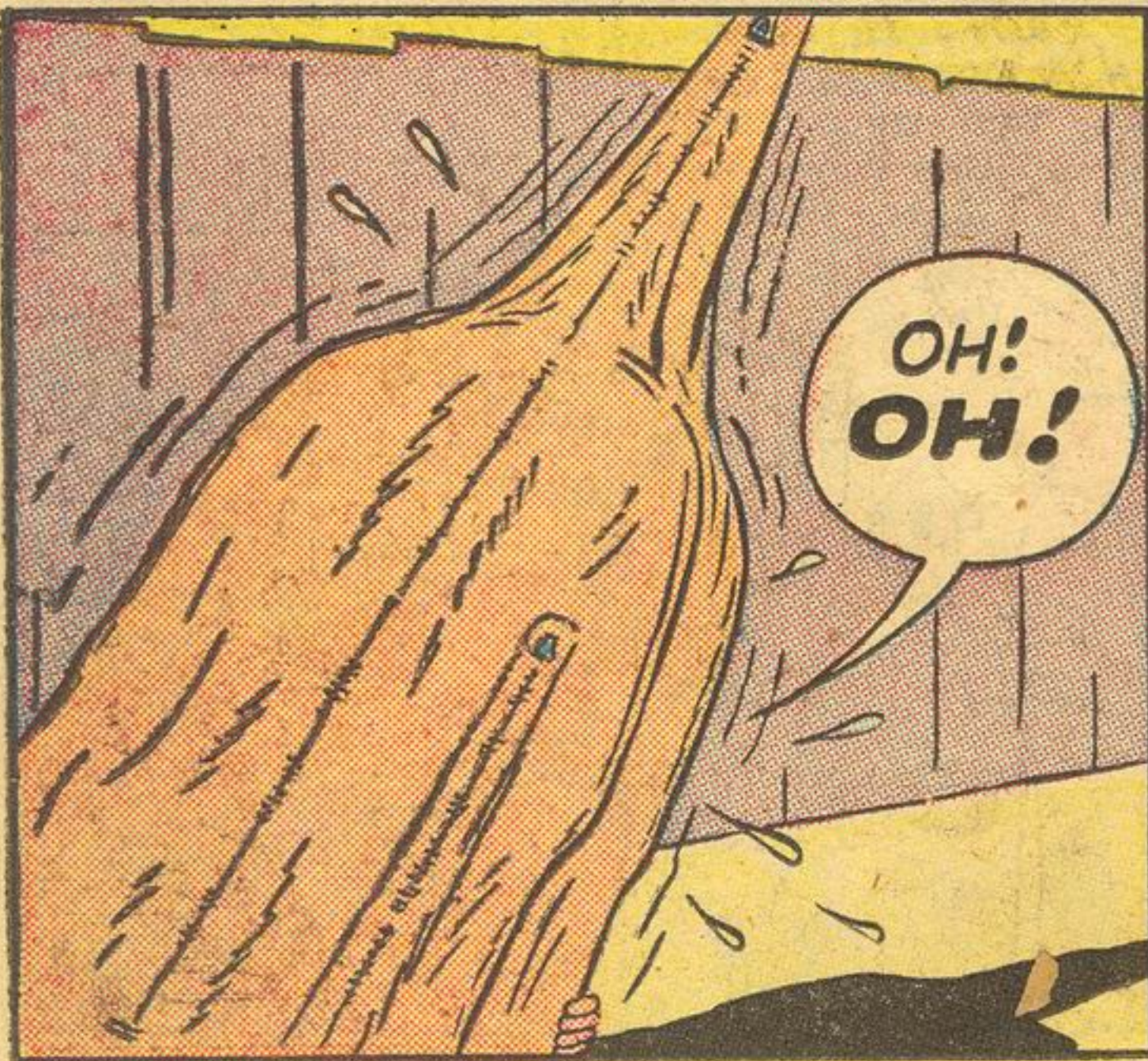
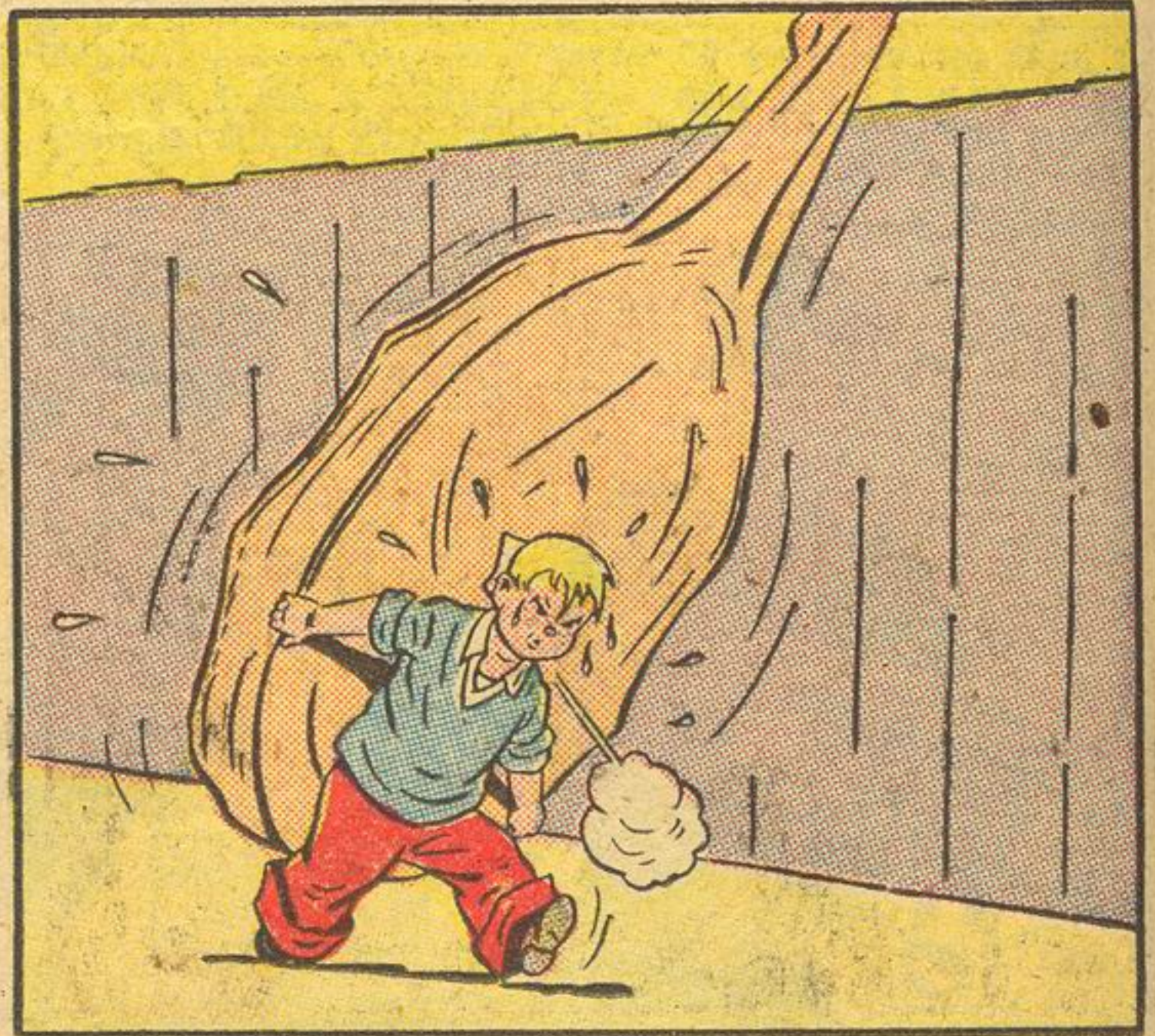
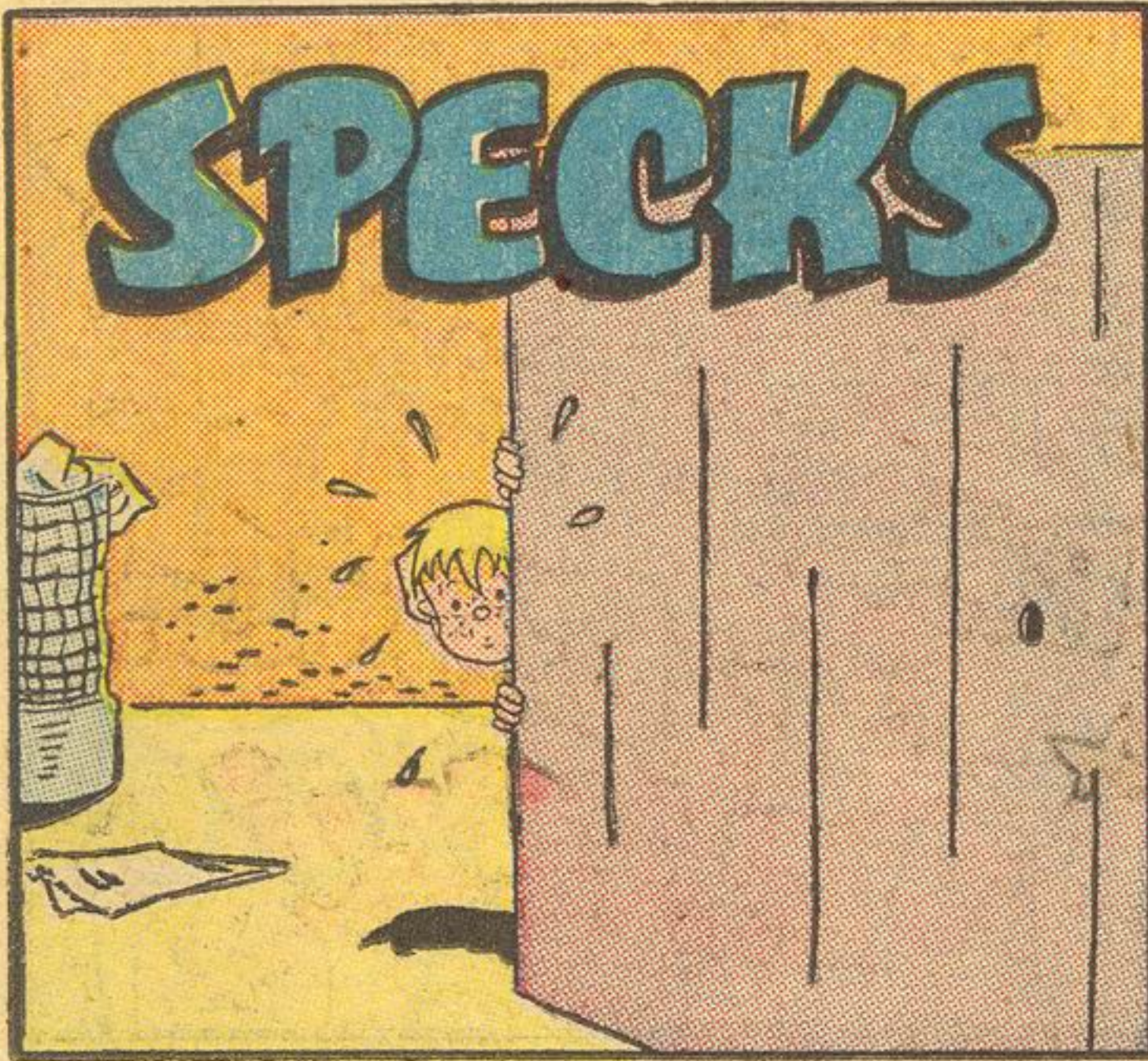


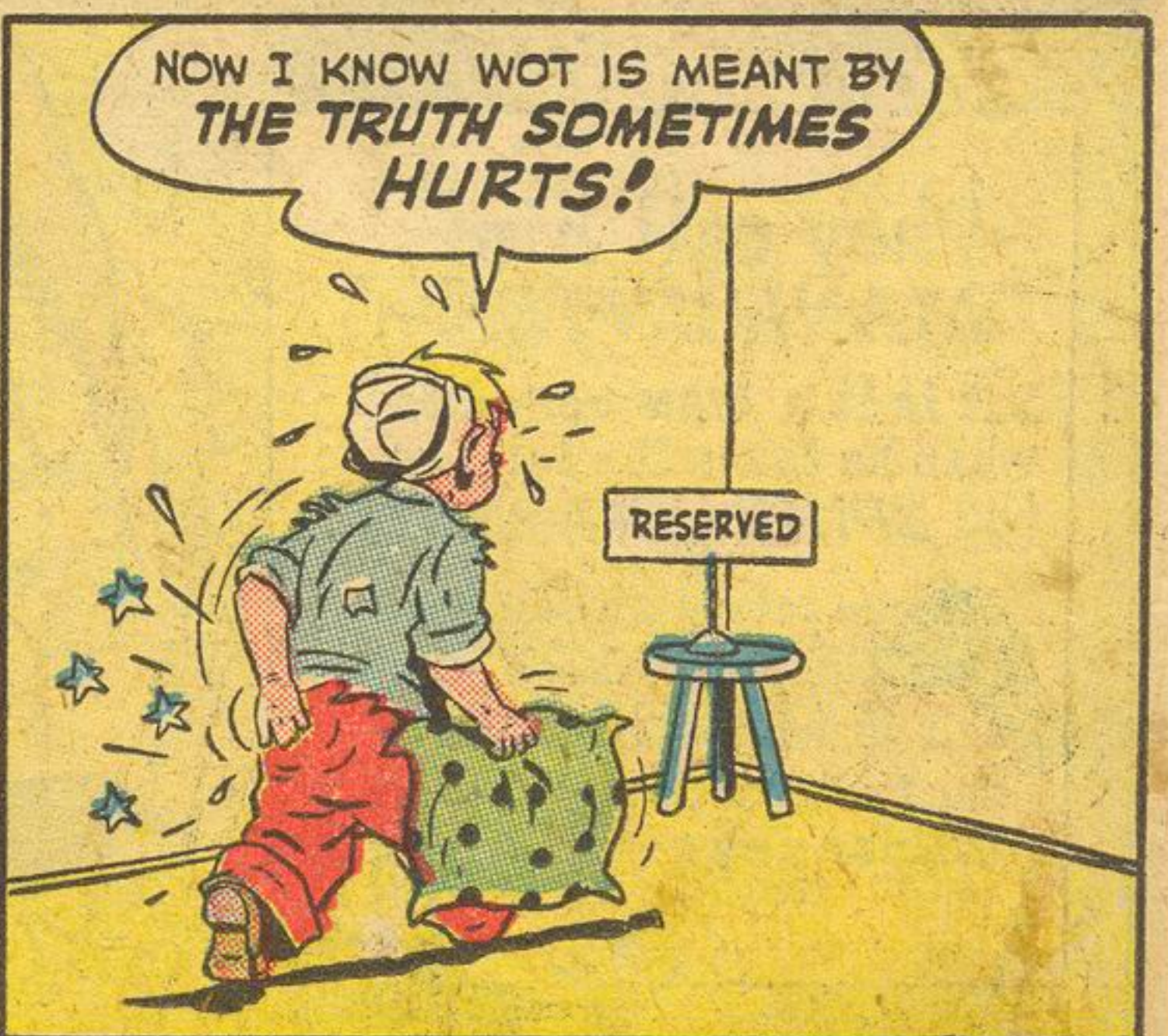
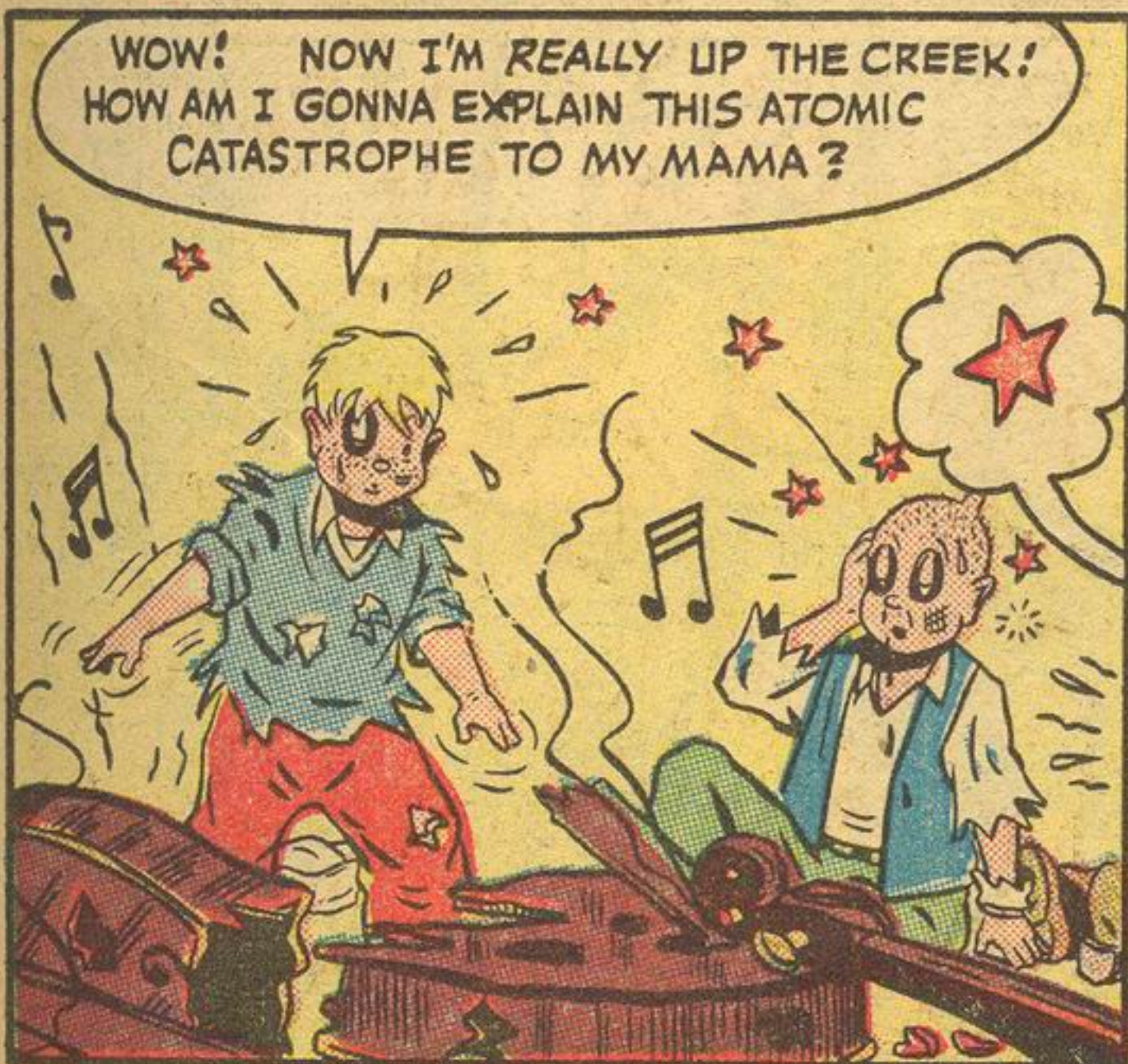
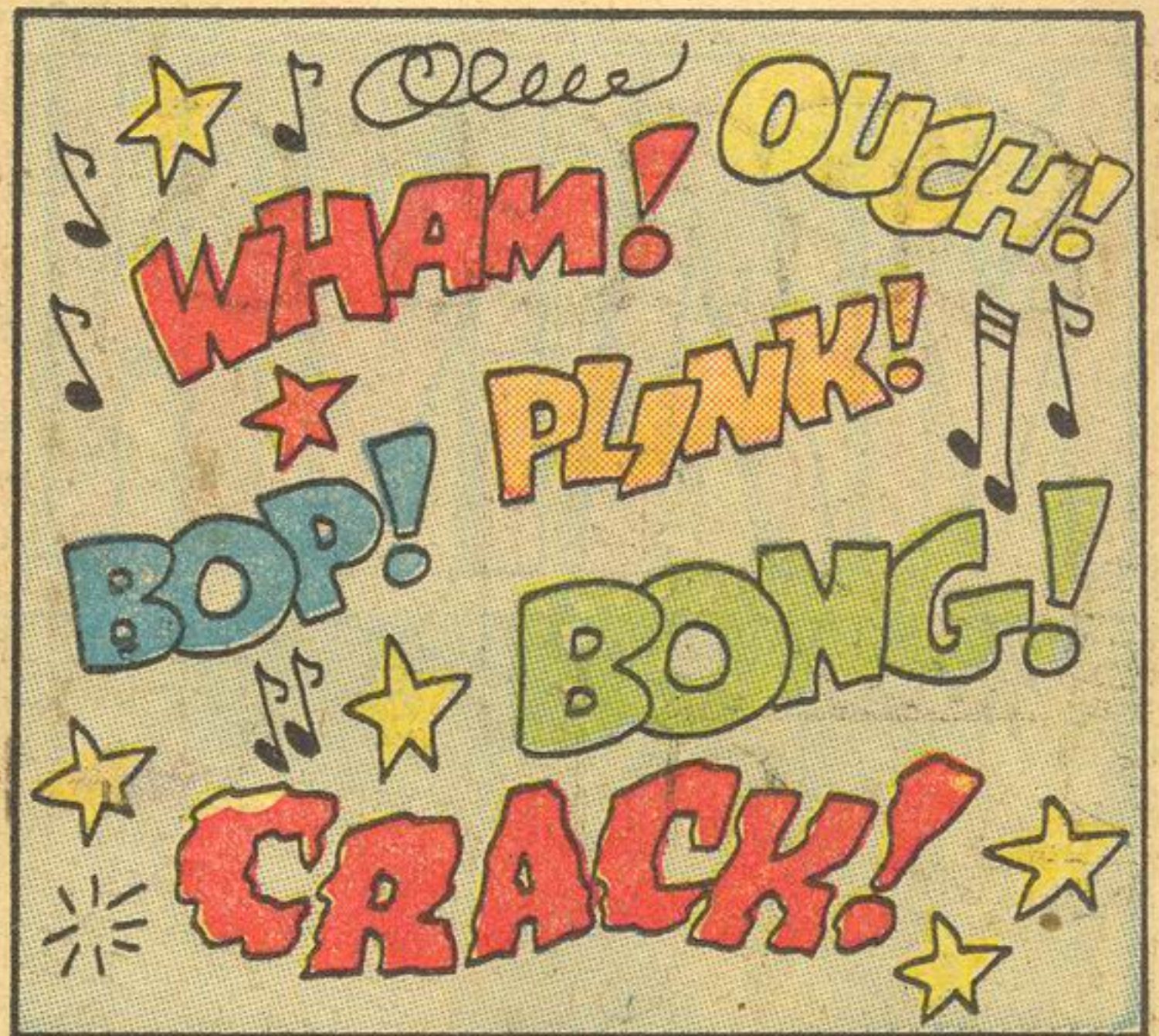
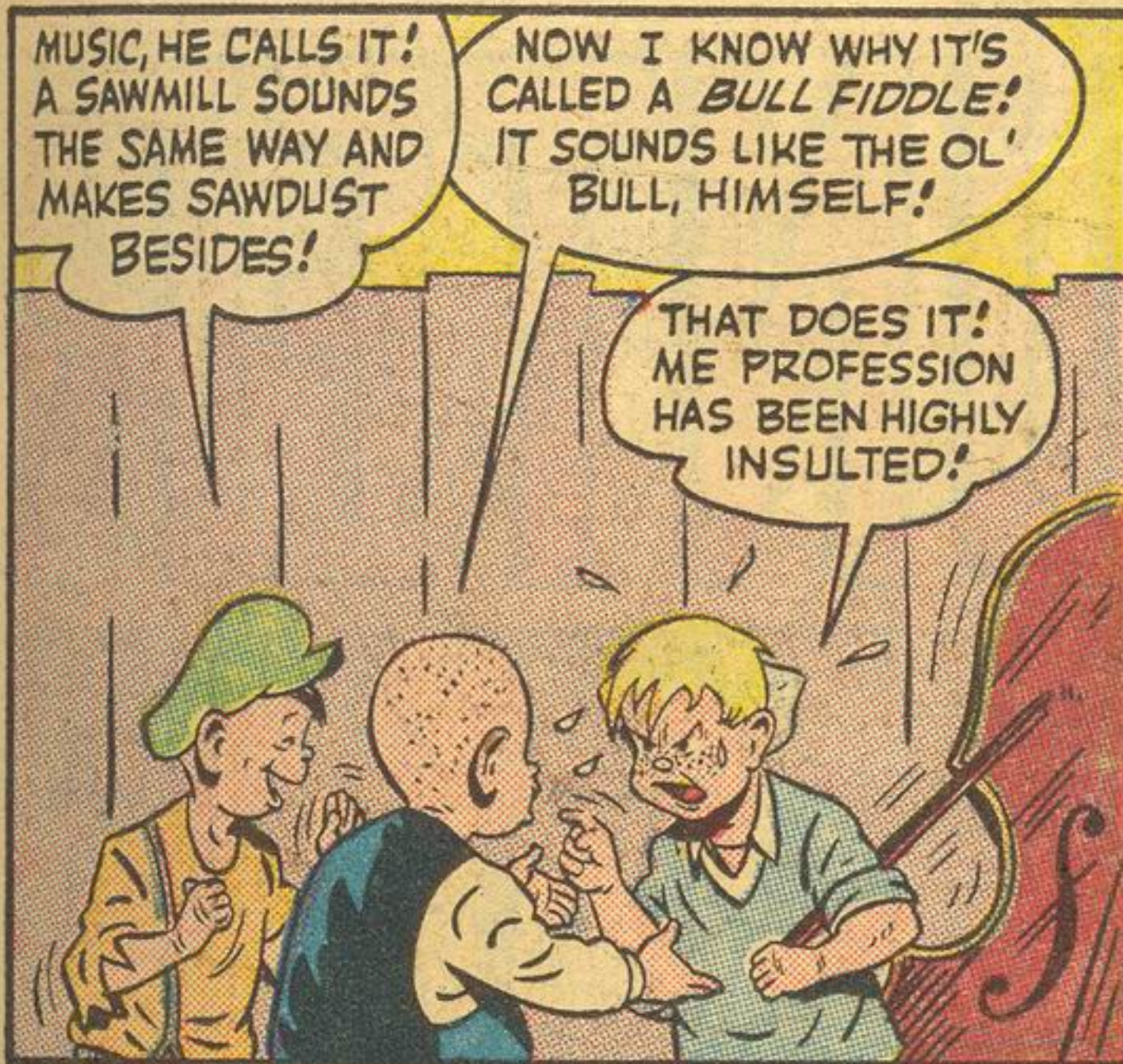




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MANHUNTER

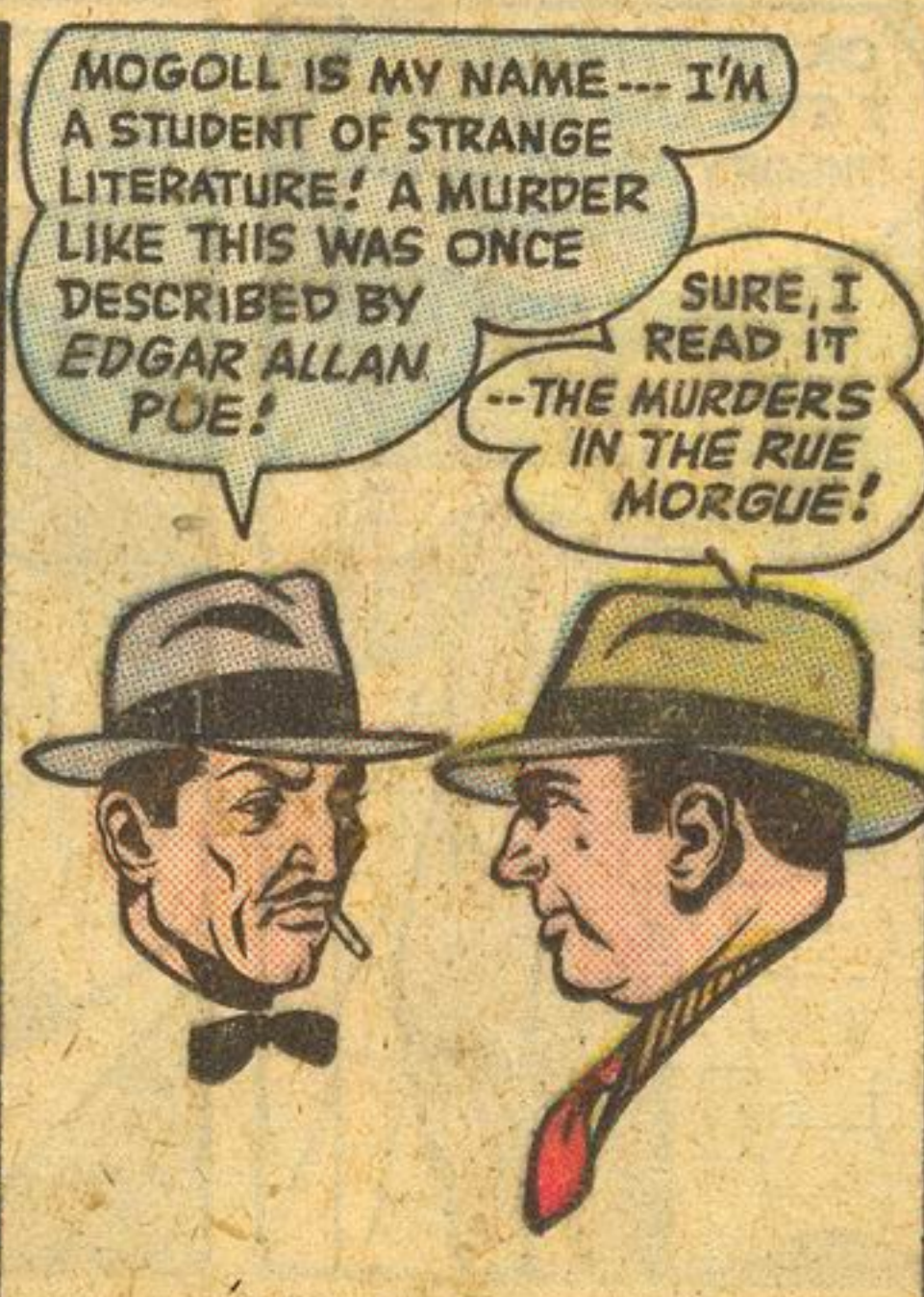
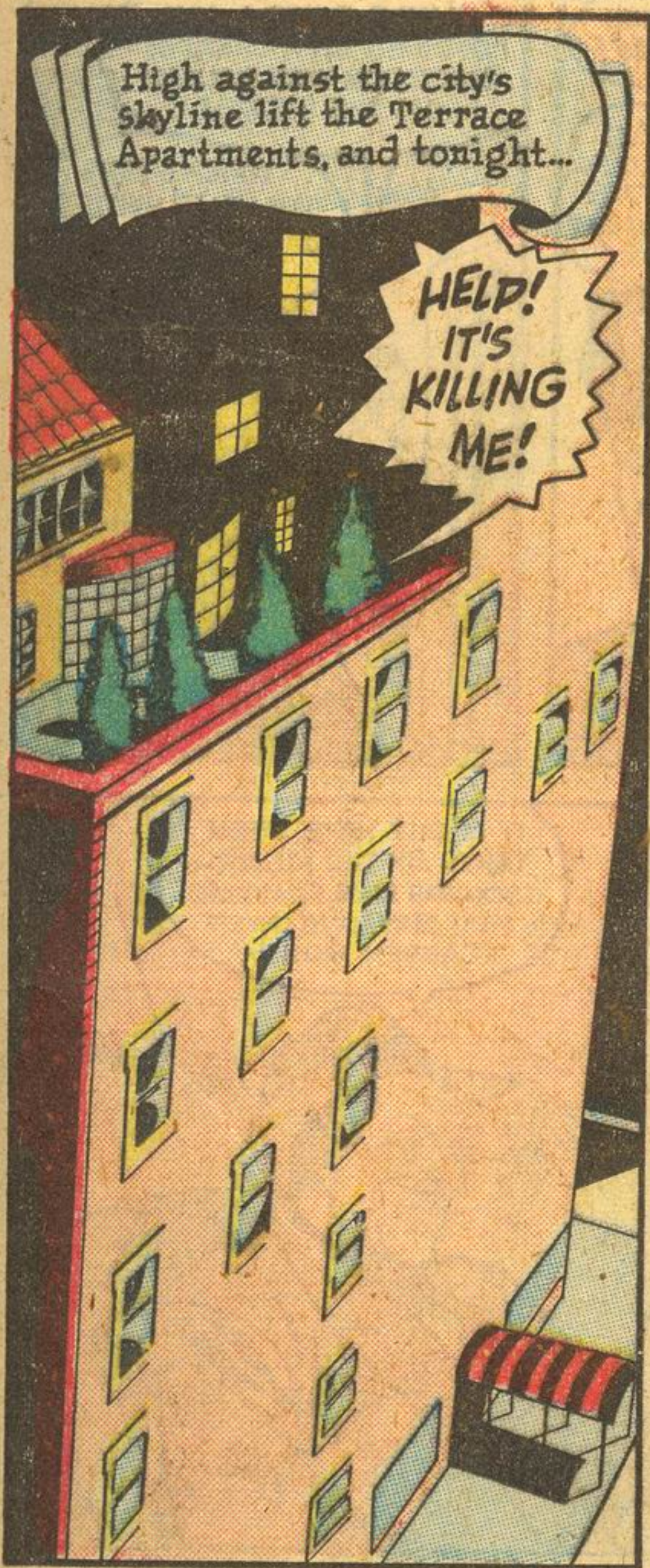


They call him
MANHUNTER...

But is it a *MAN* he hunts
when he takes the trail of
the **SPINE-SNAPPER**??

Never before did Officer
Dan Richards, whose other
self is **Manhunter**,
face a weirder and
wilder foe!

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Meanwhile, Inspector Bitts interviews a suspect at headquarters....

OKAY, SO MAYBE I DID OWE CARVEN SOME DOUGH! AND MAYBE I'M PRETTY STRONG IN THE HANDS! YOU STILL AIN'T GOT NOTHING ON ME AND MY MOUTHPIECE SAYS YOU CAN'T HOLD ME!

EVERY WORD YOU SAY MAKES ME MORE SUSPICIOUS, GRIPS! YOU CAN GO NOW, BUT I MAY HAVE YOU BACK LATER!

DON'T WORRY, GRIPS! IF THEY CAN'T PROVE YOU DID IT, THEY CAN'T ---

I **DIDN'T** DO IT! WHAT MAKES ME SORE IS THAT SOMEBODY GRABBED MY TECHNIQUE-- BREAKING SPINES THE WAY I DO!

HARDWARE

CALM DOWN, GRIPS! COME IN AND HAVE A NIGHTCAP!

NOT NOW! I'M GONNA FIND THIS COMPETITOR AND TAKE HIS NECK OUT BY THE **ROOTS**!

CENTER B
BEER COCKTAIL
FURTHER PROFIT

WHAT THE --- NOT THAT THING!

Dan Richards has just gone off duty....

HELP! TAKE IT OFF ME! QUICK!

WHAT'S THAT?

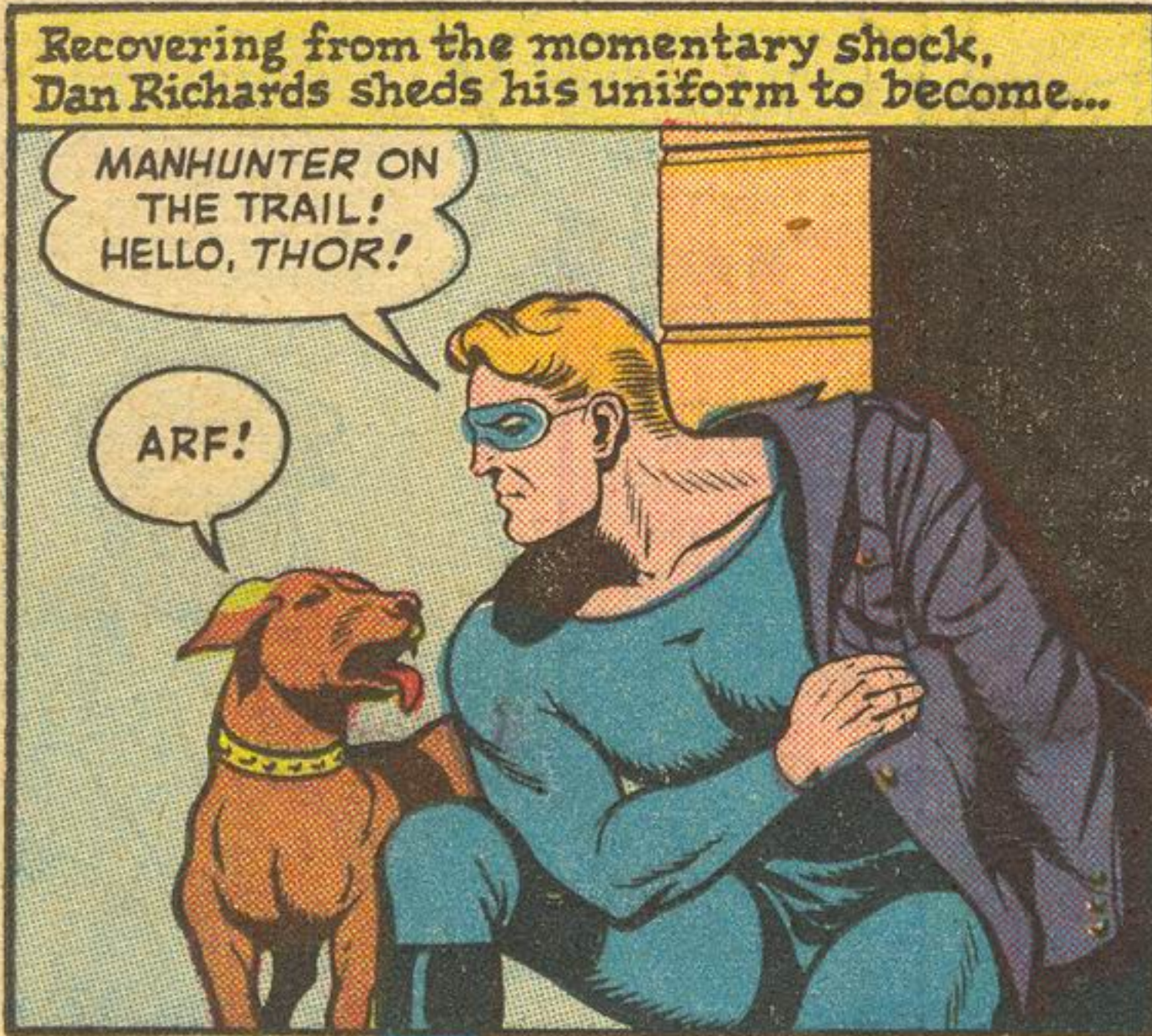
OWW!

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Recovering from the momentary shock, Dan Richards sheds his uniform to become...

MANHUNTER ON THE TRAIL! HELLO, THOR!

ARF!



GRIPS GABBETT -- DEAD FROM THE SAME NECK-BREAKING HANDS THAT KILLED CARVEN! FIND THE TRAIL OF THE MAN WHO MURDERED HIM, THOR!

SNF! SNF!



WHAT DOES THIS WHINING MEAN, THOR? I TOLD YOU TO PICK UP A STRANGE HUMAN TRAIL -- ISN'T THERE ONE?

ARF! WHOOOOO! ARF!



FOLLOW WHATEVER IT IS, BOY!

RRRR!

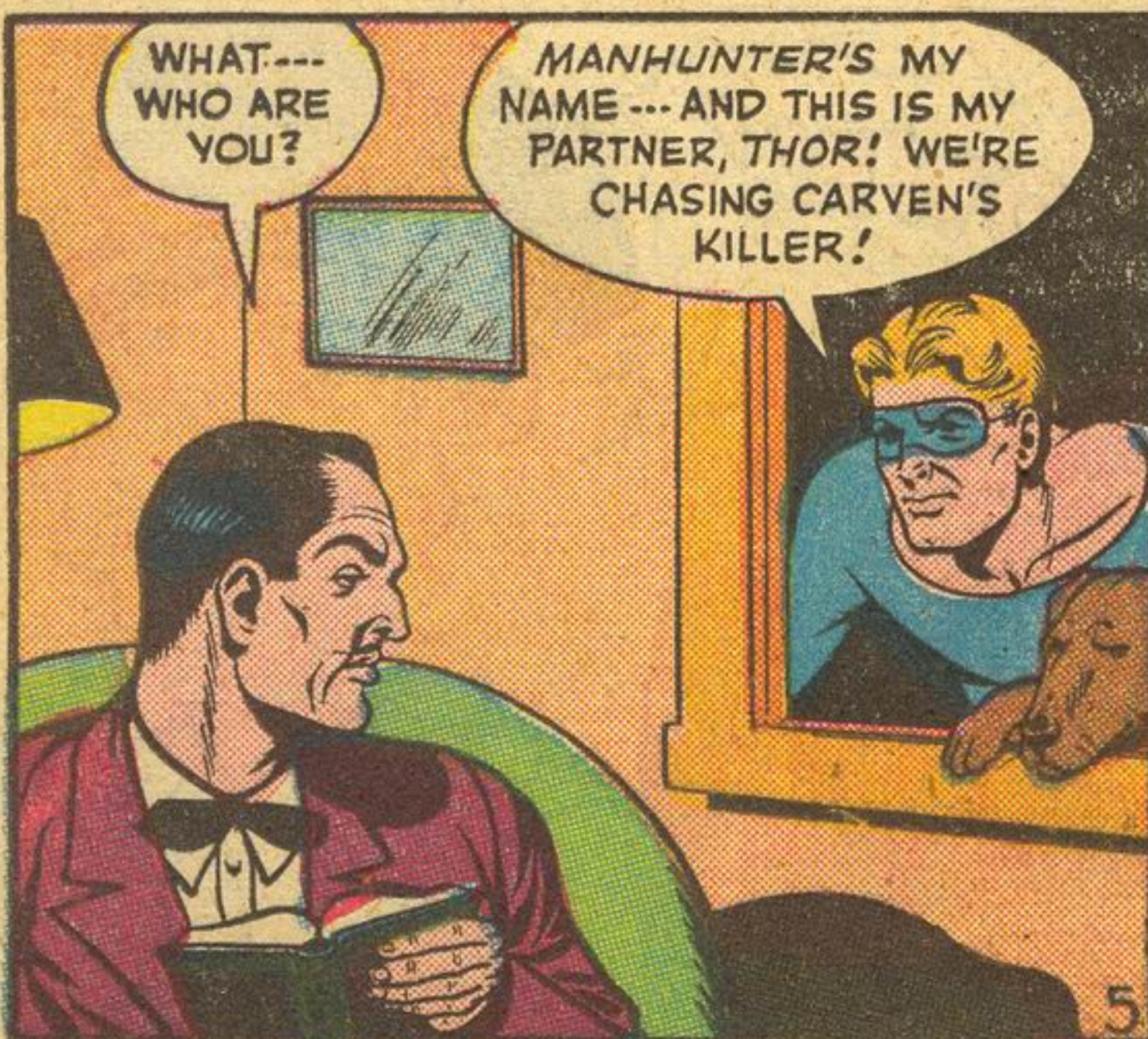


NOW YOU'VE **LOST** THE TRAIL! YOU NEVER DID THAT BEFORE! LET'S LOOK UP THAT MAN MOGOLL!



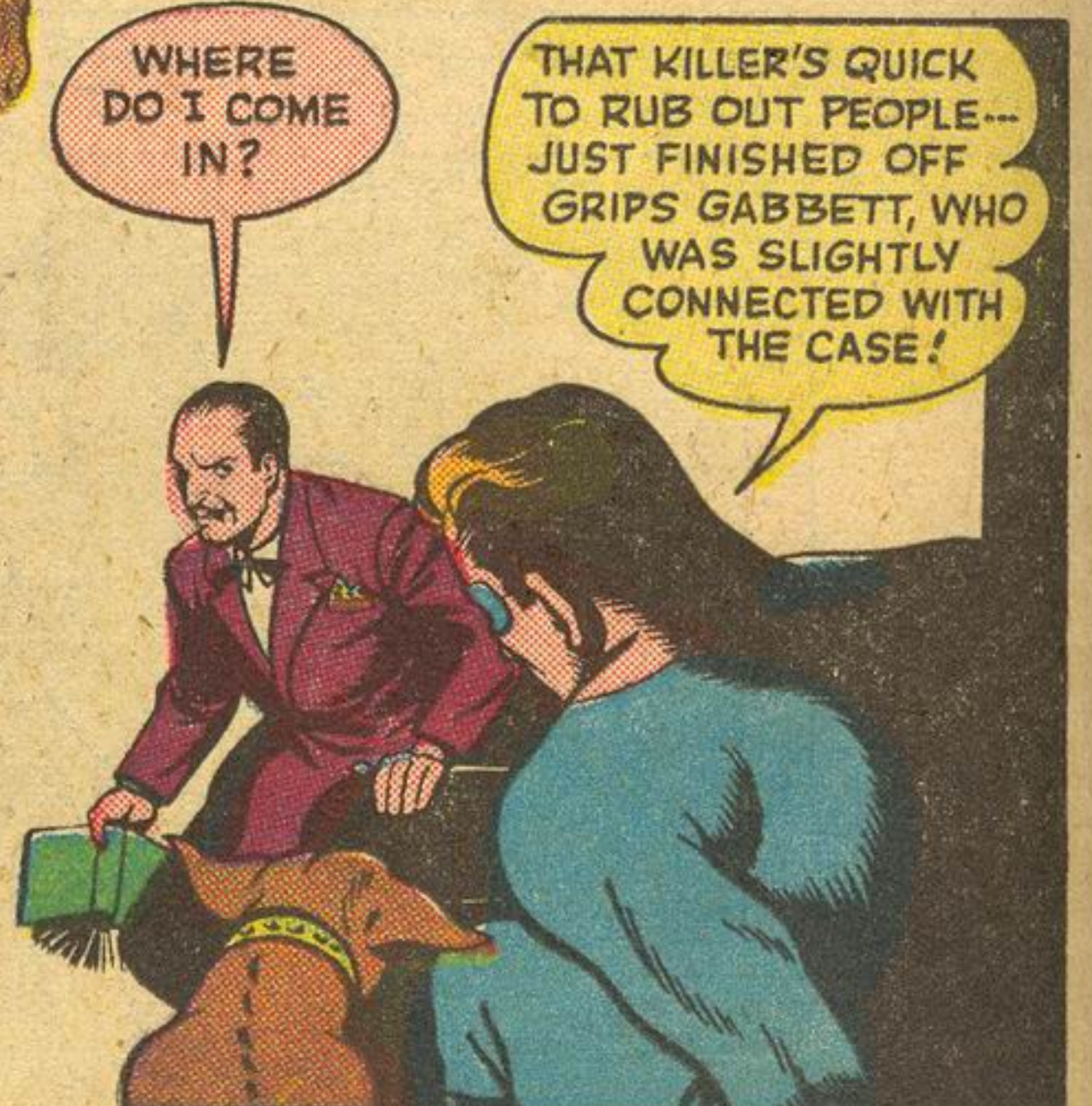
WHAT--- WHO ARE YOU?

MANHUNTER'S MY NAME --- AND THIS IS MY PARTNER, THOR! WE'RE CHASING CARVEN'S KILLER!

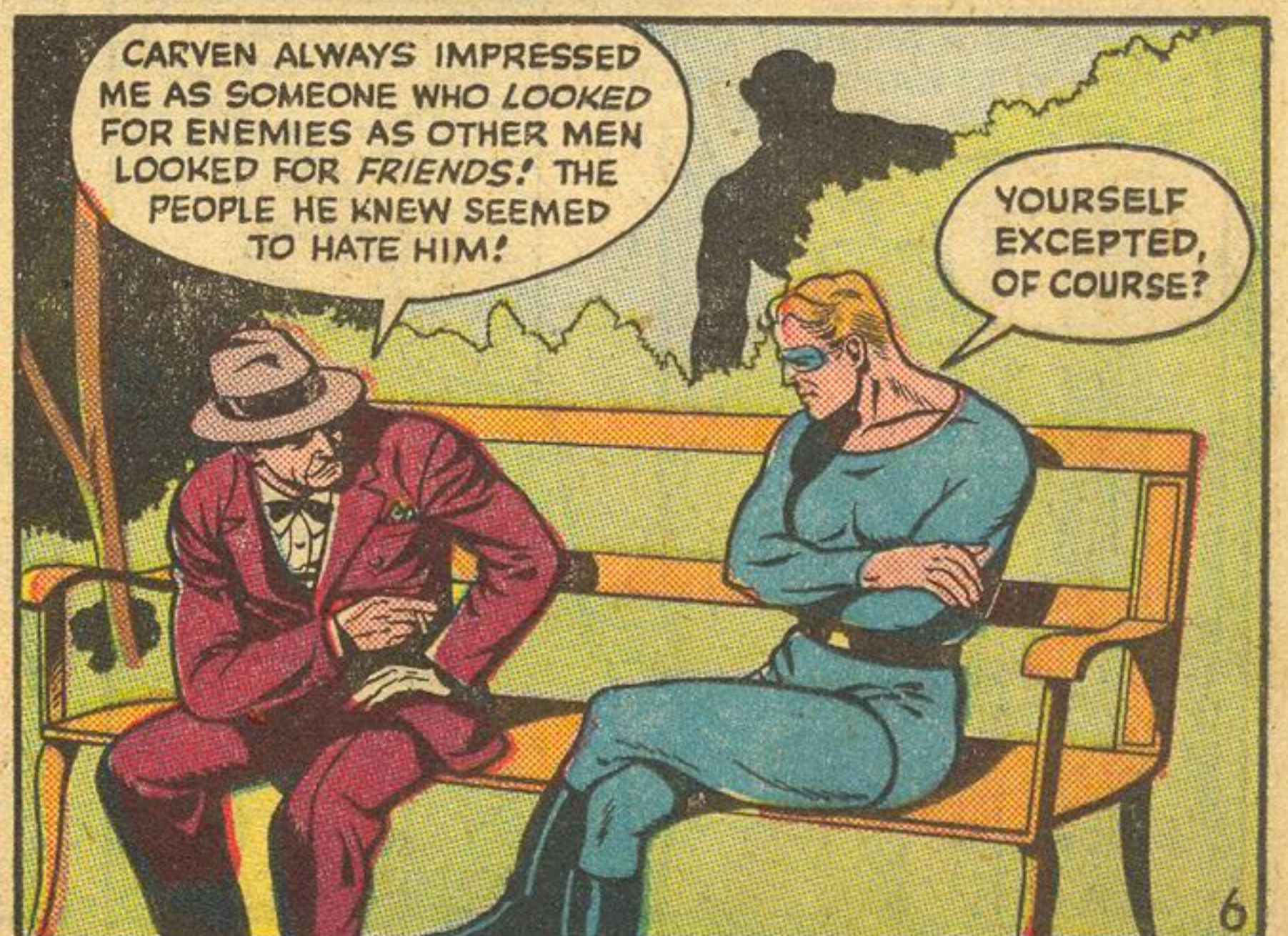
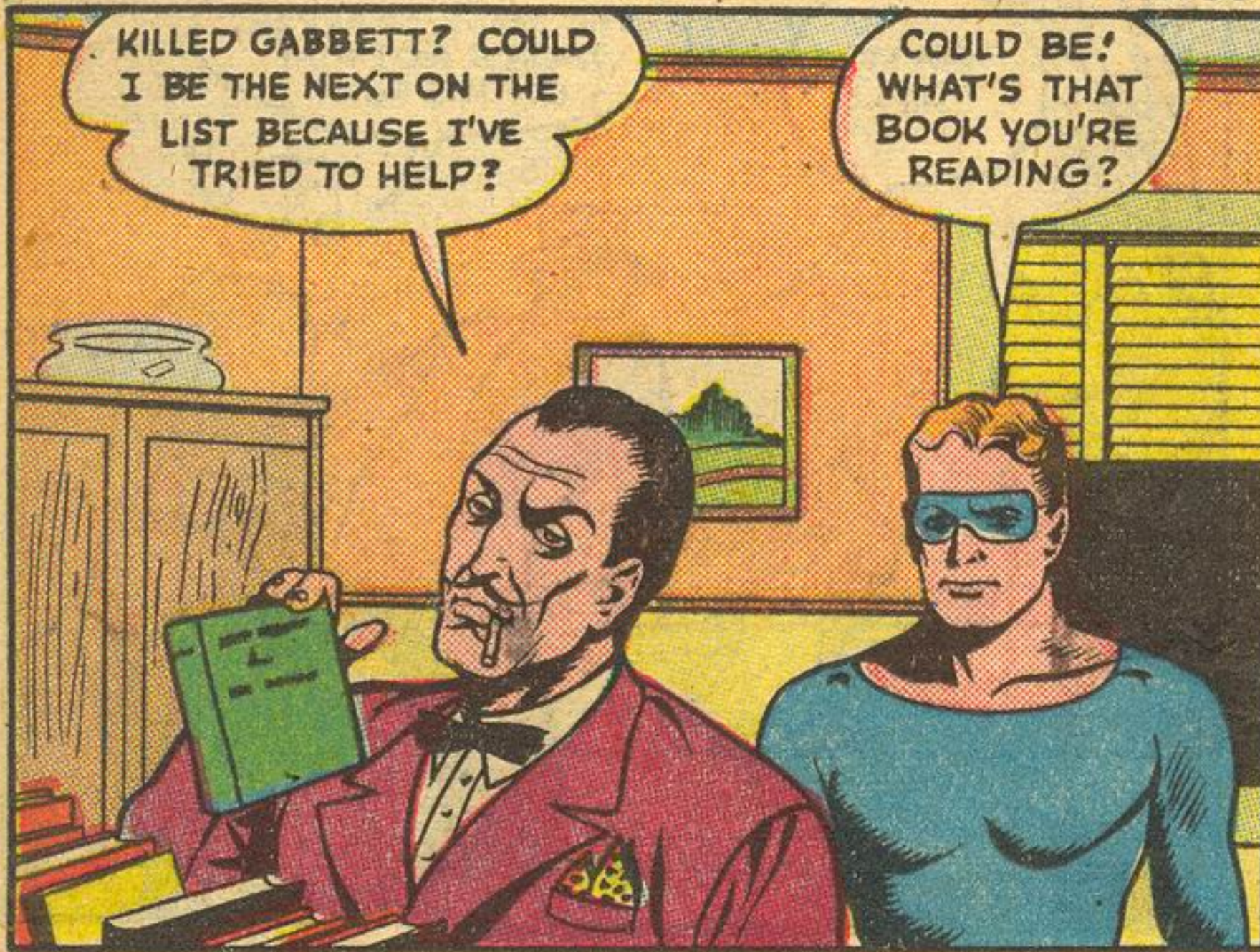


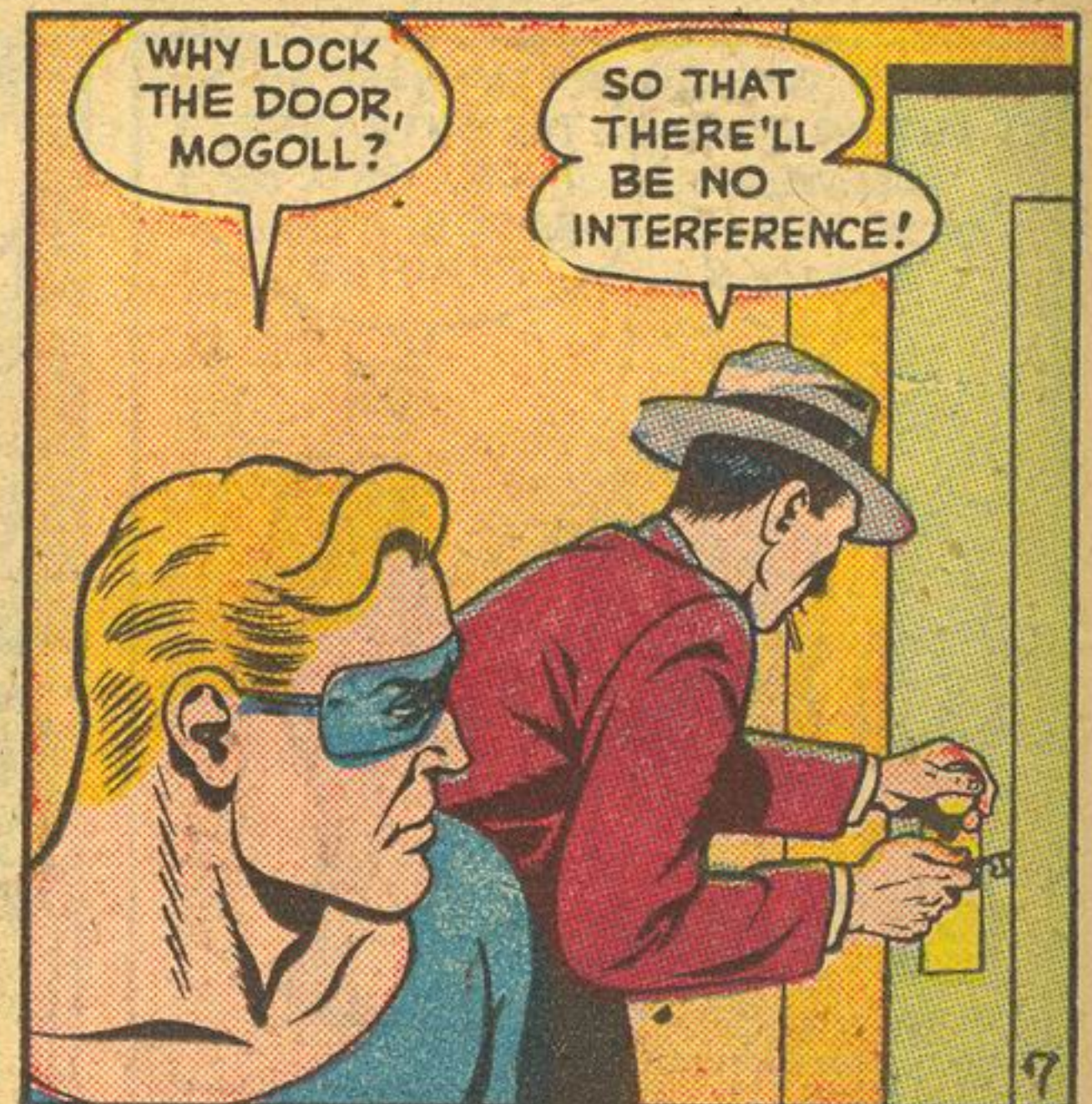
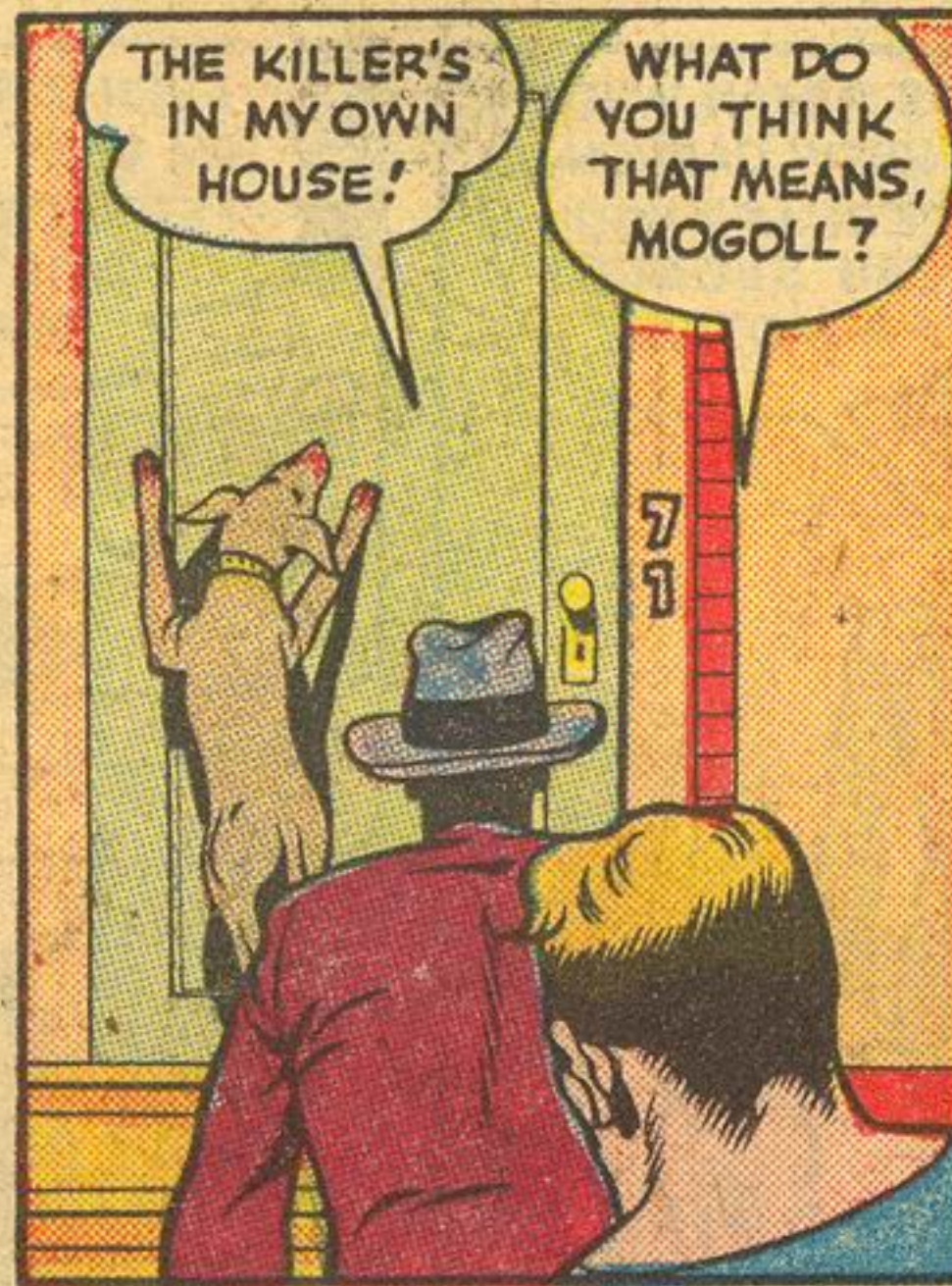
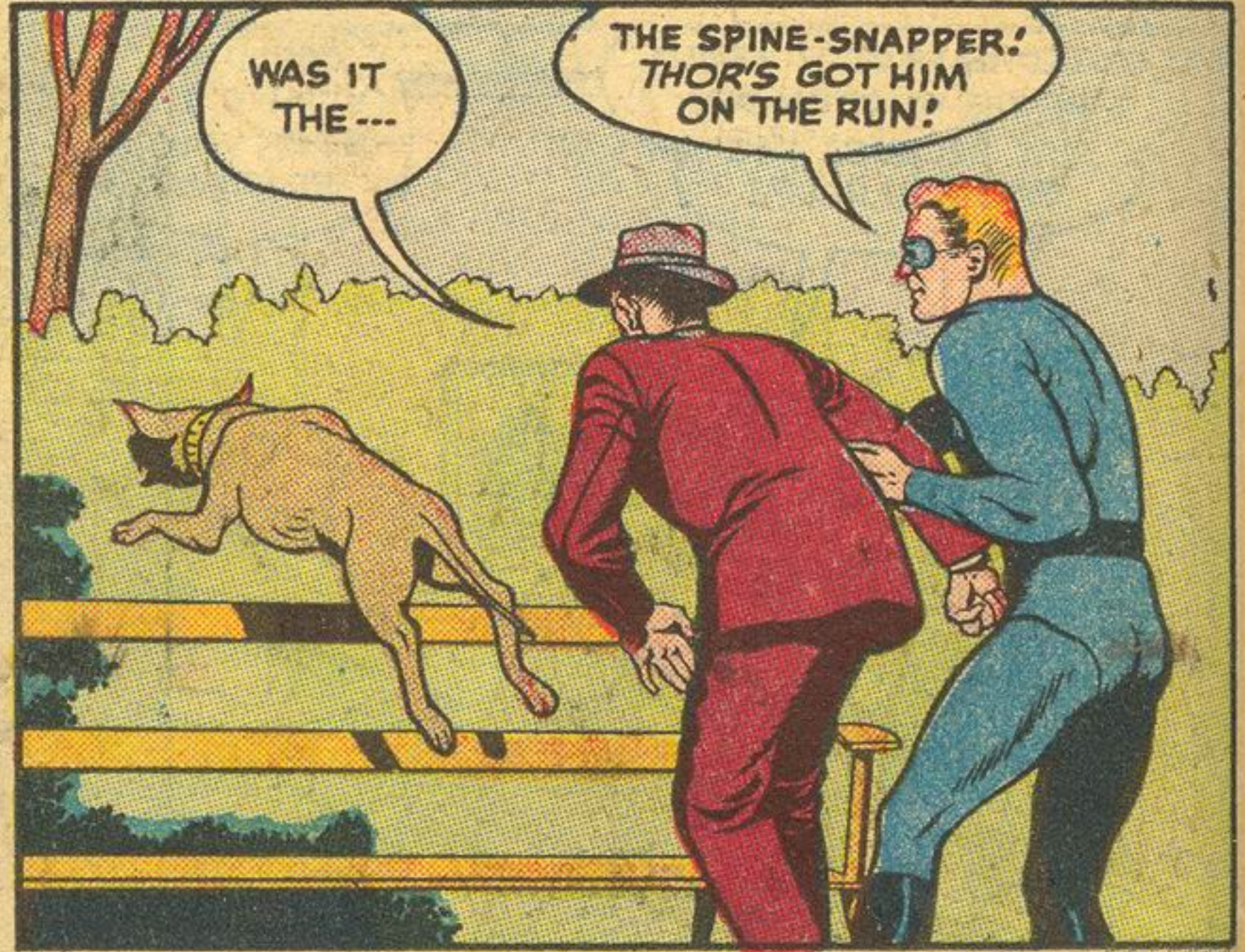
WHERE DO I COME IN?

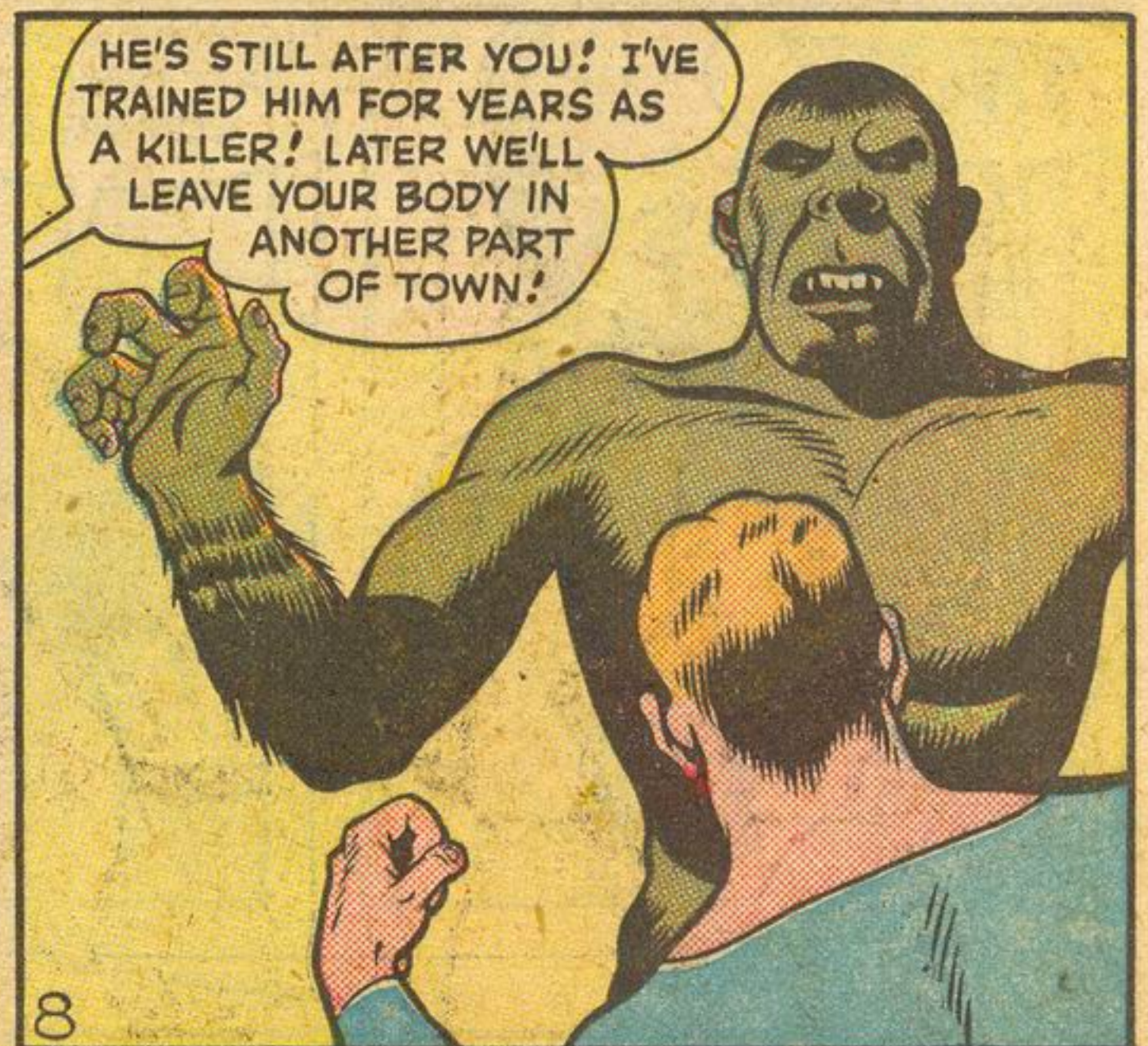
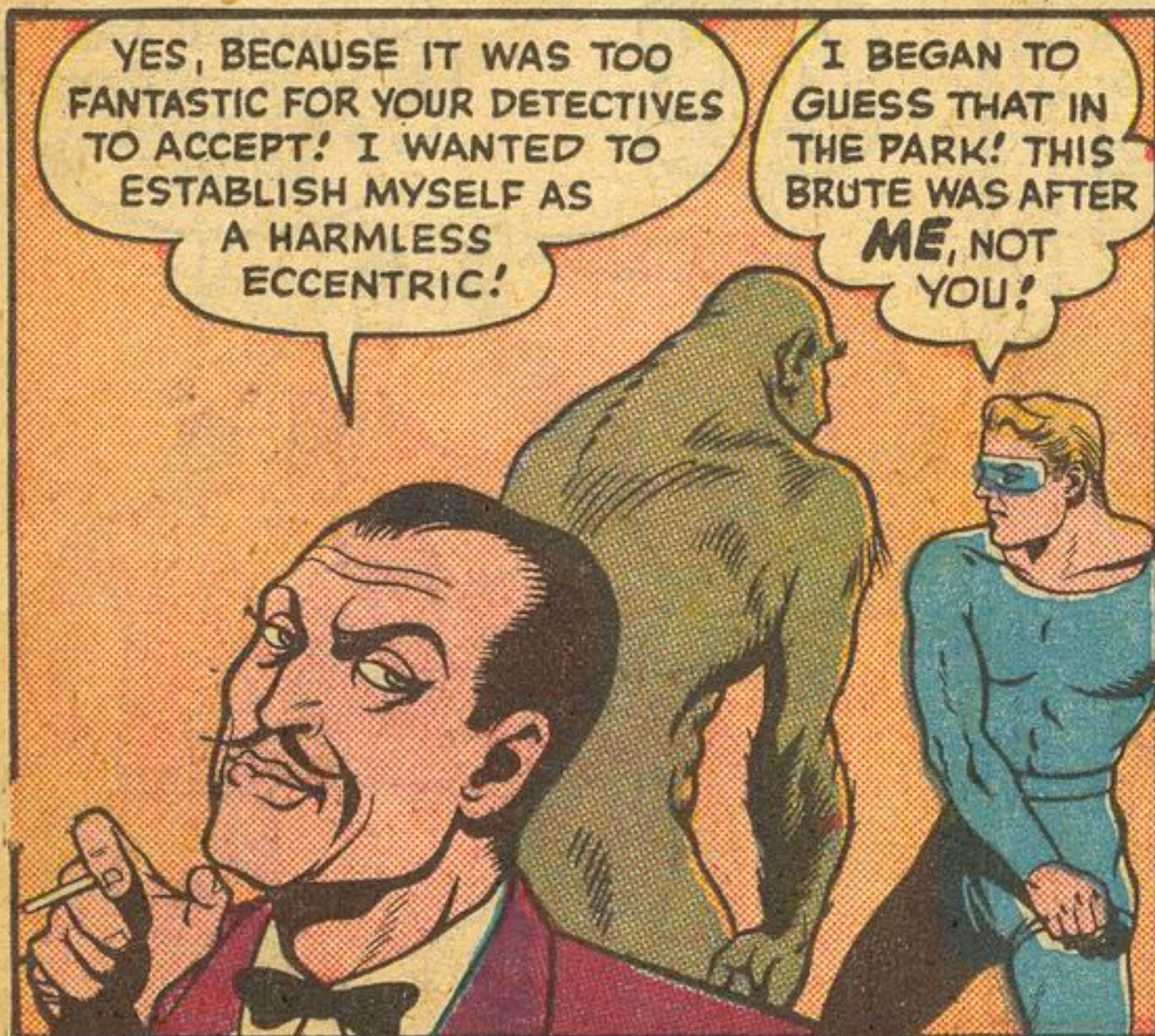
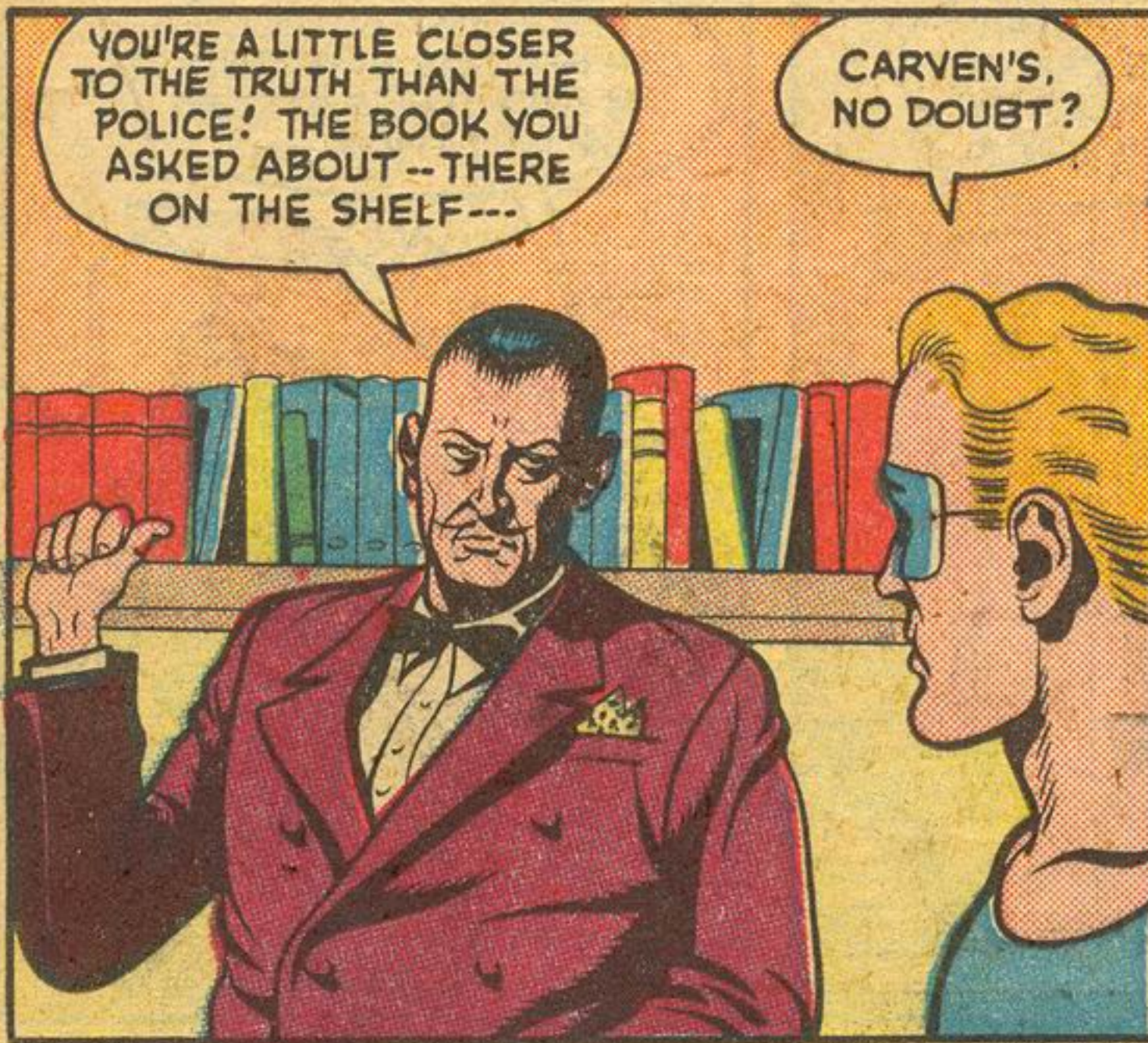
THAT KILLER'S QUICK TO RUB OUT PEOPLE--- JUST FINISHED OFF GRIPS GABBETT, WHO WAS SLIGHTLY CONNECTED WITH THE CASE!



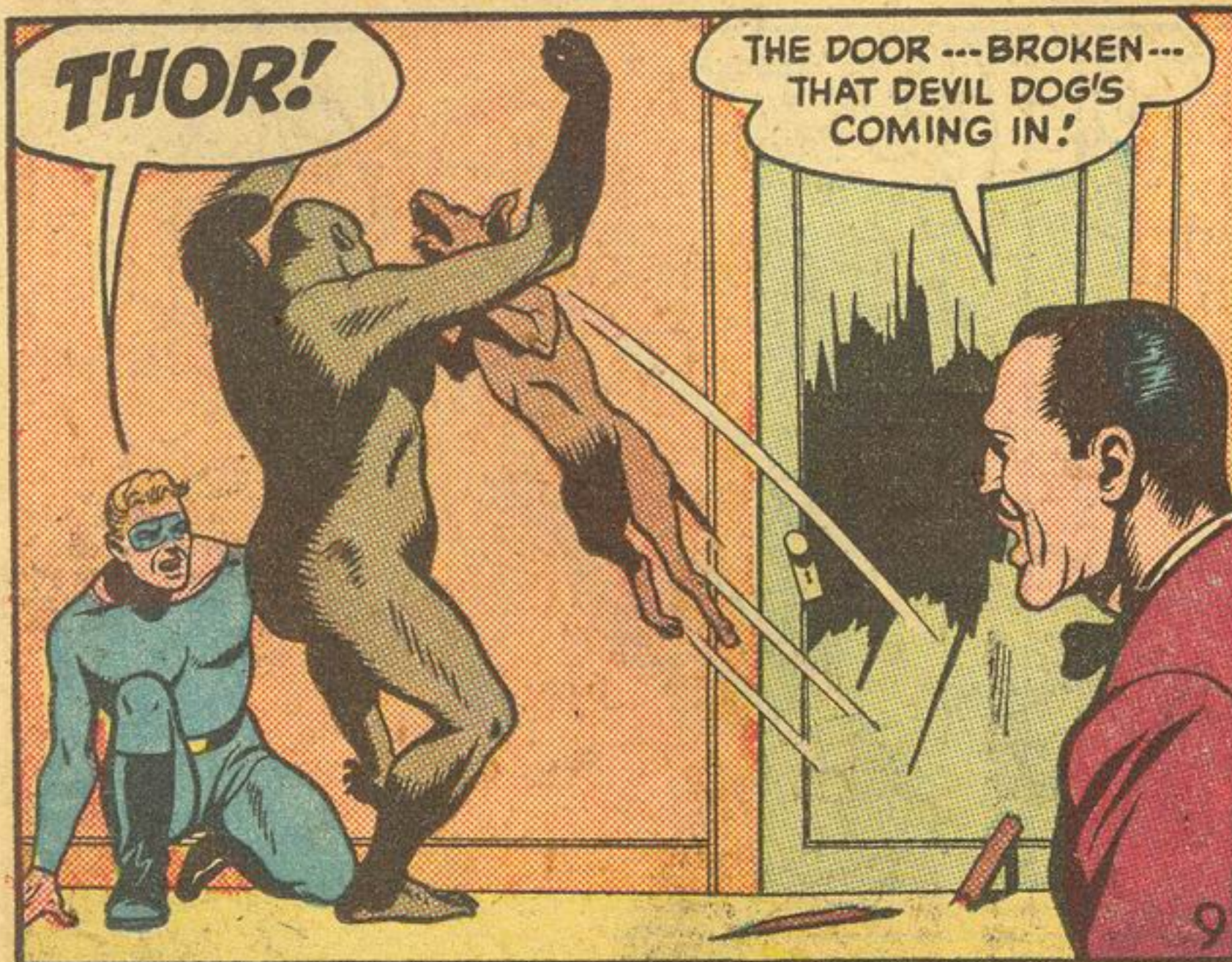
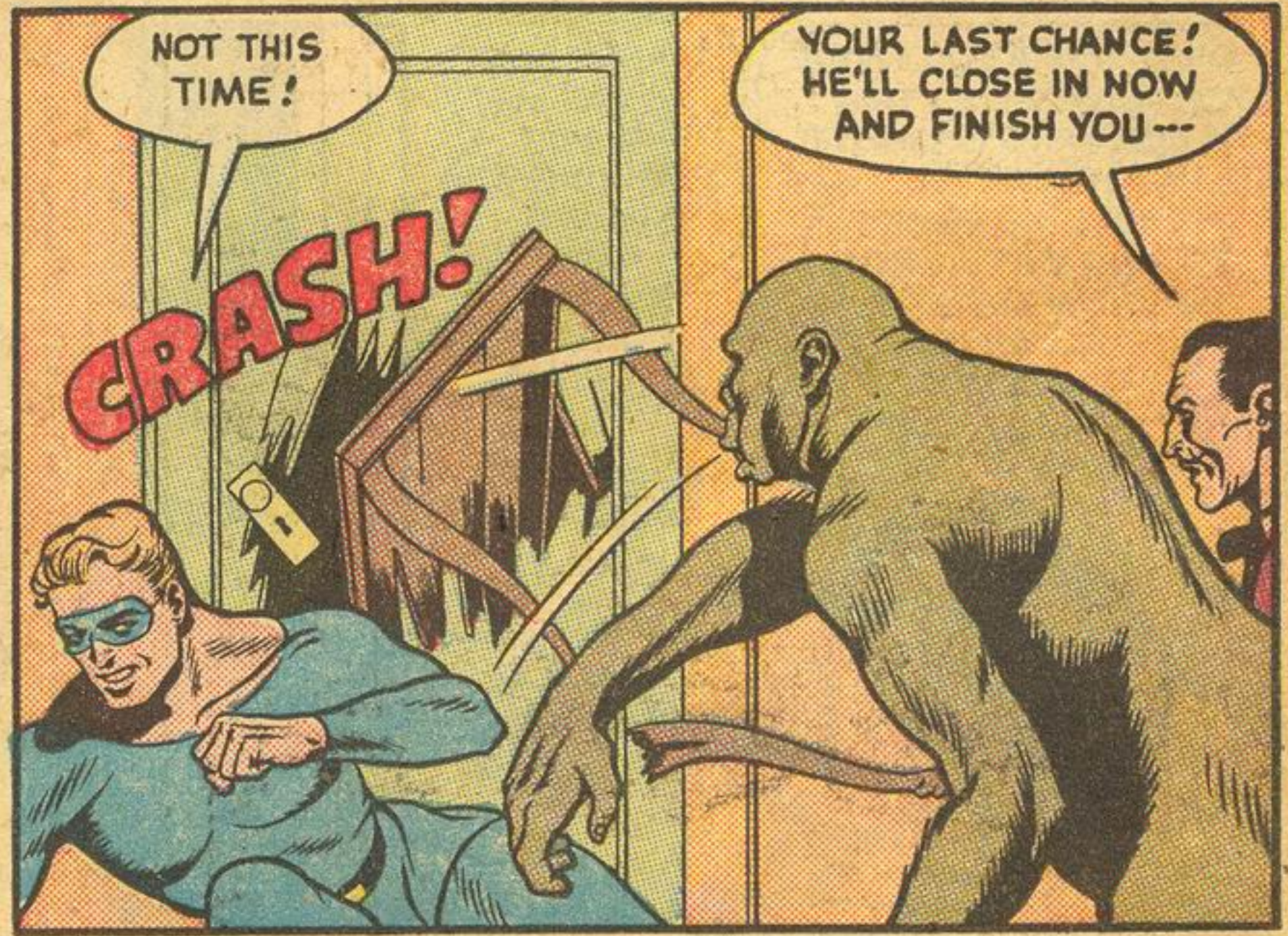
POLICE COMICS





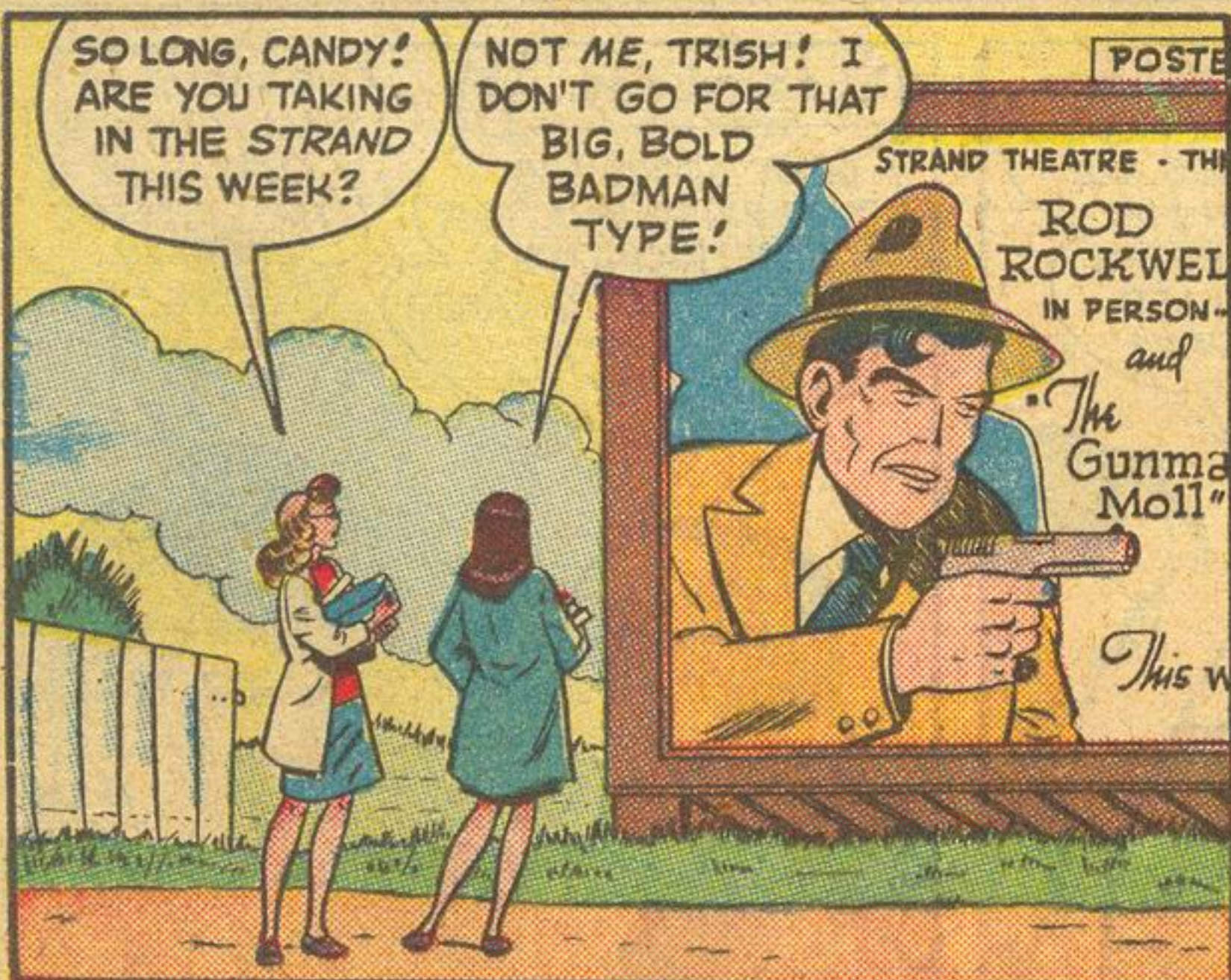


POLICE COMICS

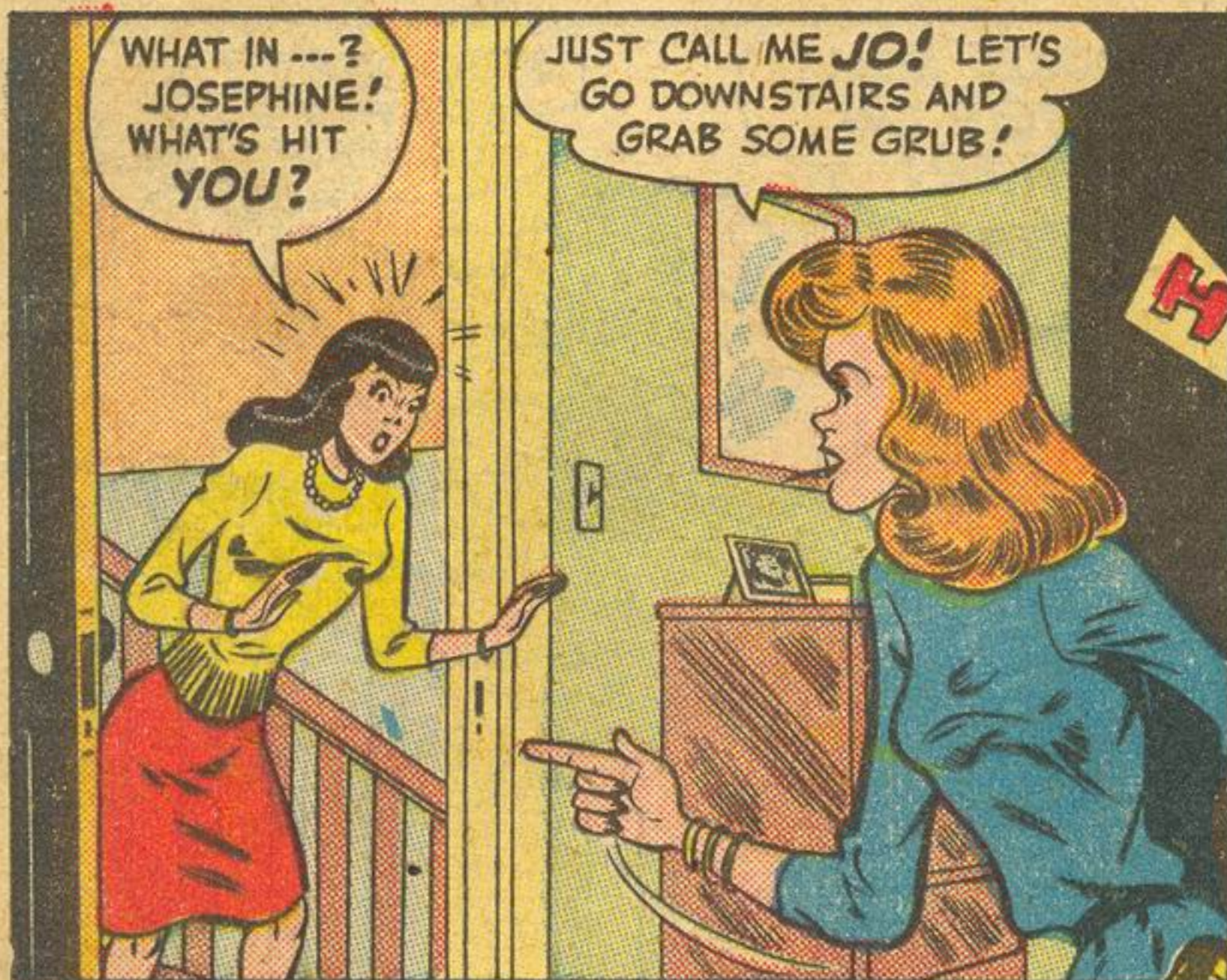


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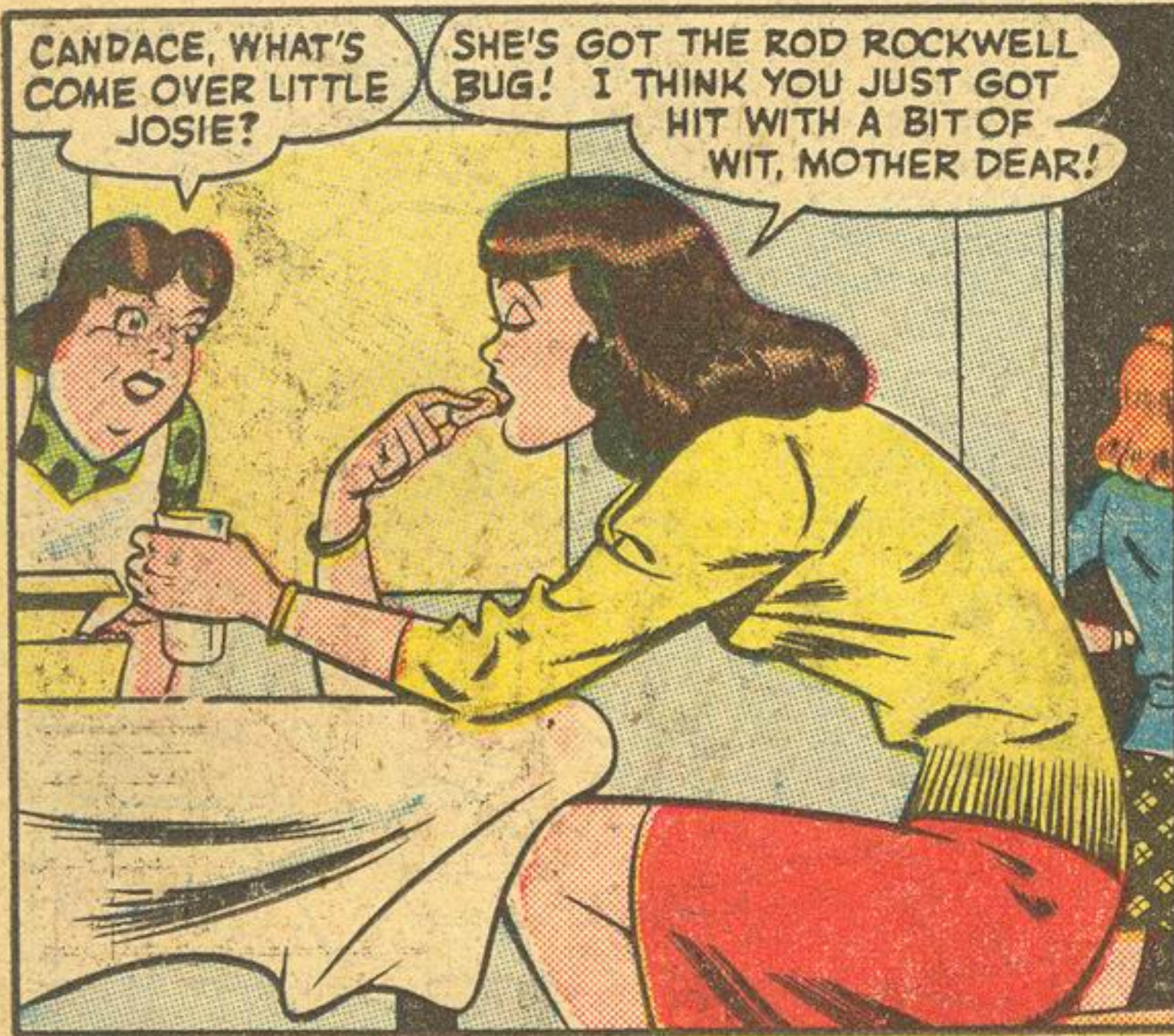


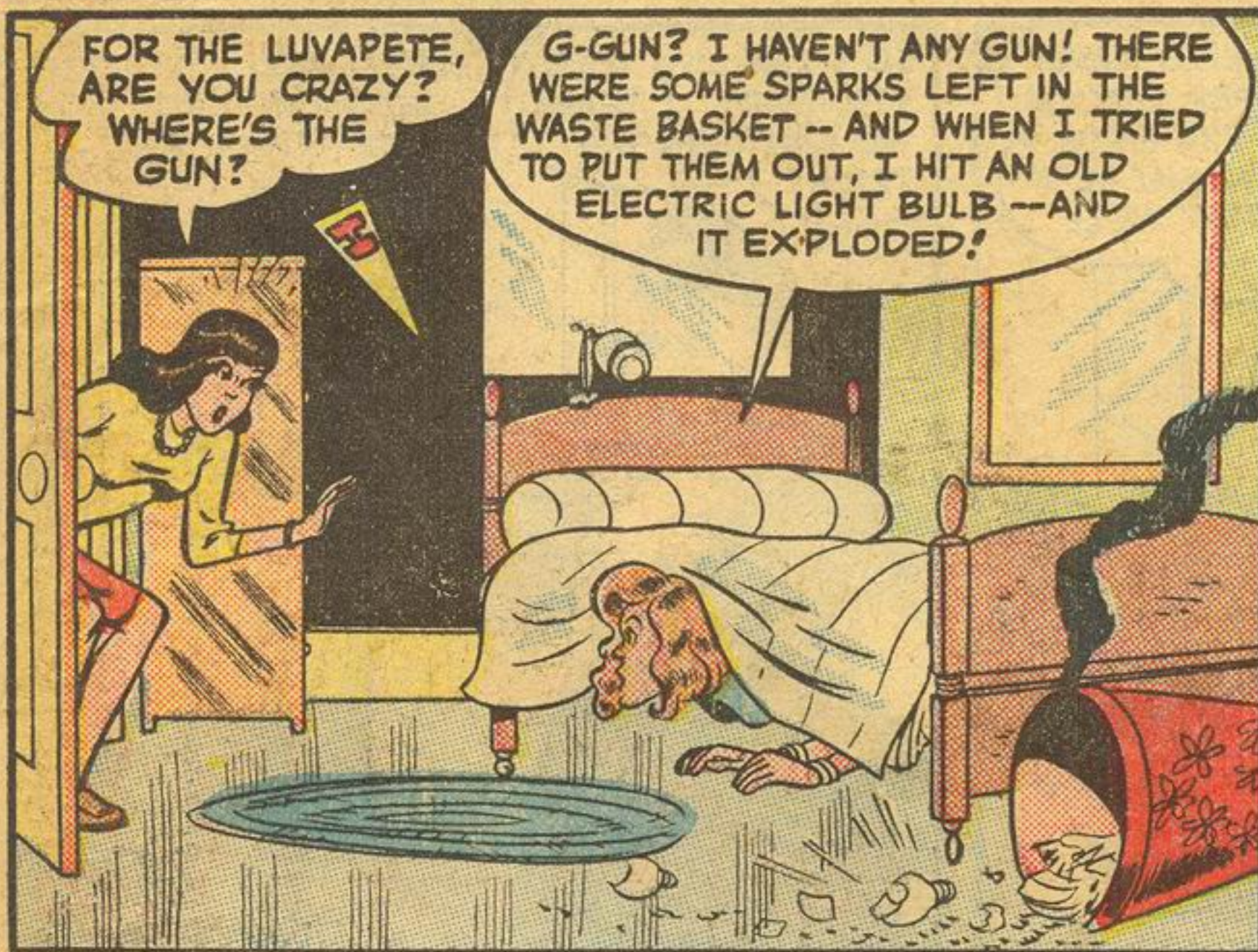


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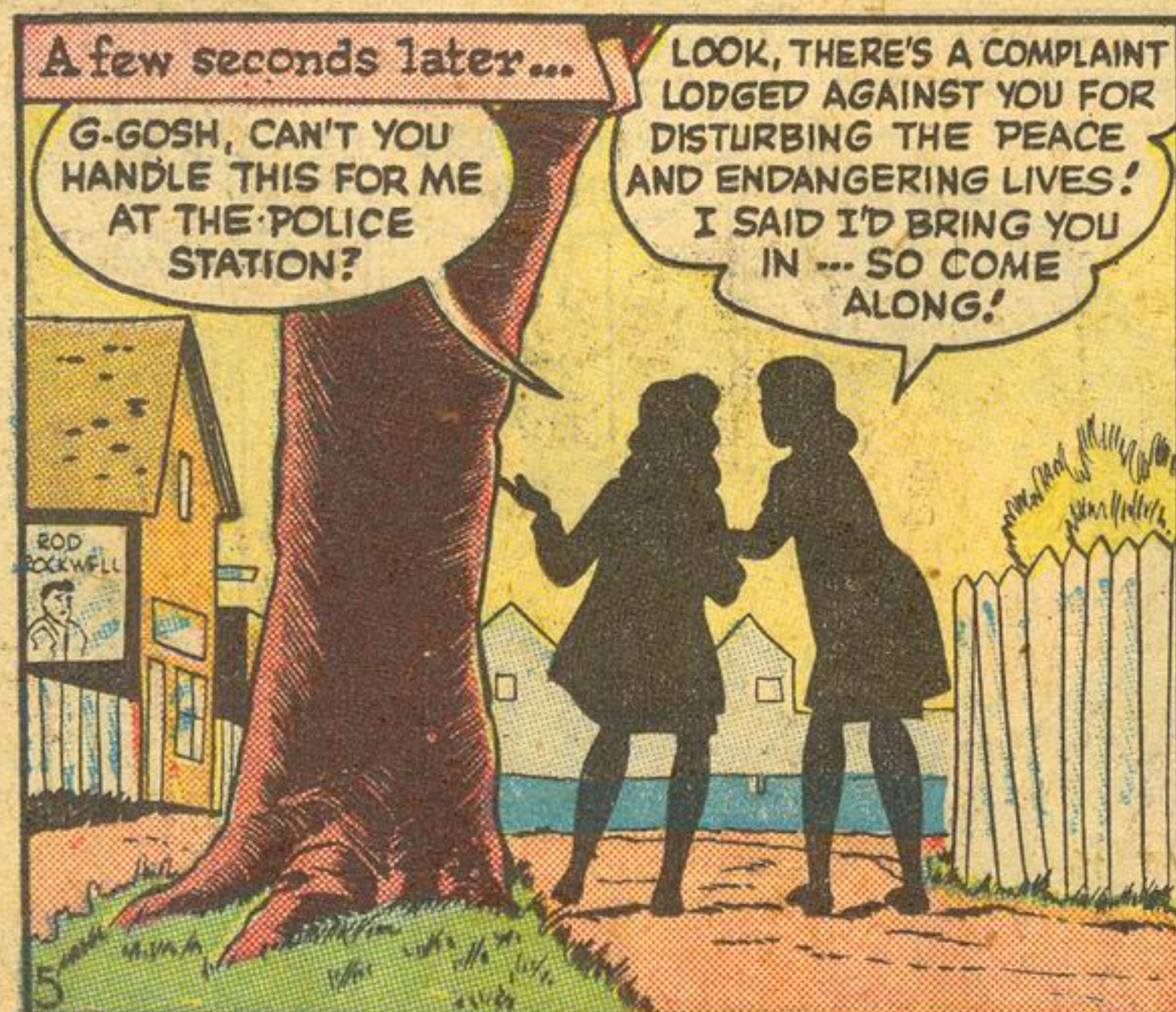


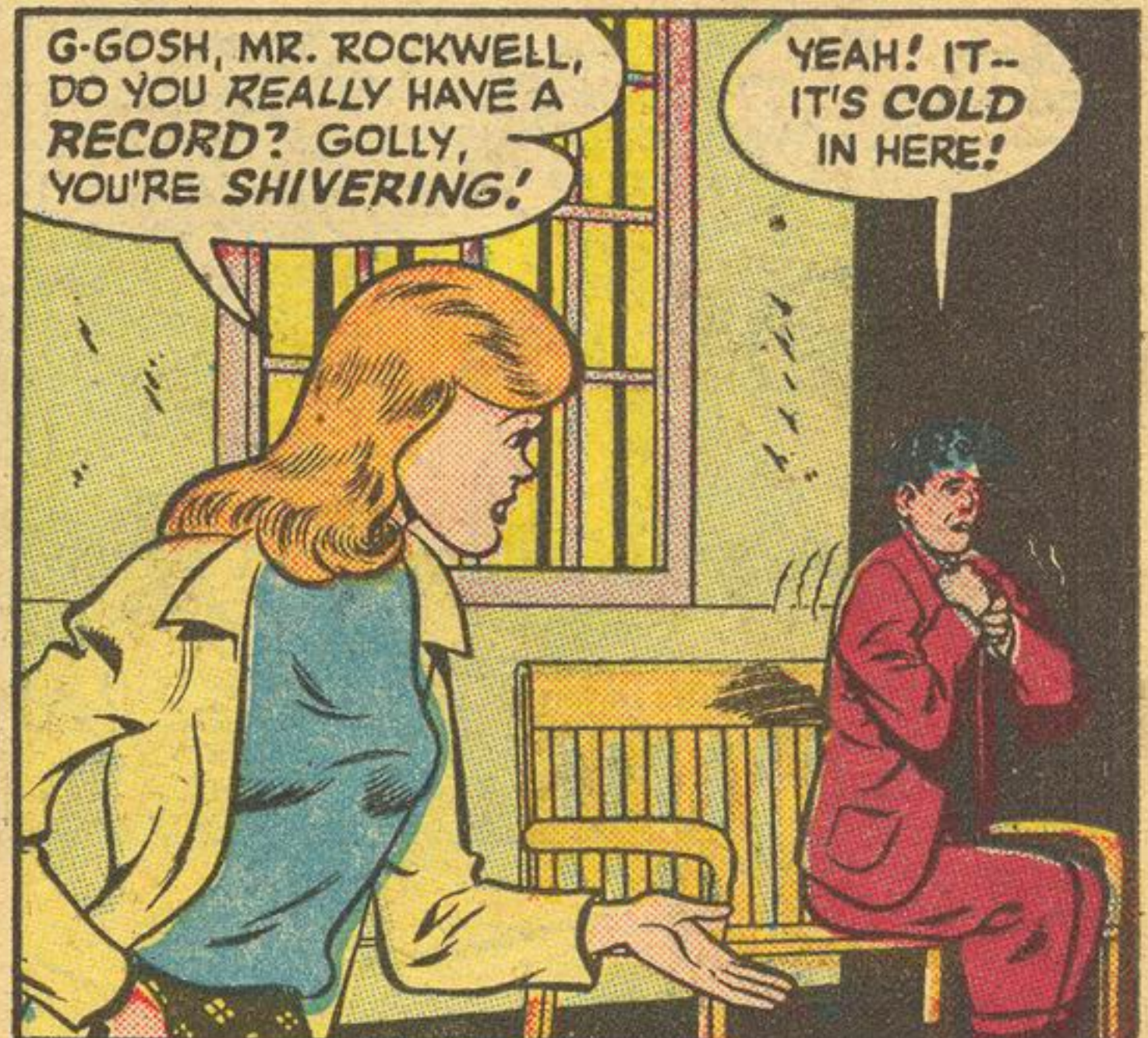
POLICE COMICS



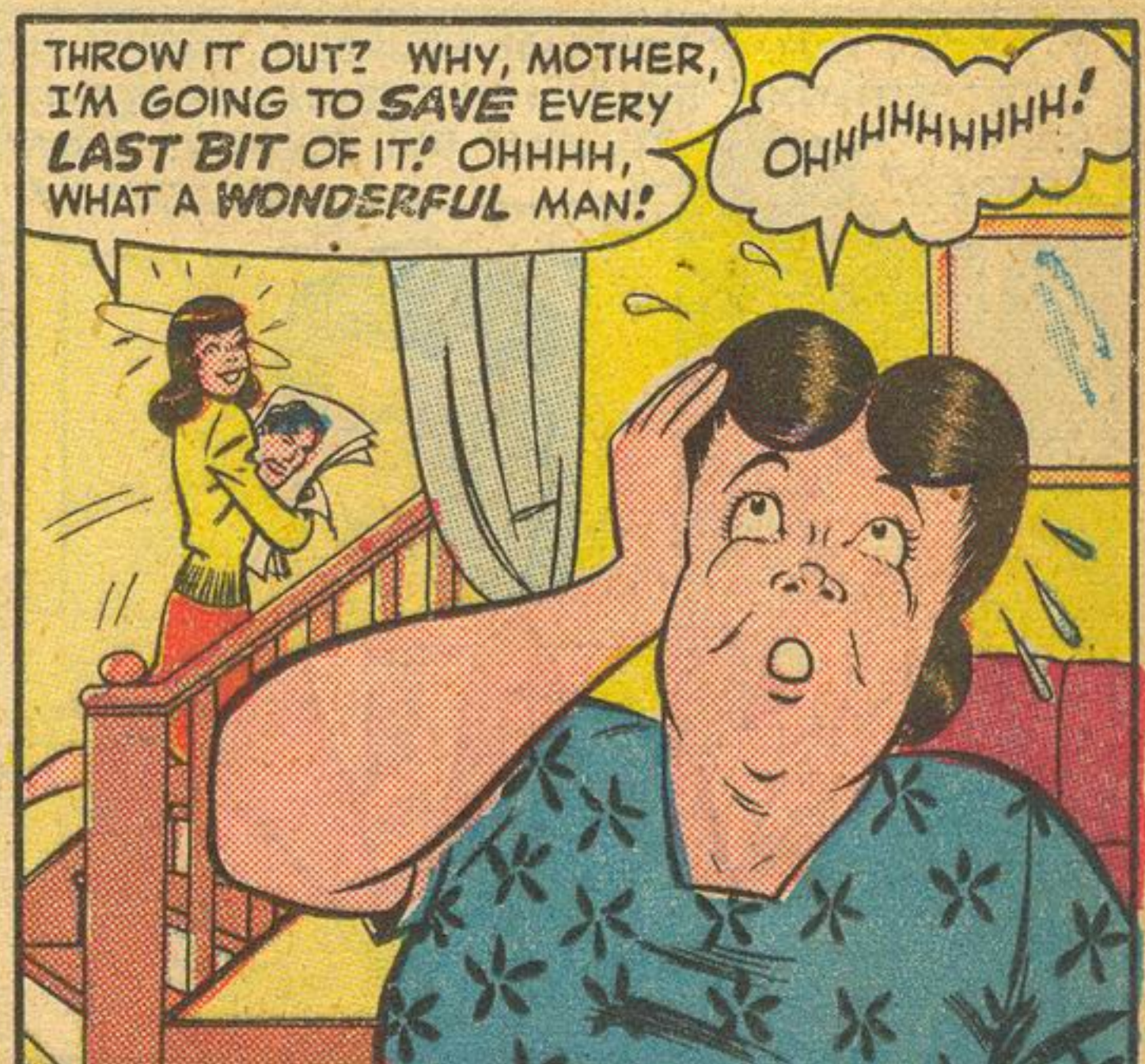
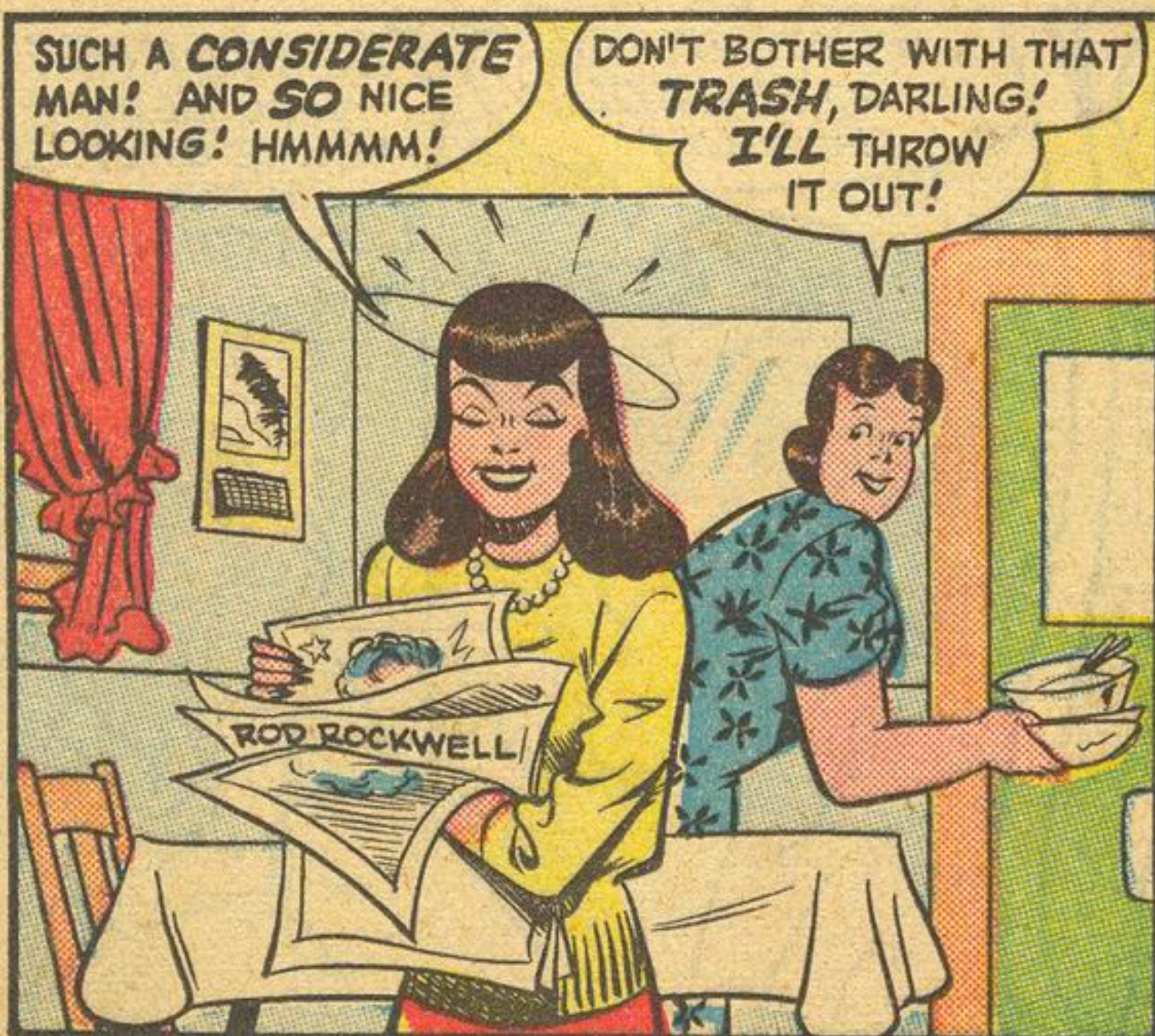
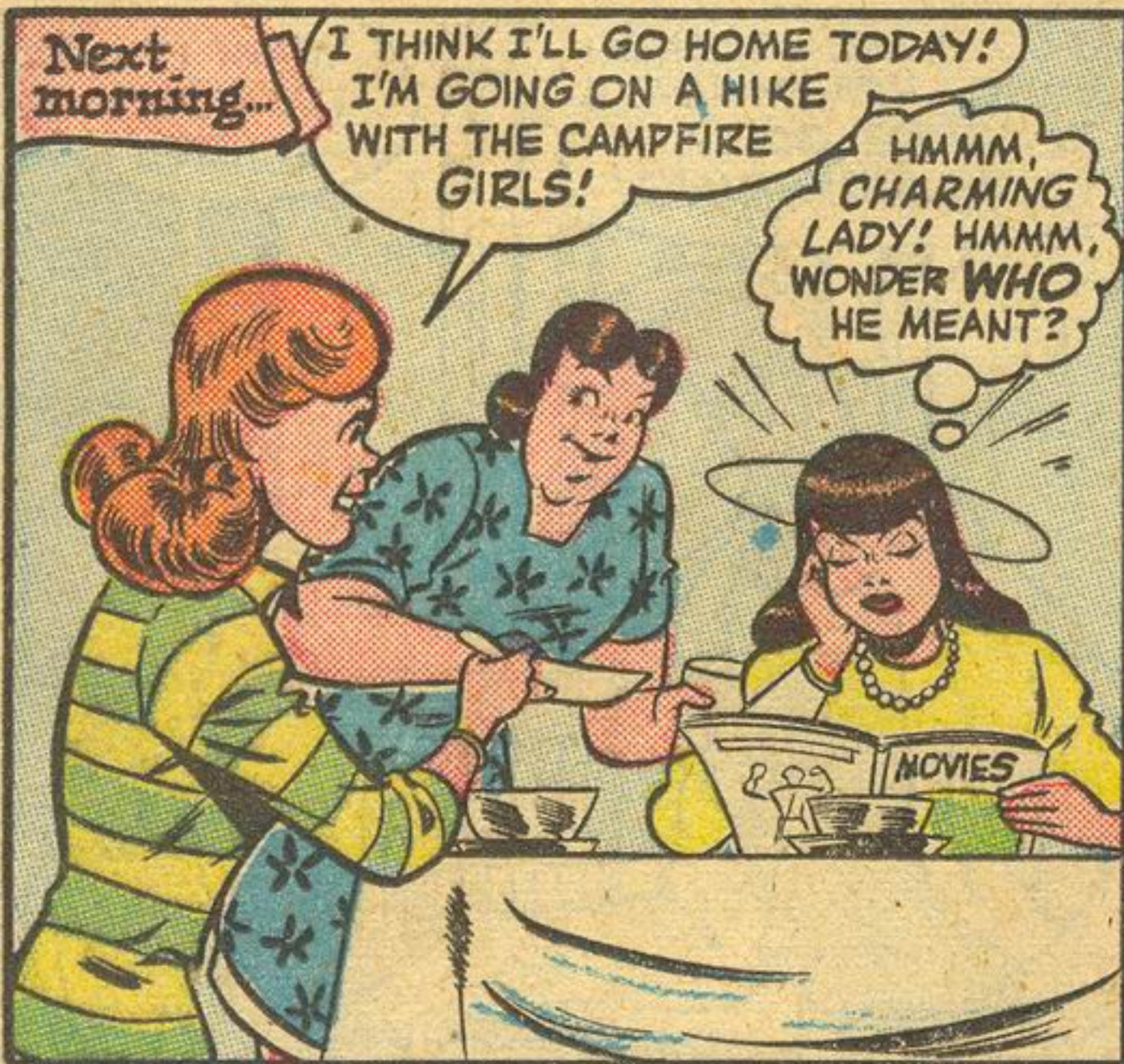


POLICE COMICS





POLICE COMICS



HONEYBUN

GOLLY, H-HONEST... I PICKED THESE FLOWERS MYSELF!

THAT'S JUST WHAT MOTHER'LL BE THINKING!



It's a rare man who tries to get along with his mother-in-law and **HONEYBUN** is that man! But does that keep him from getting in wrong with her?

NO!

WHAT? FIFTY DOLLARS FOR A LUNCHEON PARTY OF TWELVE WOMEN? THE PRICE IS FANTASTIC!

BUT WE SUPPLY EVERYTHING! THE ENTIRE MEAL AND ANY PRIZES OR FAVORS YOU NEED!



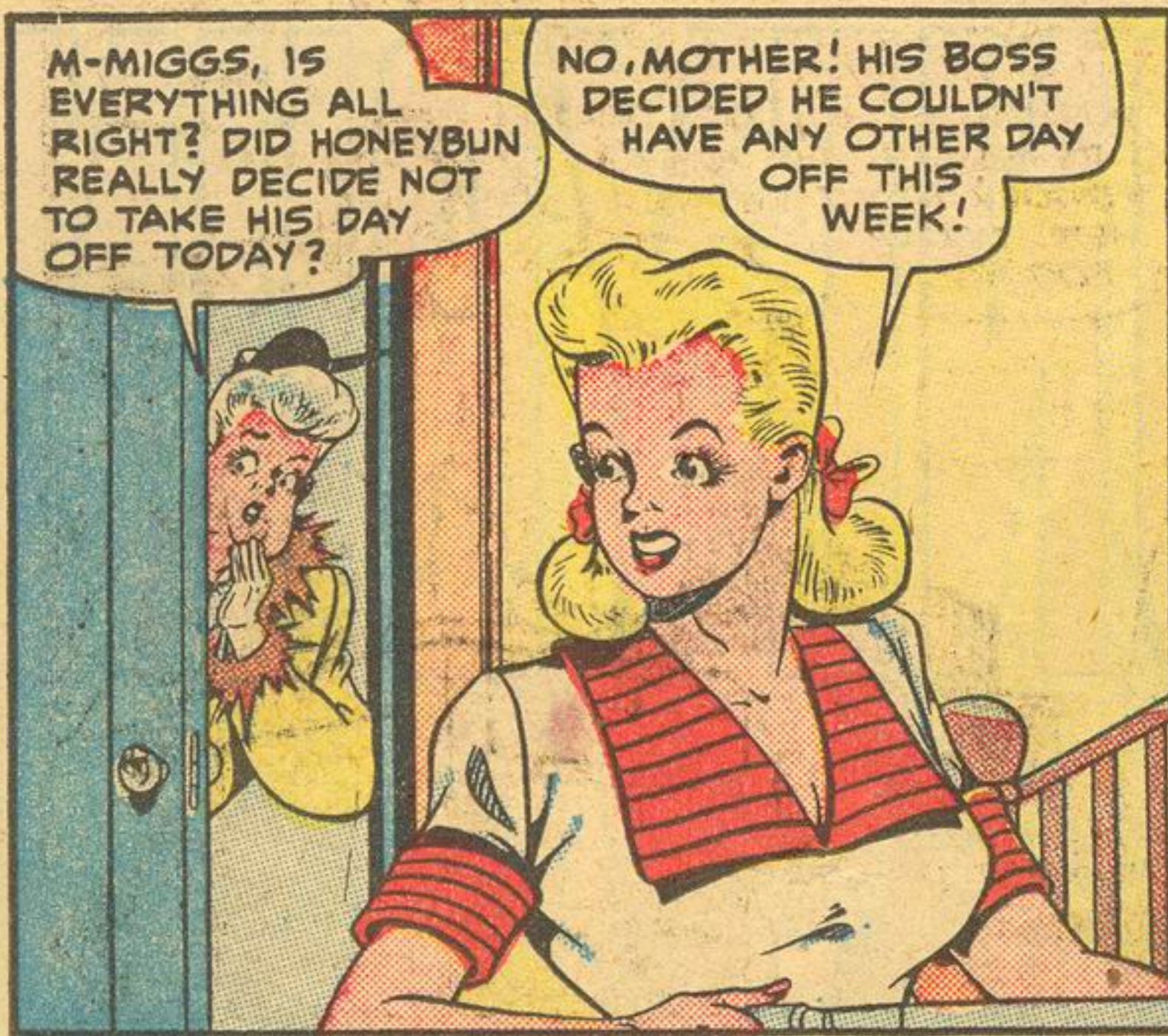
I'LL GIVE YOU FORTY DOLLARS AND NOT A PENNY MORE!

ALL RIGHT! I'M LICKED! I'LL HAVE MY MEN TAKE CARE OF IT RIGHT AWAY!



DANG HER! I WISH THERE WAS SOME WAY OF GETTING EVEN WITH WOMEN LIKE THAT!





M-MIGGS, IS EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT? DID HONEYBUN REALLY DECIDE NOT TO TAKE HIS DAY OFF TODAY?

NO, MOTHER! HIS BOSS DECIDED HE COULDN'T HAVE ANY OTHER DAY OFF THIS WEEK!



THAT'S AWFUL! I JUST KNOW SOMETHING WILL GO WRONG WITH HONEYBUN HOME! HE'LL FIND SOME WAY TO SPOIL OUR POETRY CLUB LUNCHEON!

NONSENSE, MOTHER! HONEYBUN HAS PROMISED TO STAY OUT OF OUR WAY!



And upstairs

I'D LIKE TO GO DOWN, BUT I PROMISED MIGGS I WOULDN'T MAKE MOTHER-IN-LAW NERVOUS BY HANGING AROUND!



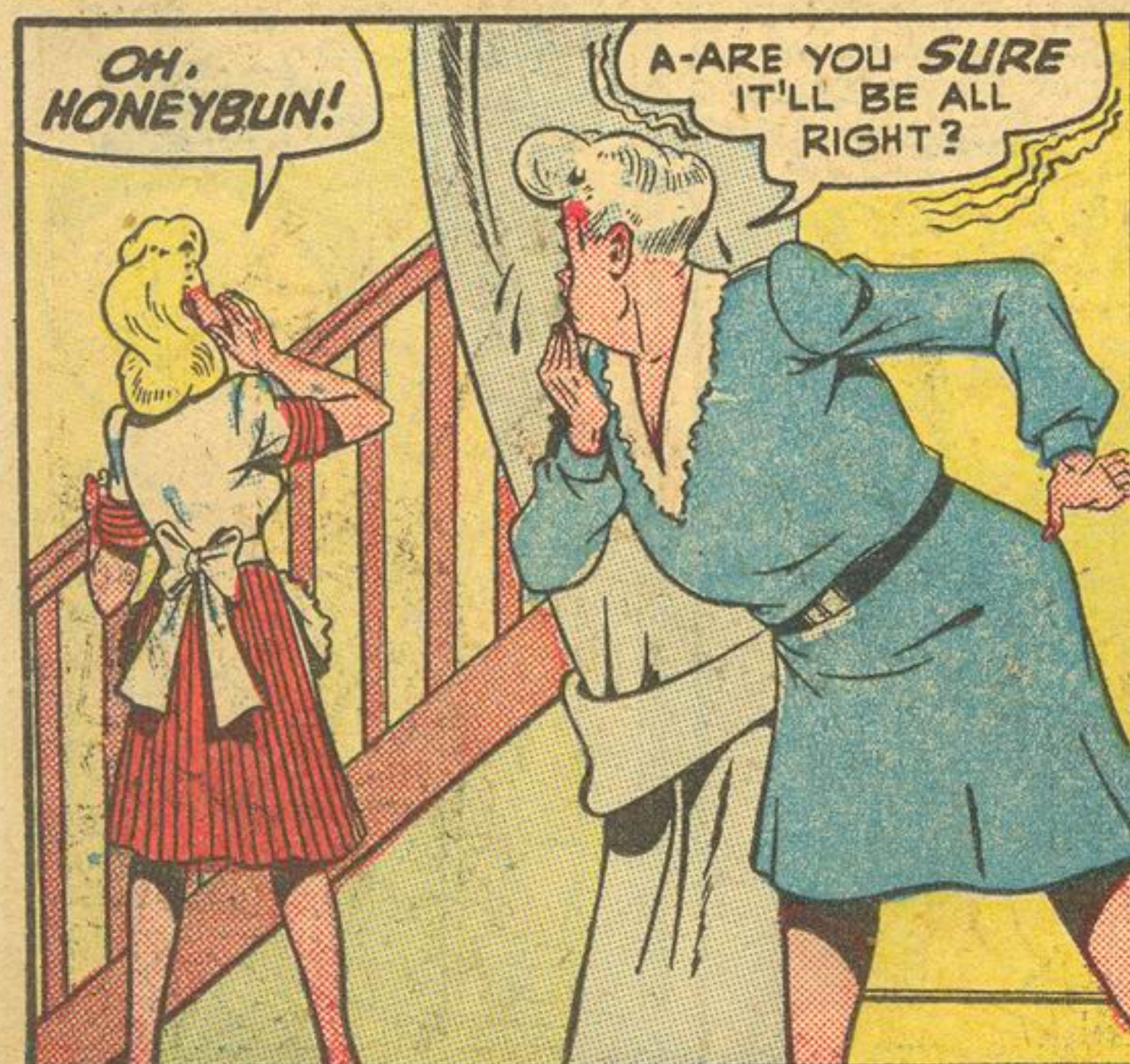
EVERYTHING SEEMS TO BE ALL RIGHT SO FAR, BUT I'D BETTER KEEP MY FINGERS CROSSED!

OH, DEAR!



I FORGOT ABOUT THE PRIZE FOR THE WINNER OF OUR POETRY CONTEST! THE CATERER SHOWED ME THE LOVELIEST MUSICAL POWDER BOX BUT I WAS SO BUSY TRYING TO BEAT HIS PRICE DOWN I DIDN'T TELL HIM TO SEND IT!

I'LL SEND HONEYBUN DOWN FOR IT!



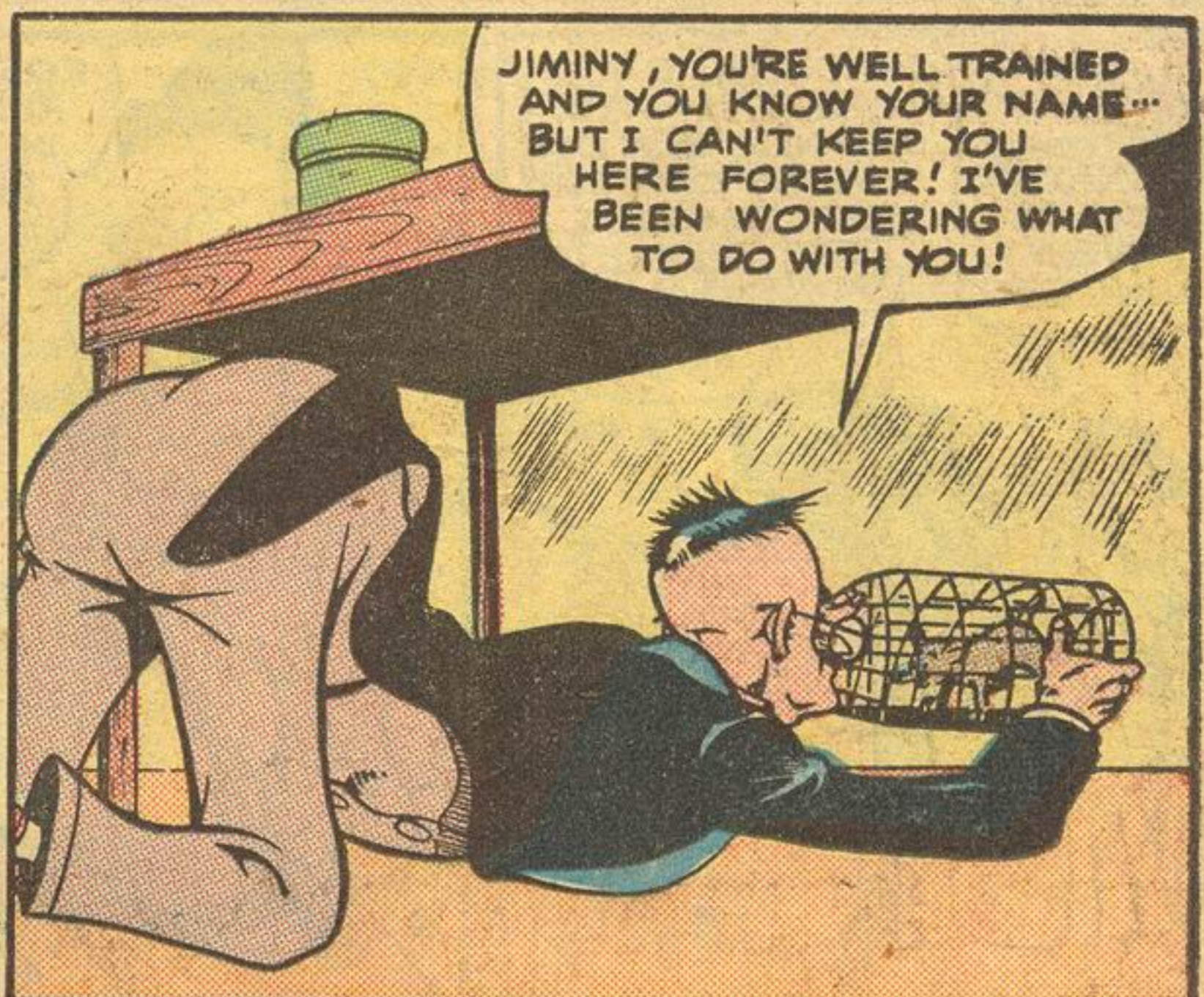
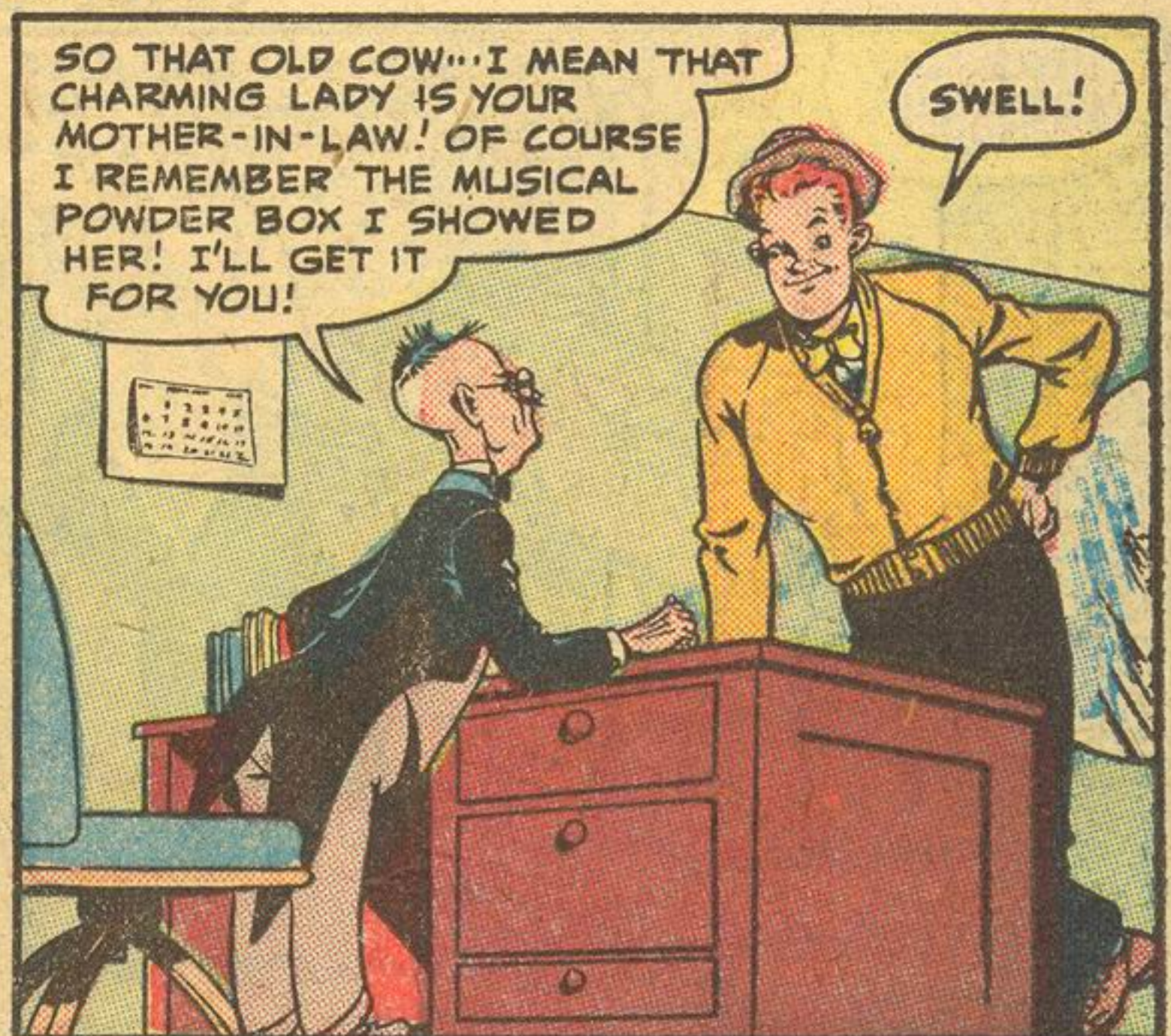
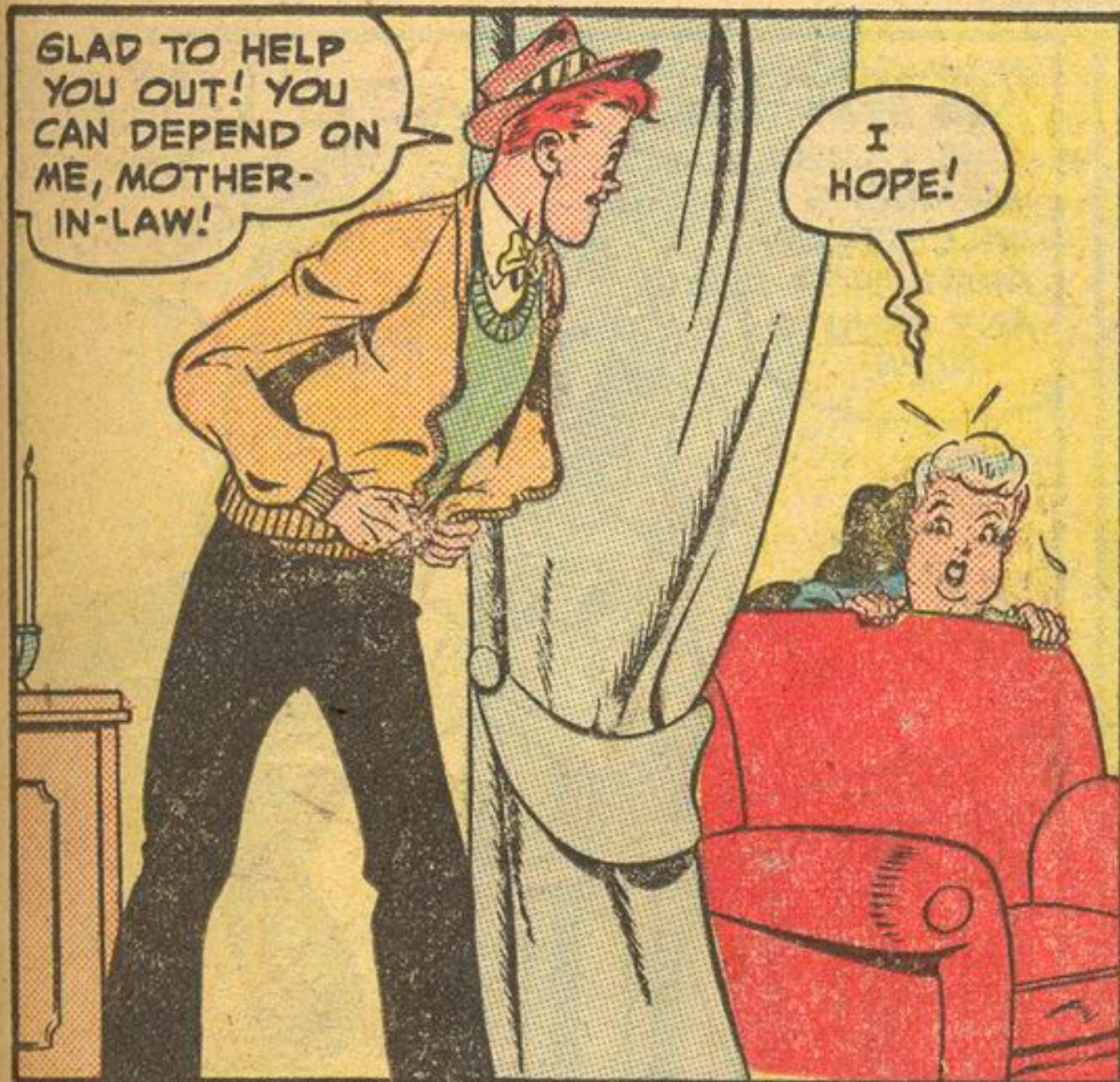
OH, HONEYBUN!

A-ARE YOU SURE IT'LL BE ALL RIGHT?

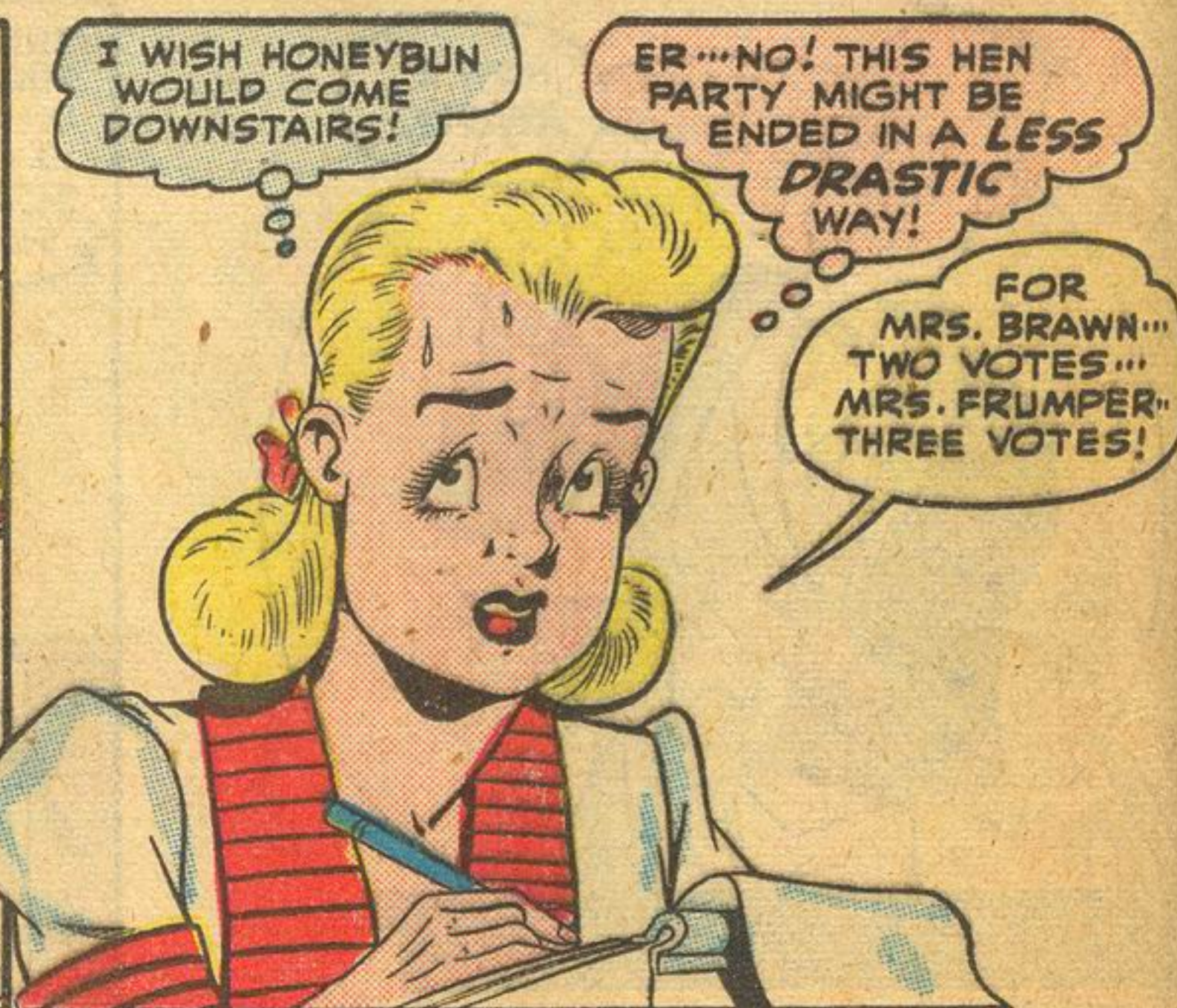


CALL ME, MIGGS? OH, HELLO, MOTHER-IN-LAW! O-O-OOPS!

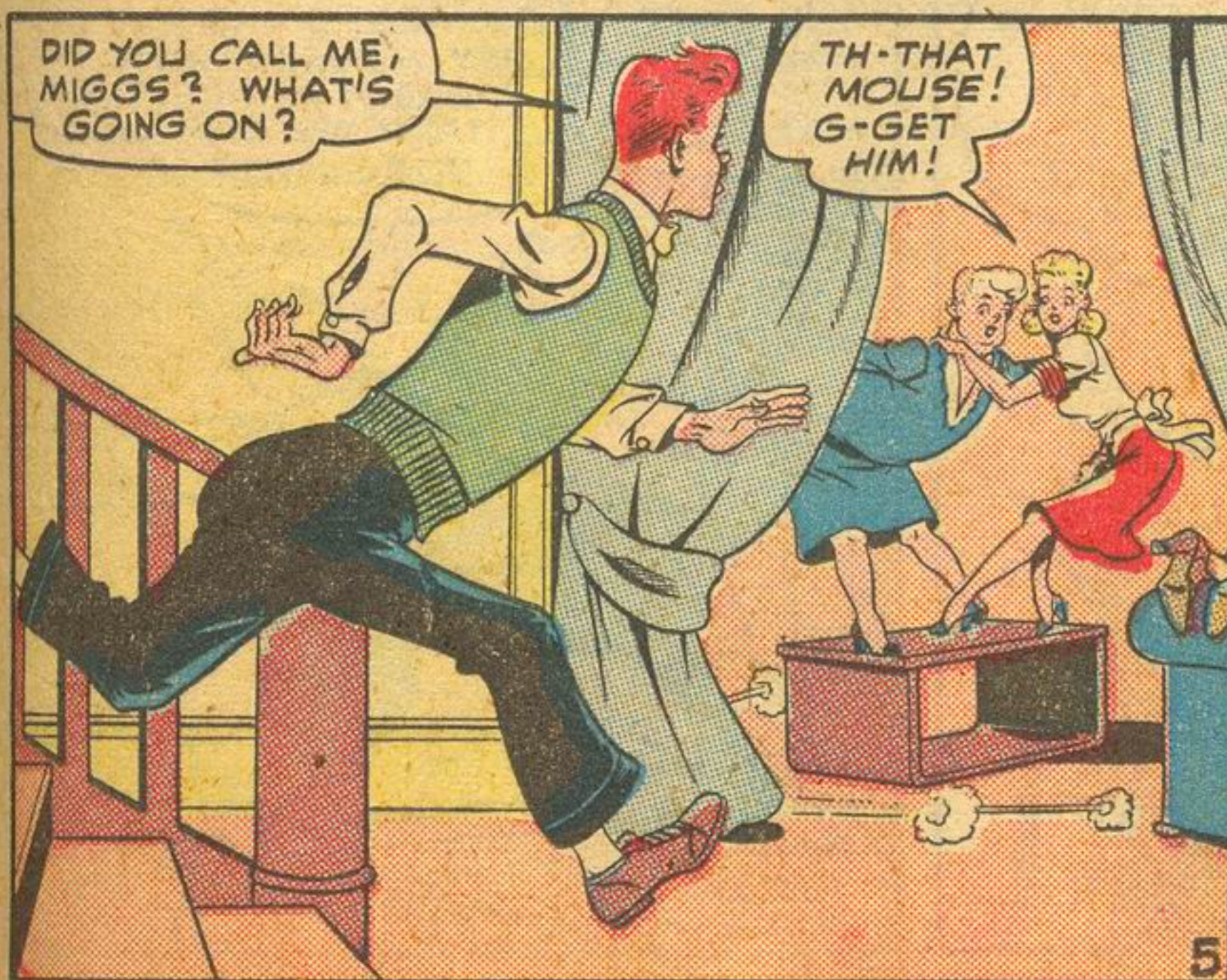
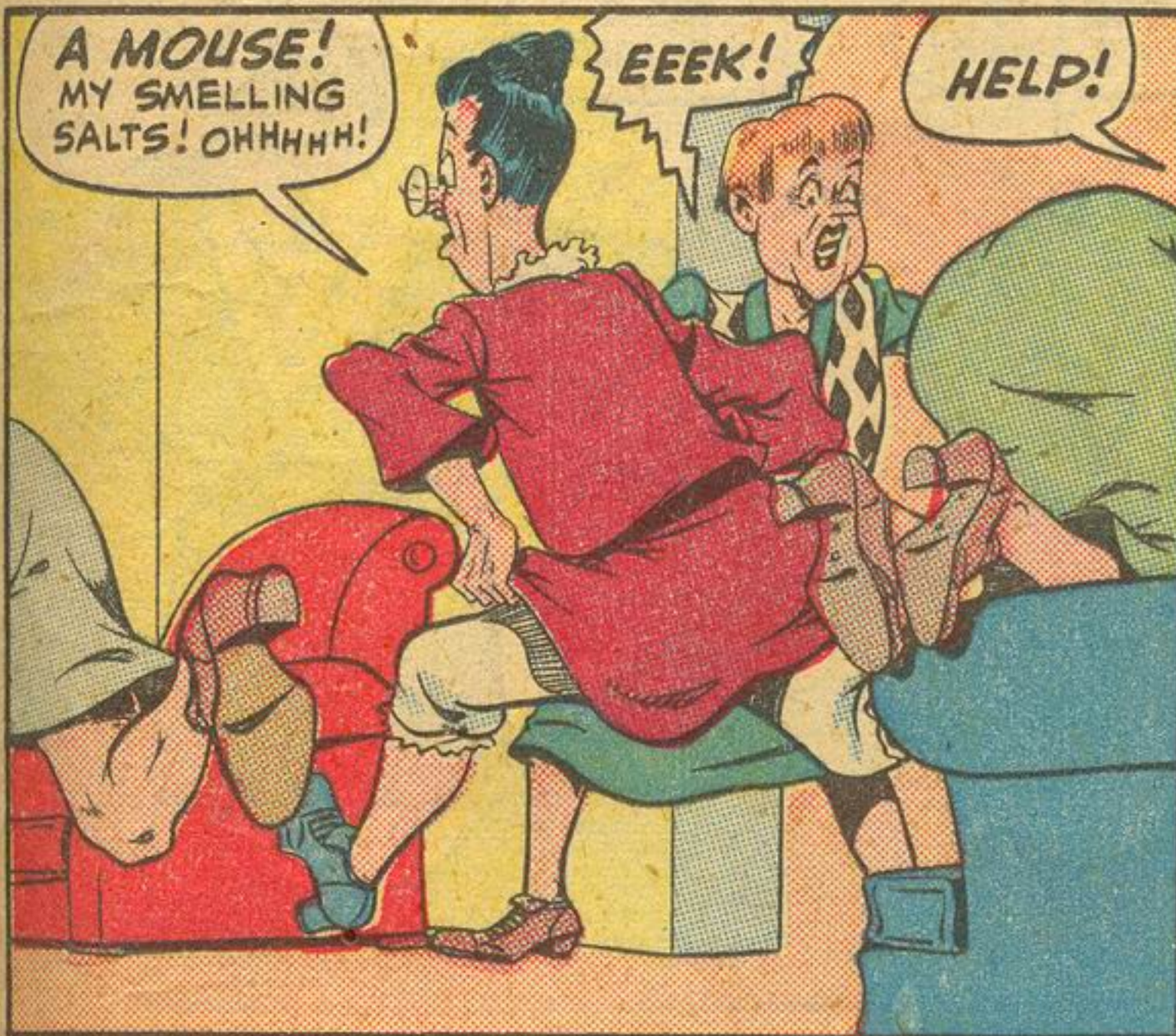
HOP OVER TO THE CATERER AND ASK HIM FOR THE MUSICAL BOX HE SHOWED MOTHER!



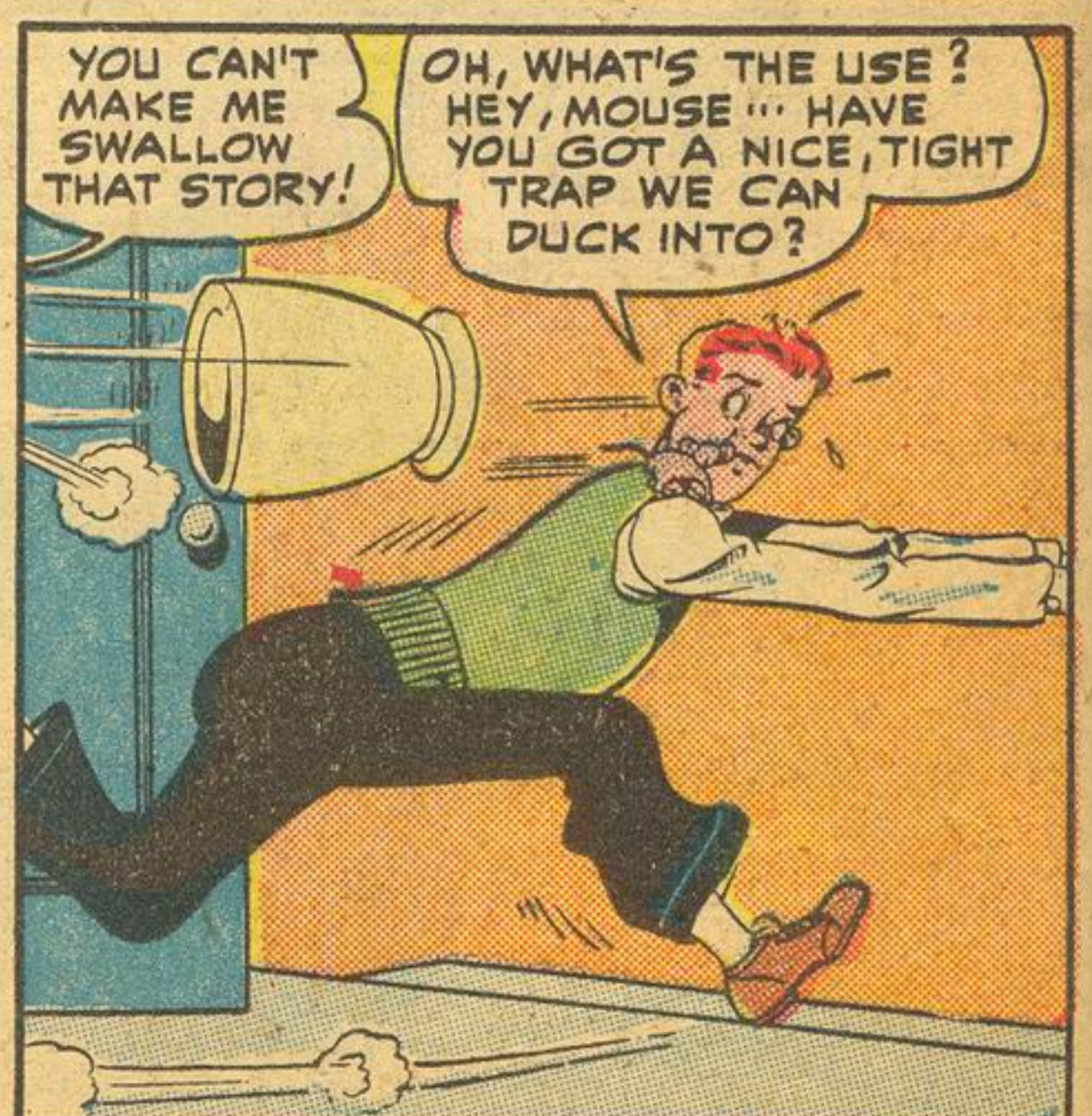
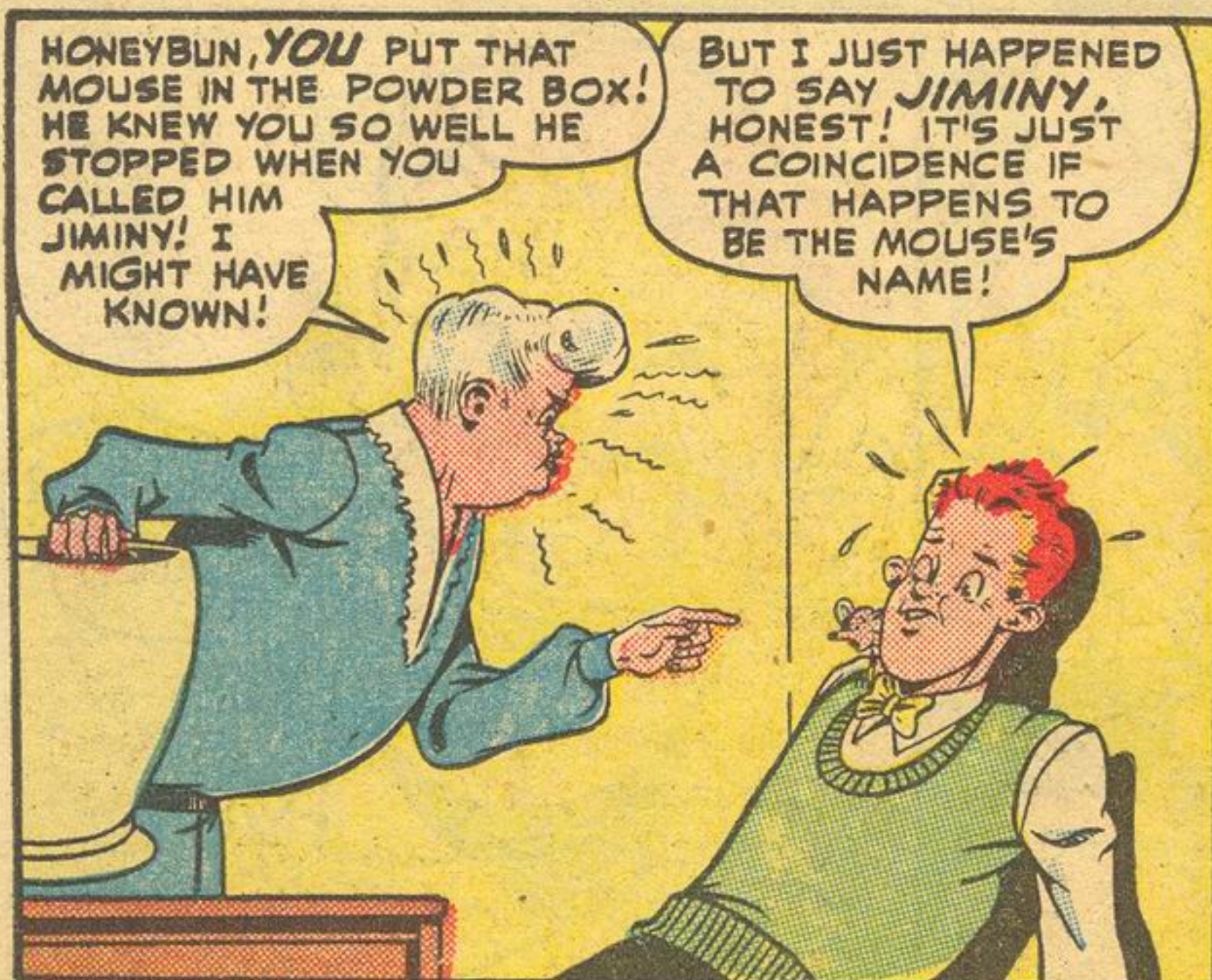
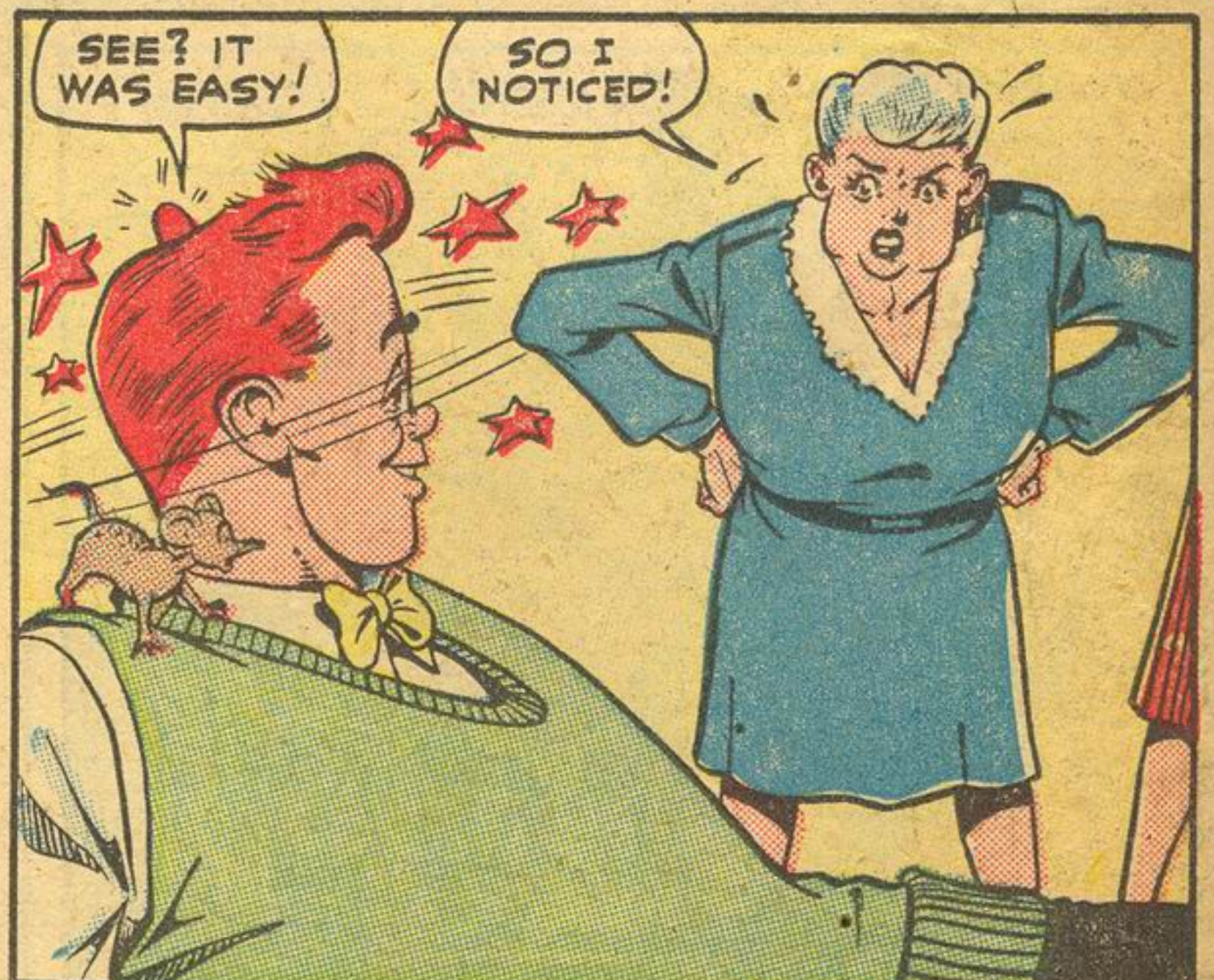
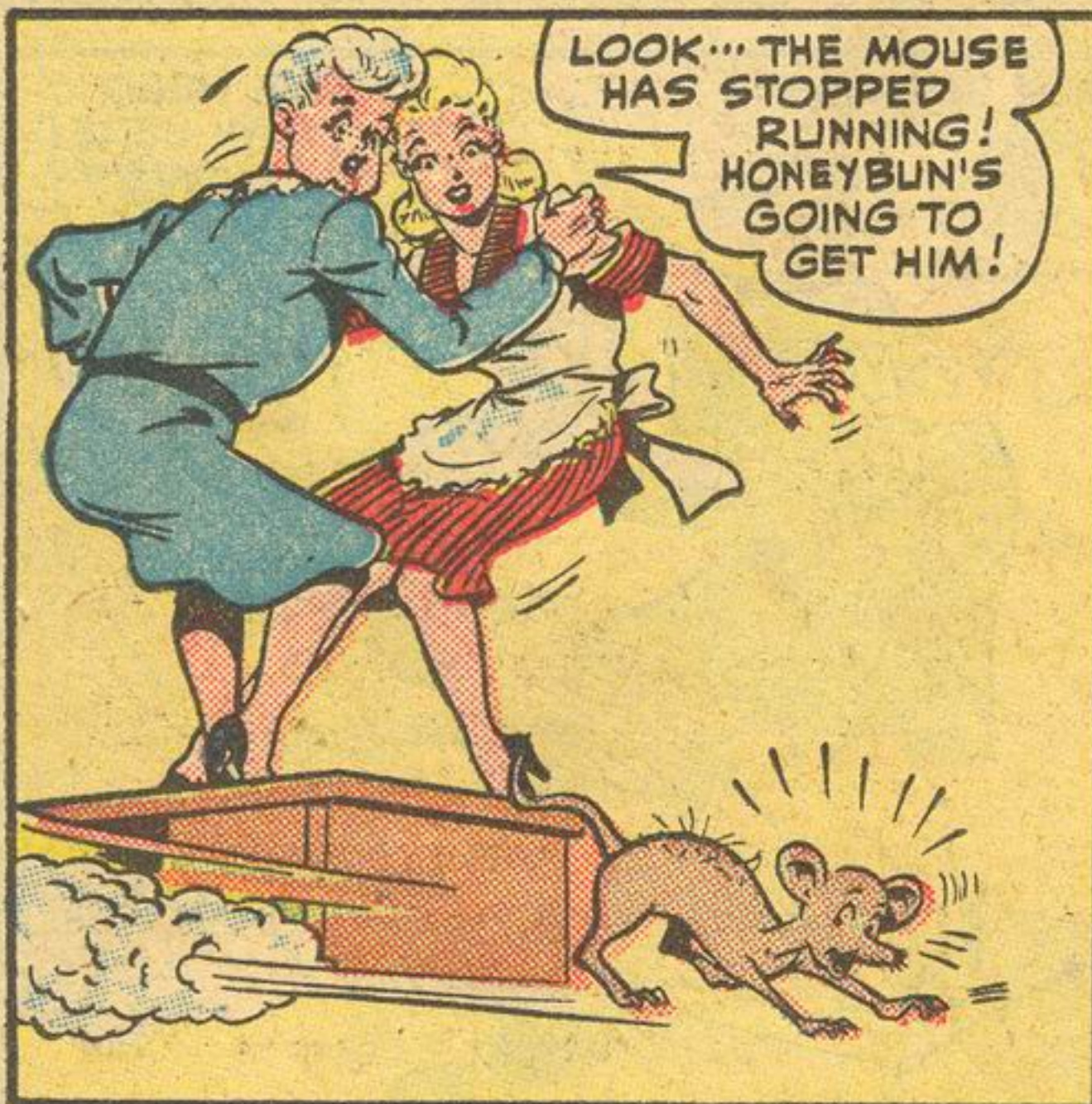
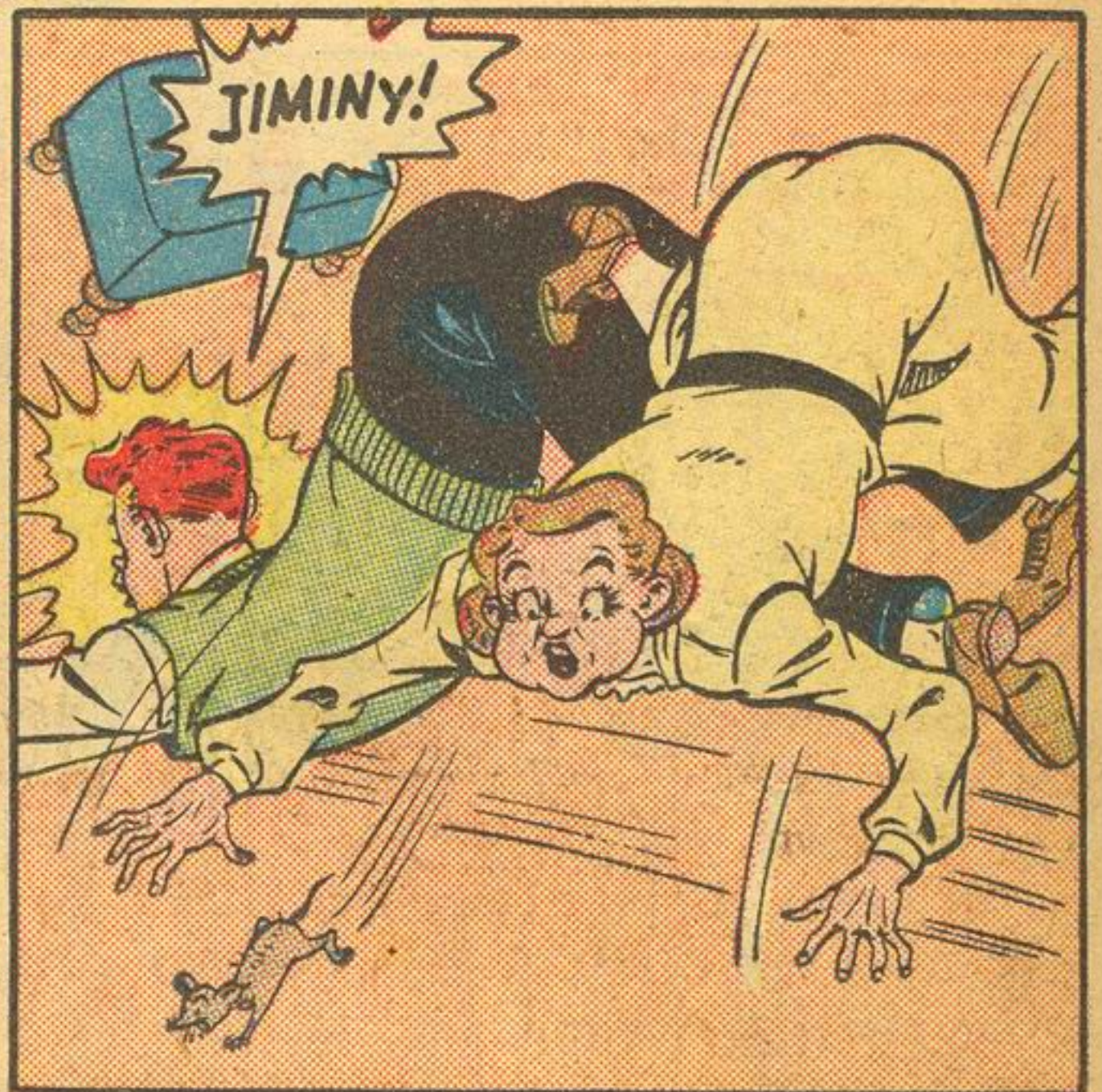
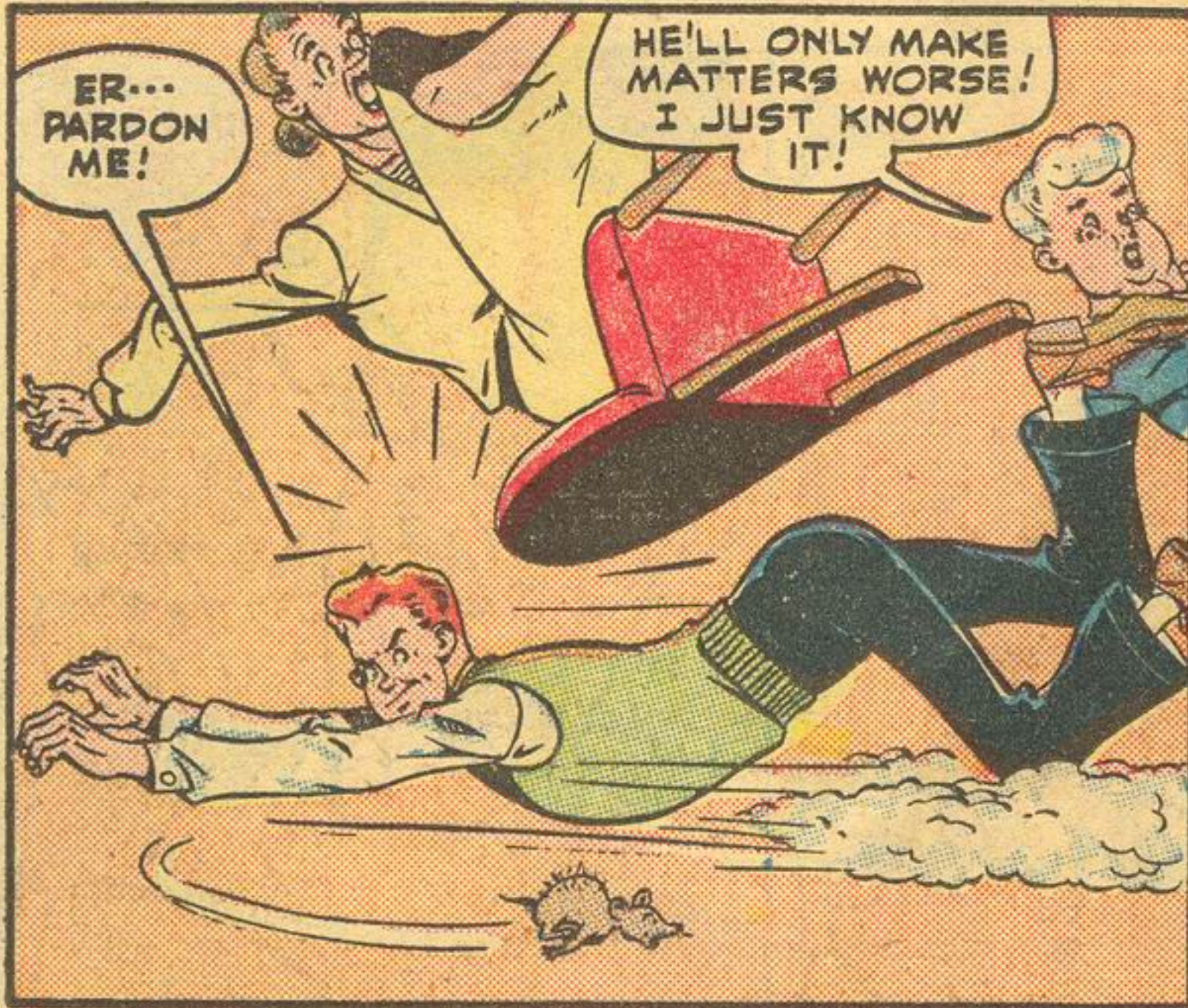
POLICE COMICS



POLICE COMICS



POLICE COMICS



CAT'S WHISKERS

THE old Chinese sat stolidly staring out at sea, taking up little room on the park bench. He had been sitting there for more than two hours, as Dick Mace well knew. He—Dick—had been sitting in his roadster longer than that, and he had seen the old Celestial arrive and sit down.

"Now what's he waiting for?" Dick murmured to himself. "There was always something mysterious about Orientals—to me at least," he said, as if to the fresh wind whipping in off Golden Gate.

Yet there was something even more mysterious about this old man, who stared so diffidently out over the shining water of the bay. Dick wondered if he blinked his aged eyes because of the brightness of the sparkling water. It was enough to hurt anyone's eyes on this flashing spring day.

Where was that crazy Stuart, who was supposed to meet him here? Dick glanced at his dash clock. Yes, he'd been parked here for two hours and twenty minutes. Stuart was always late, but not this late.

Pigeons circled about the bench where the old Chinese perched. They paid no attention to him. Dick figured that he probably was in the habit of tossing them crumbs. Yet the old man didn't move, nor did the pigeons pay him the least attention. They flew and circled above him, alighting on the bench and cooing softly.

Why didn't the old chap throw his crumbs or peanuts now? Why didn't he—

Dick straightened up suddenly in the seat and stared harder at the Chinese. He hadn't seemed to move for some time now. He sat rigid, staring. Dick cleared his throat noisily thinking that the old man might turn his head at the sound. He didn't.

"I wonder," said Dick, getting out of the car and walking slowly toward the old man, "if—"

The young detective halted in front of the bench. The Chinese still stared out across the bay, his aged eyes wide open, blank and lifeless.

"Dead!"

Dick's surprise gave way to a slight gasp. He put out a hand and touched the skinny shoulder of the Oriental. The body had already started to grow rigid.

"Why, he's been dead a long time," said Dick again to himself. "Died while I sat there looking at him! Now what the—"

A shout brought Dick whirling around. Stuart was striding toward him, a sheepish grin on his big face.

"Sorry I was a little—"

"Save your sorrow, you big clodhopper!" said Dick. "You're always late and you know it."

Stuart came up then and looked at the Chinese. "Oh," he said, "Hello, Chang—I say"—when the old man didn't respond—"what's the idea?"

"Chang's dead," Dick told him.

"Dead?"

Dick recounted the strange happening. His friend looked amazed at the dead man.

"Must've had heart failure," said Stuart. "Chang was pretty old, I guess."

Dick shook his head. "I doubt if it was heart failure. There's agony in his face. Poison, maybe."

"Huh?—Oh," said Stuart. "I getcha. You mean the tong chaps—"

"Yes. Wasn't Chang head of a big tong in Chinatown?"

Stuart nodded. "Biggest in the city. Had no enemies, though."

"That you knew about," Dick filled in. "Well, we've got to report this to headquarters. Come on."

Chang was only the first of the high-born Chinese of a certain tong to die mysteriously. A day later two more rich shopkeepers were found in their establishments, dead.

Autopsies showed no poison in any of the bodies. The police were baffled. This was something they had never run into. Usually tong warfare flared with hatchetings and bloodshed. Violence of the worst type. But here was a stealthy death. **Mystery.**

POLICE COMICS

During the next week, five more influential Chinese of Chang's tong were found dead. One young diamond merchant died as he was driving his expensive car along Market Street. The big machine crashed into a cable car, hurling the driver into the street. But he had been dead before he lost control of the car.

Experts on poisons were brought in and the cases examined minutely. No poison. No heart trouble. It was as if some powerful god willed the deaths from afar.

A week later, every leader of Chang's tong had succumbed to a mysterious death, and the city of San Francisco was in a turmoil. A weird killer was loose in their midst! Anyone might fall victim.

But nobody did. Only those powerful tong leaders.

"Funny thing," said Dick Mace one day as he was riding along with Stuart on a new case. "I can't put my finger on a darn thing to tie those deaths into something concrete and understandable."

Stuart shook his head. "I ain't staying awake nights, but I'd give a pretty penny if we could solve the thing—just to give Hutchins the laugh."

Hutchins was the police chief, and not many on the staff liked him.

It was at a circus that came to town a few days later that Dick and Stuart saw something mighty strange. They were standing near a cage of tigers when a runty Chinese stepped up to the bars and tossed something like a small puffball inside. One of the big cats sniffed it, sneezed, and then fell in a heap. Quick as lightning the little Chink reached through the bars and snipped something near the tiger's nose.

"Hey!" shouted Dick, making a lunge for the man. The Chinese was too quick. He bolted and was soon lost in the crowd.

"Now what the devil was that Chink doing?" demanded Dick. "He deliberately put that cat to sleep with some powerful drug and reached through—come on, Stuart!"

They edged their way up close to the cage and peered at the huge animal lying on his side in full view. His sides heaved as he breathed stertorously.

"Darn strong stuff, that was," Dick said to

Stuart. "Put that cat out like a light—right now!"

A trainer ran up and demanded to know what happened. Someone told him. He gave one look and then cussed under his breath.

"That's the third time that's happened," he muttered. "Darn Chinks, what do they mean puttin' my cats to sleep?"

Dick was staring at the cat's head more closely. "Stuart," he said, "do you see what I see?" He pointed. Stuart looked, shook his head. He moved in closer.

"See only stripes. Why, Dick?"

"Look at his muzzle. See any whiskers?"

"No. Say—no. That's funny. That Chink cut 'em off."

"Come on!" yelled Dick as he started running toward the circus parking lot.

Stuart had a hard time keeping pace with the young man. "What's the idea? What's eatin' ya?"

"Headquarters!" chirped Dick as he leaped into the roadster and stepped on the starter. Stuart bounded in on the other side. The car leaped away.

"Got to have one of those Chinese exhumed," Dick explained as they tore through the streets. "Have to get an order from Hutchins—if we can."

Hutchins wasn't in any mood to listen to any crackbrained ideas; reluctantly he gave the order for the exhumation of Chang. A second autopsy was performed, under the observation of Dick Mace and Stuart. Chang's stomach revealed a strange sight—it was a mass of festers.

"Poison, after all!" gasped the official doctor. "Well, I'll be—"

"Not poison," Dick said. "If you'll examine that stomach minutely you'll find it contains millions of tiny spines. They festered."

The doctor looked at him, puzzled. "I ran into something in the Philippines," Dick went on. "The natives grind up bamboo and feed it in food to someone they want out of the way. The minute spines puncture the intestinal tract, causing death."

"Well—" began the doctor.

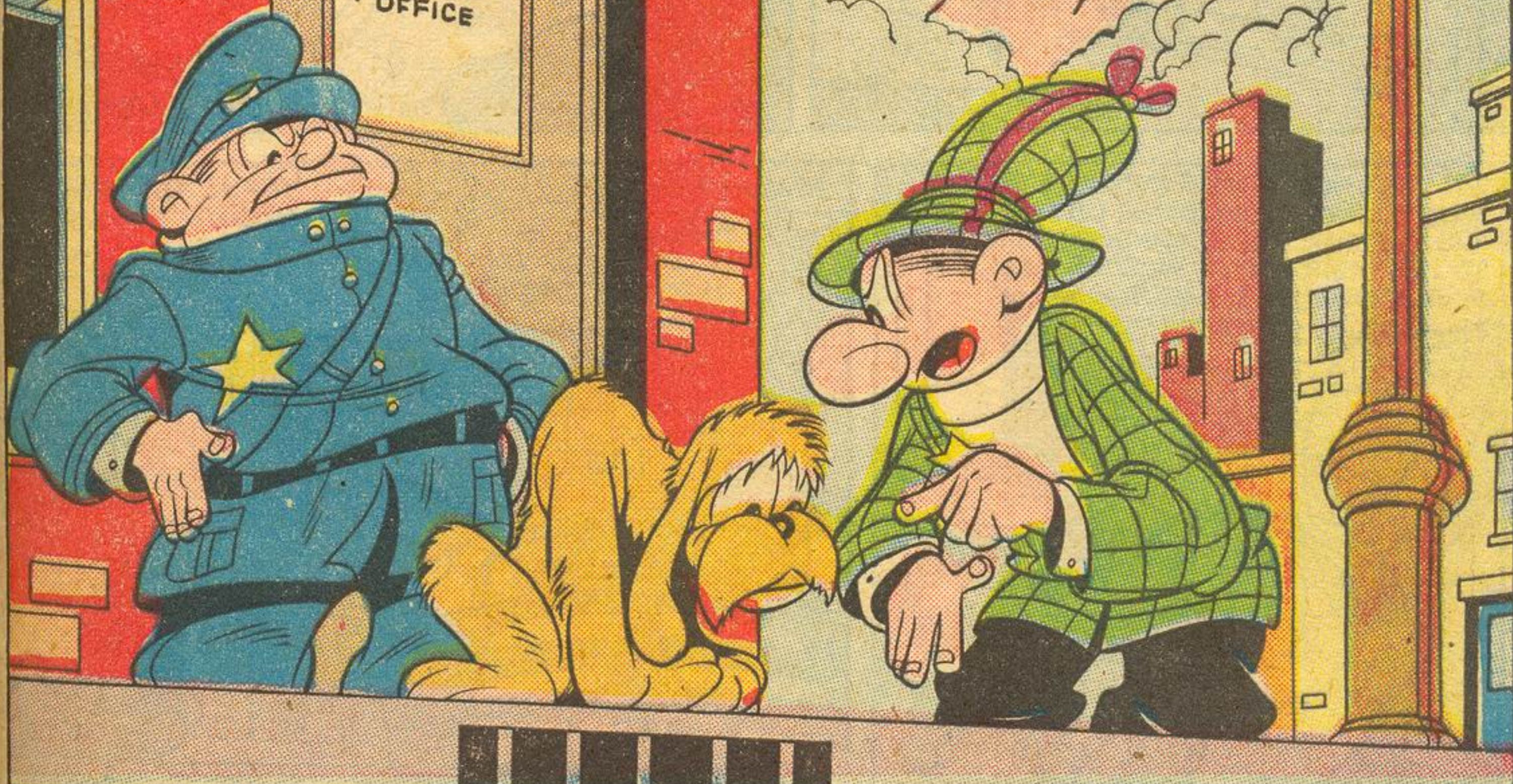
"Tiger whiskers ground fine do the same," said Dick. "It's a Chinese way."

FLATFOOT BURNS

**BAWL HIM
OUT GOOD,
FLATFOOT!**

PRIVATE
OFFICE

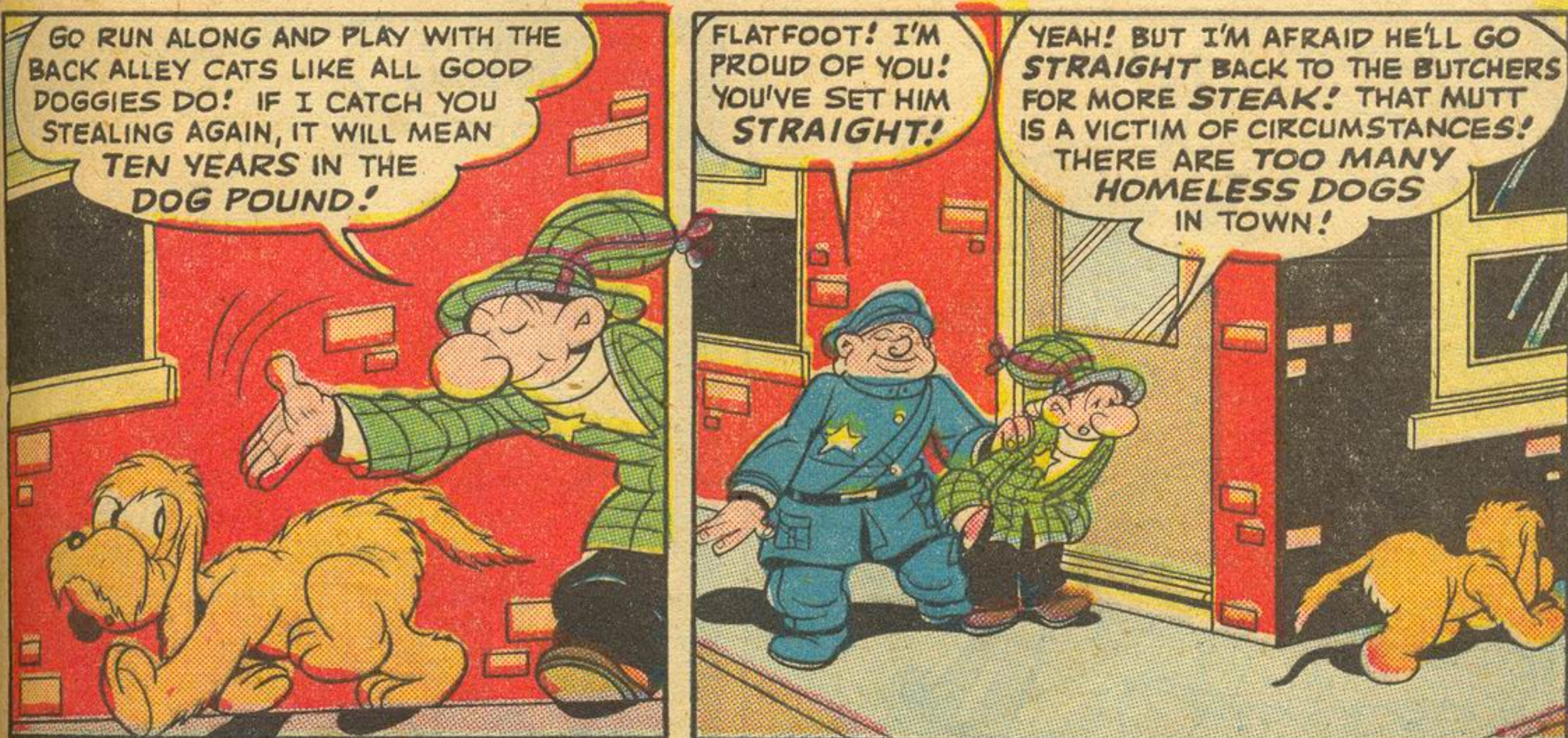
YOU SHOULD BE
ASHAMED OF YOURSELF,
FUZZY! **STEALING MEAT**
FROM LOCAL BUTCHERS
-- IN THESE HARD
TIMES!

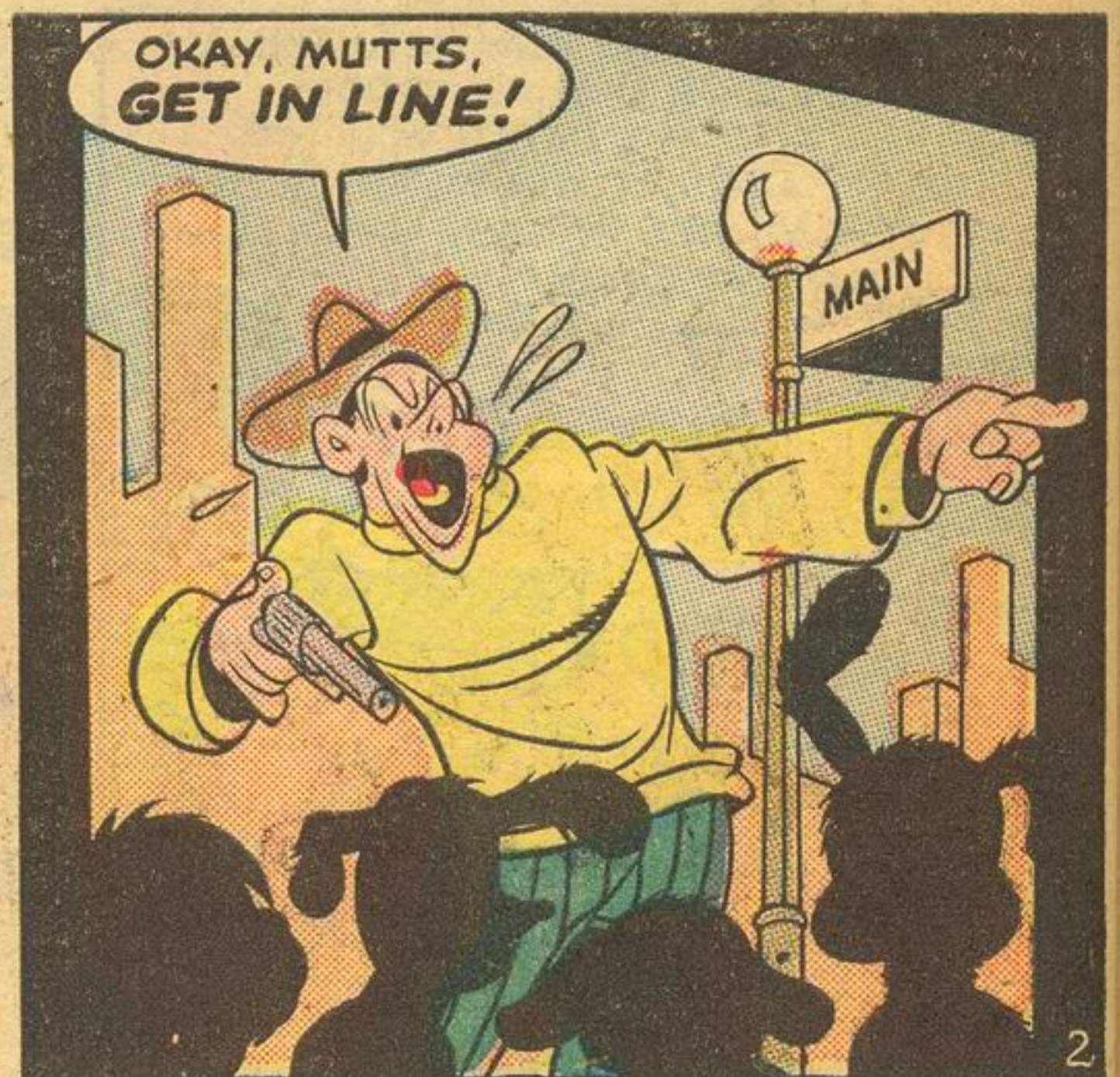
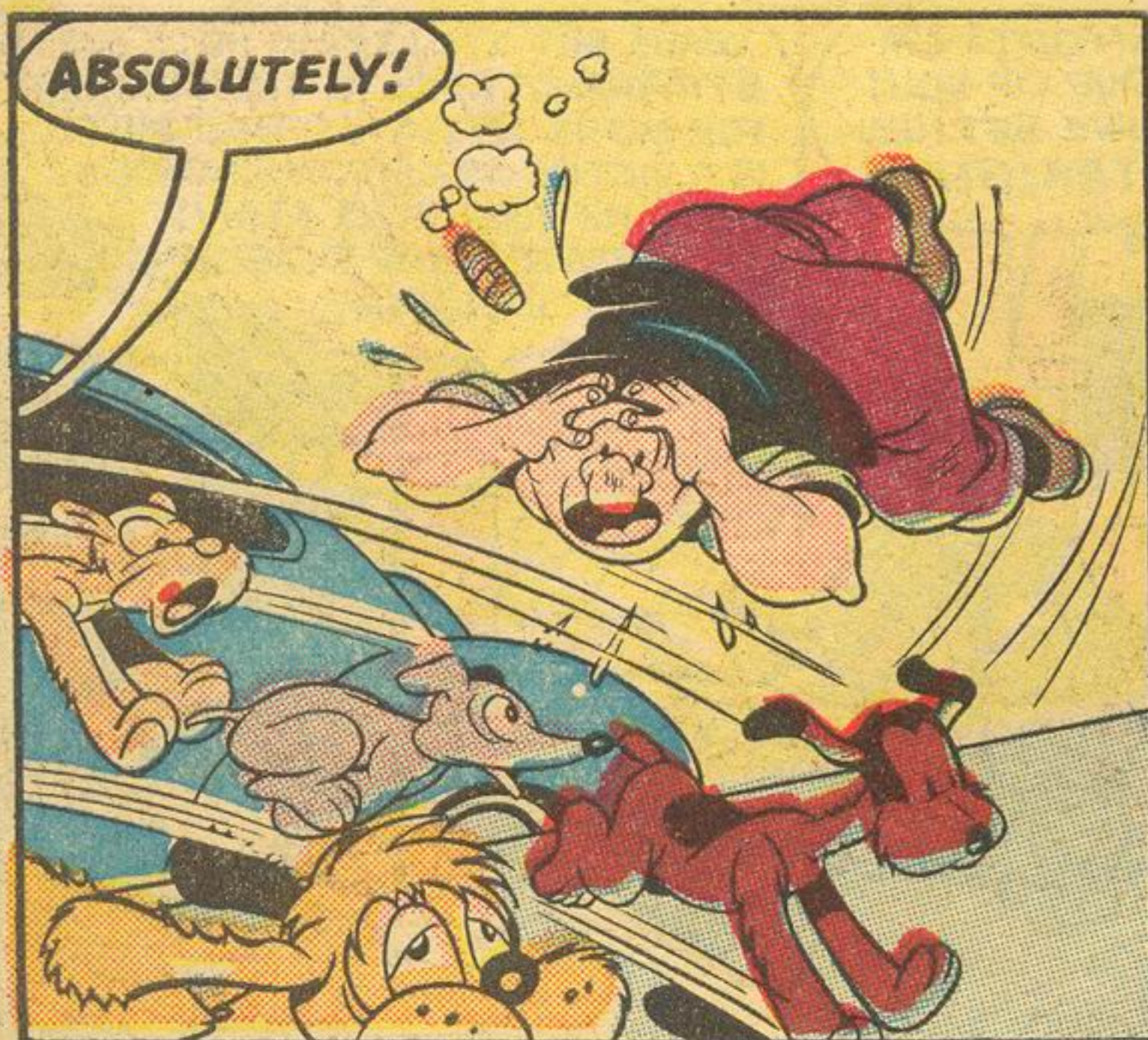
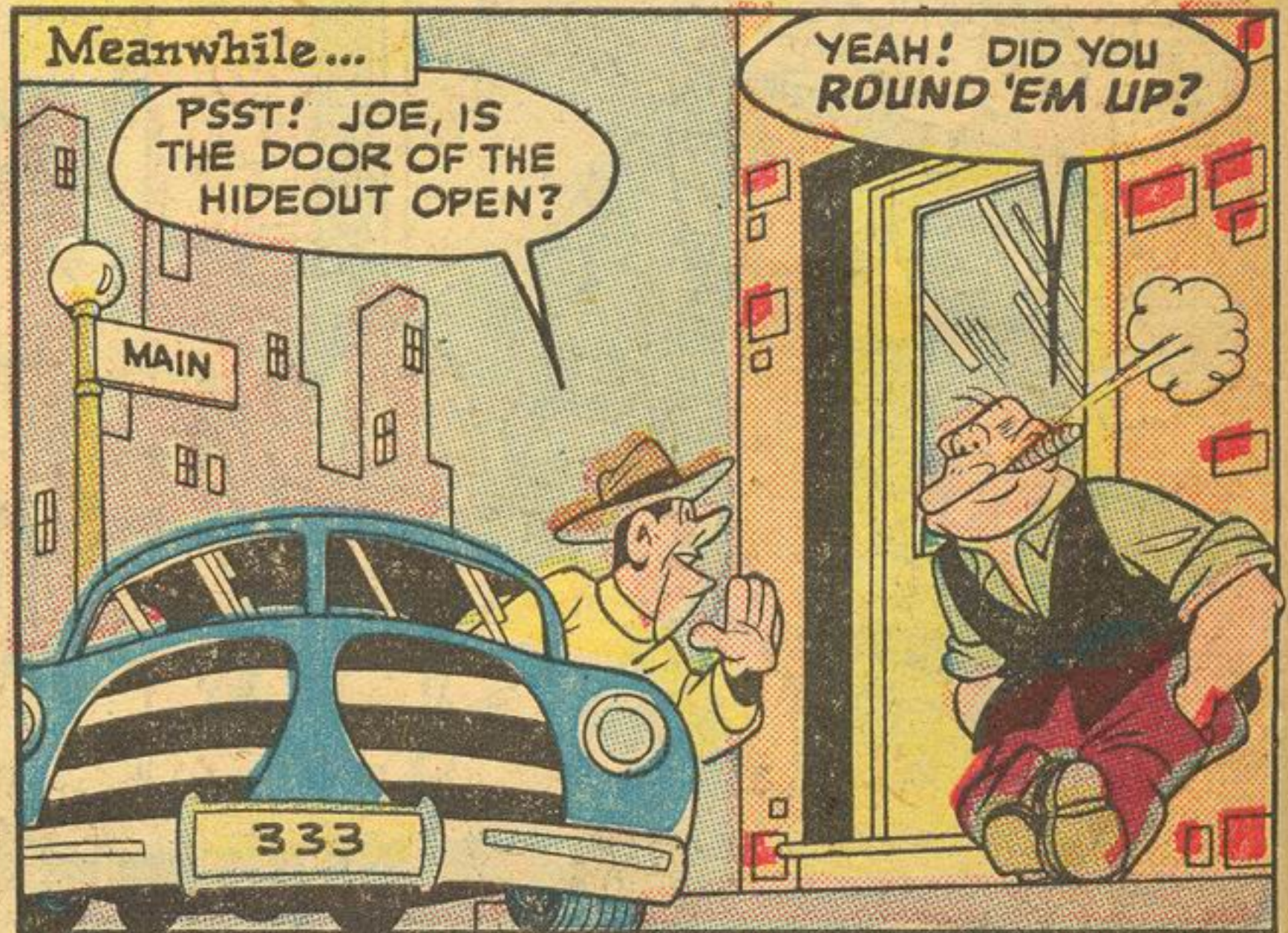
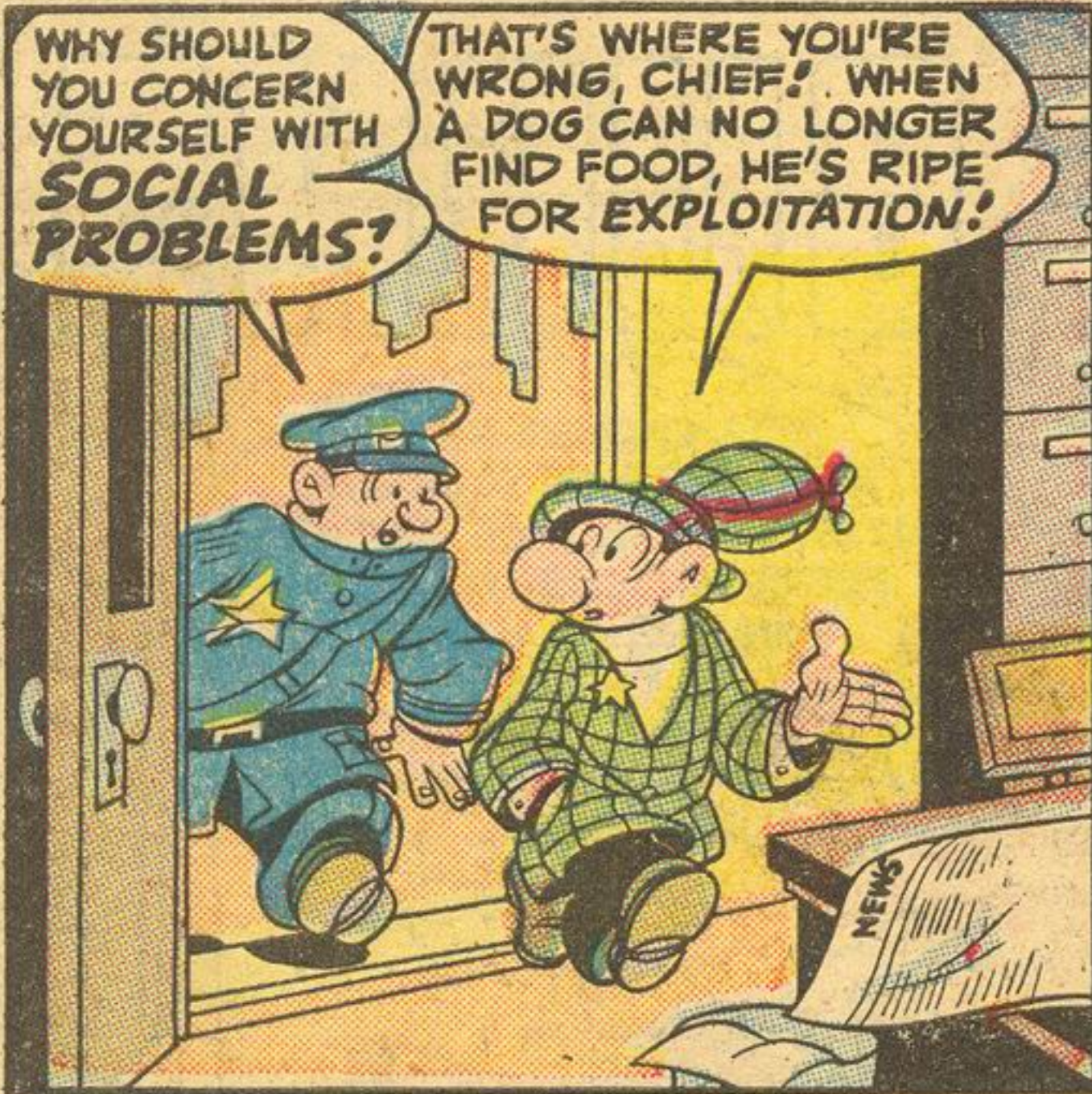


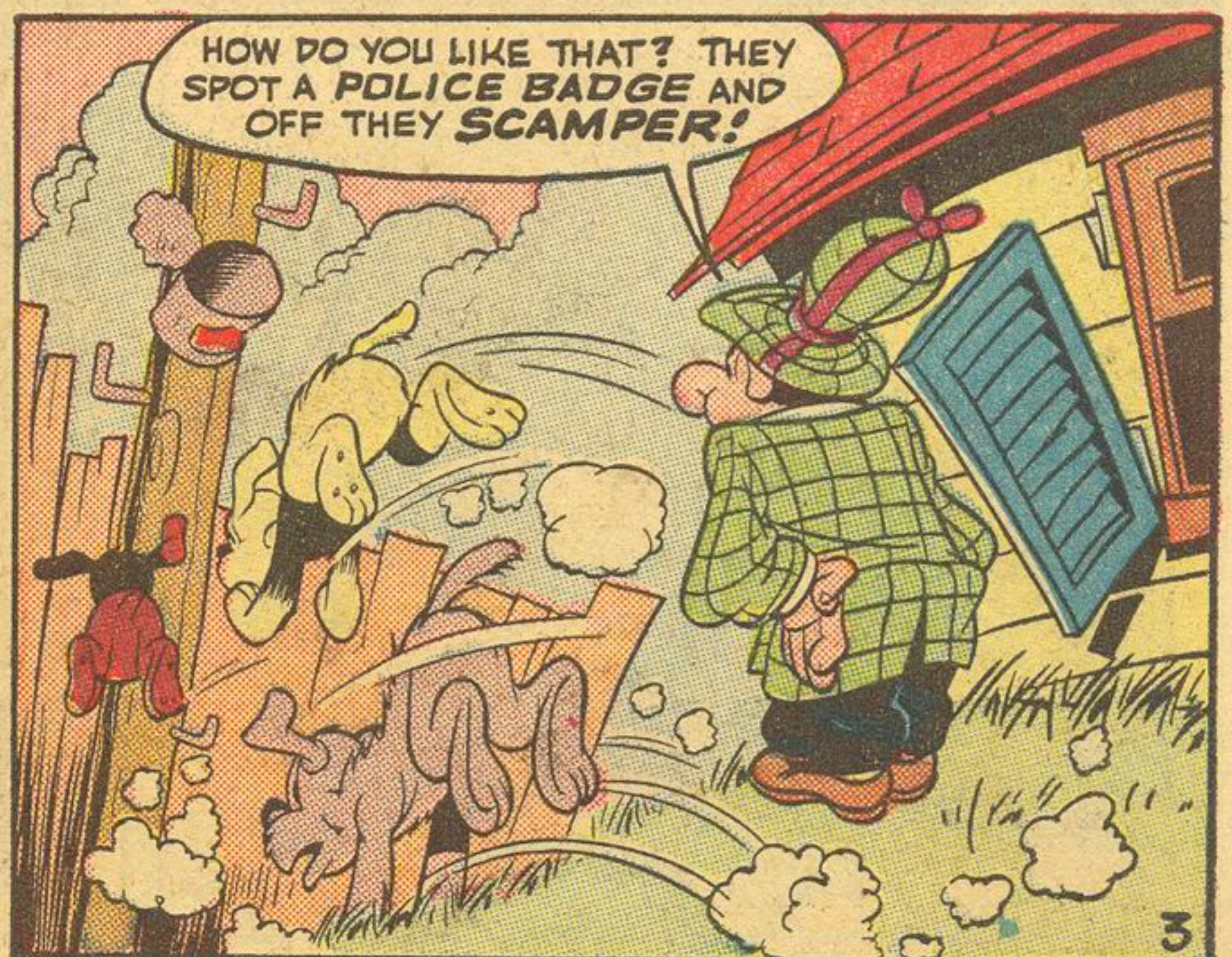
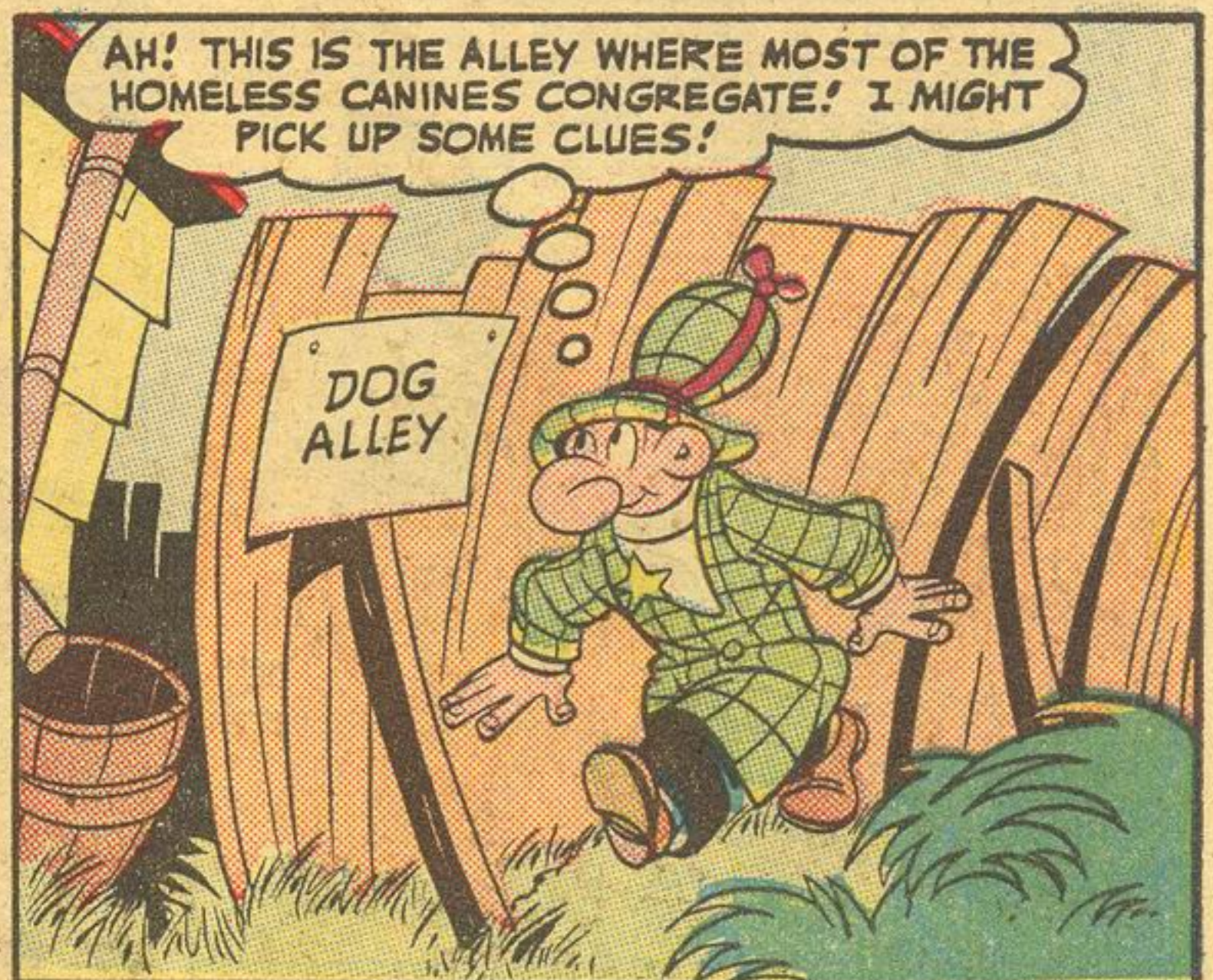
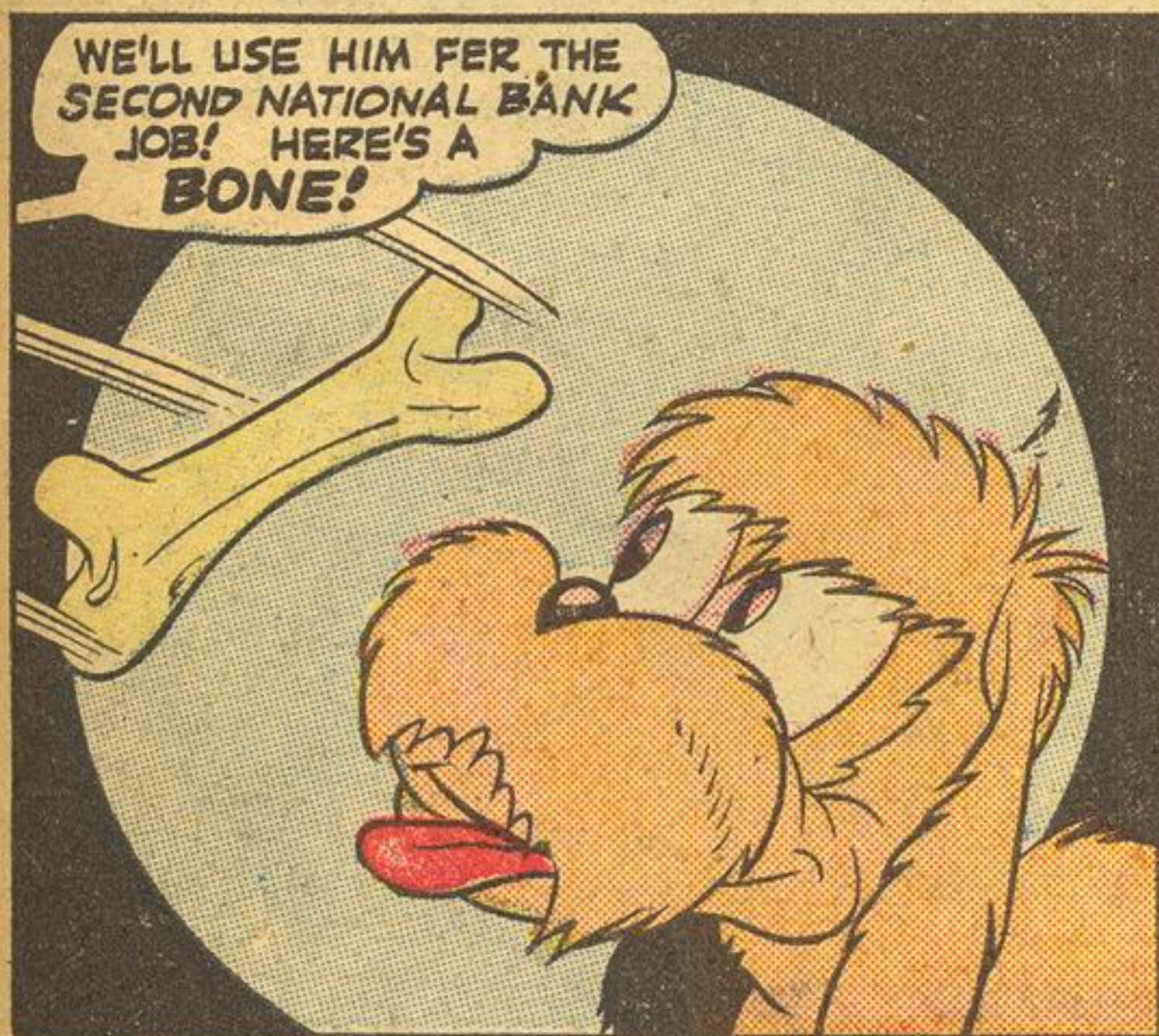
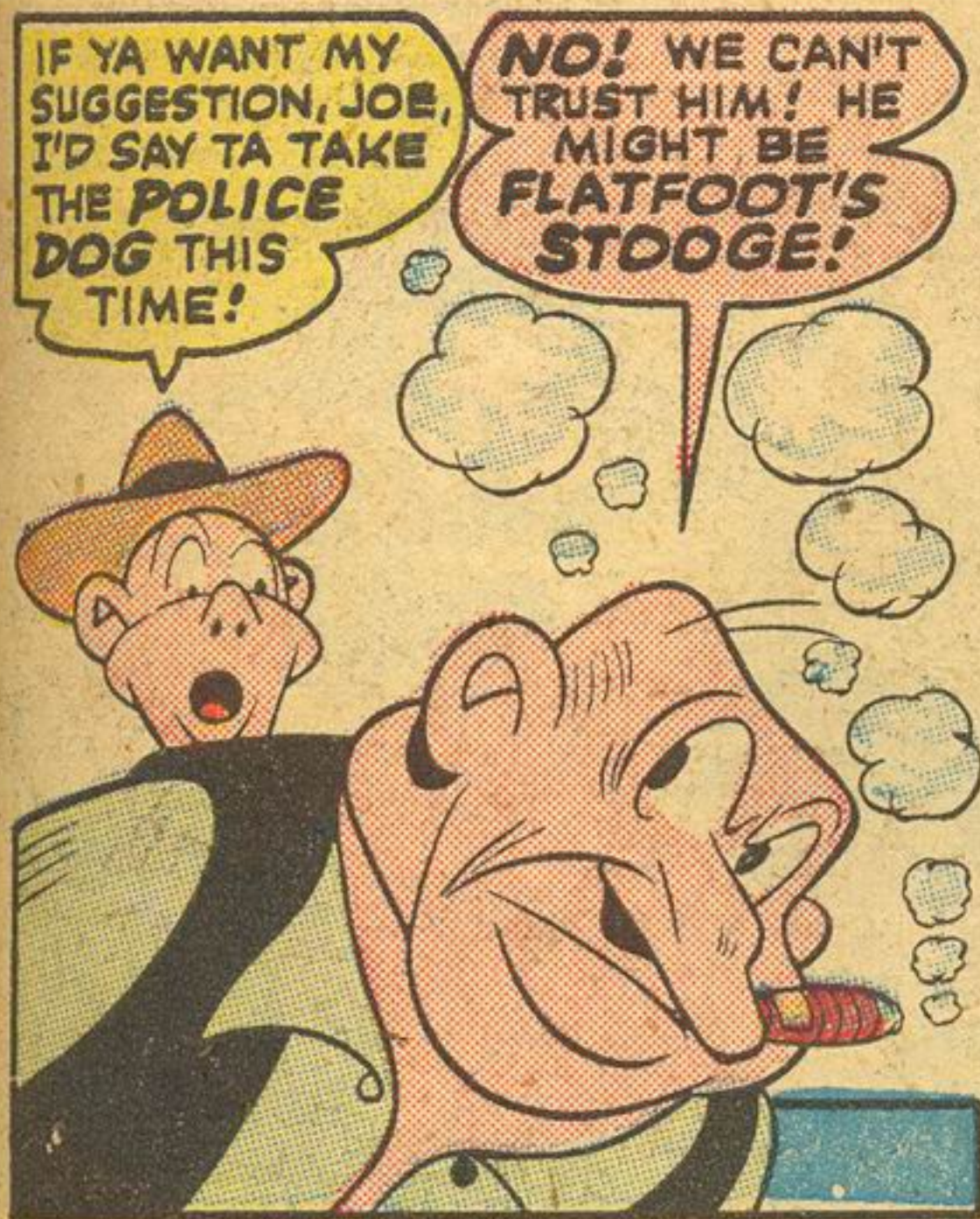
GO RUN ALONG AND PLAY WITH THE
BACK ALLEY CATS LIKE ALL GOOD
DOGGIES DO! IF I CATCH YOU
STEALING AGAIN, IT WILL MEAN
TEN YEARS IN THE
DOG POUND!

FLATFOOT! I'M
PROUD OF YOU!
YOU'VE SET HIM
STRAIGHT!

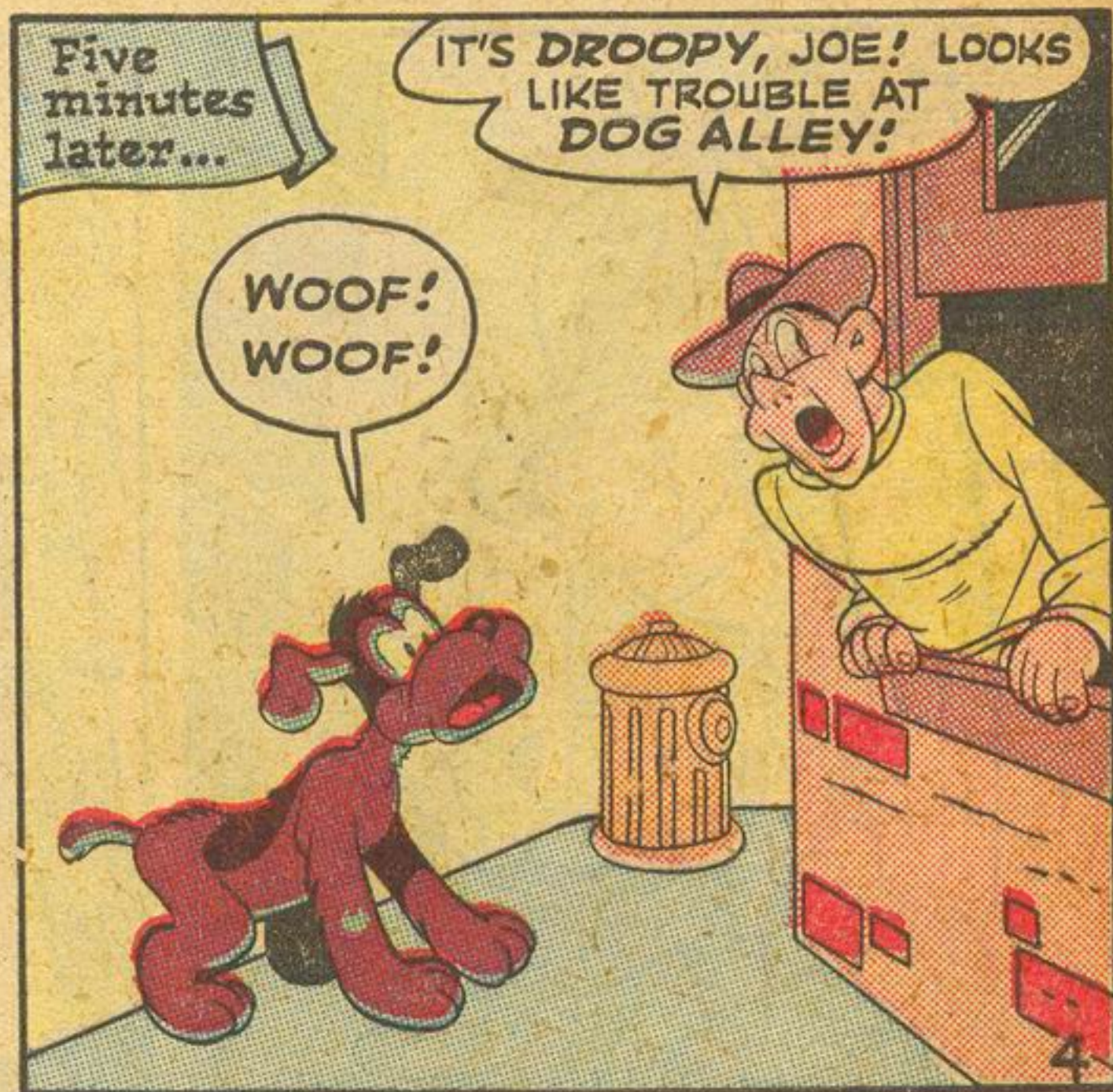
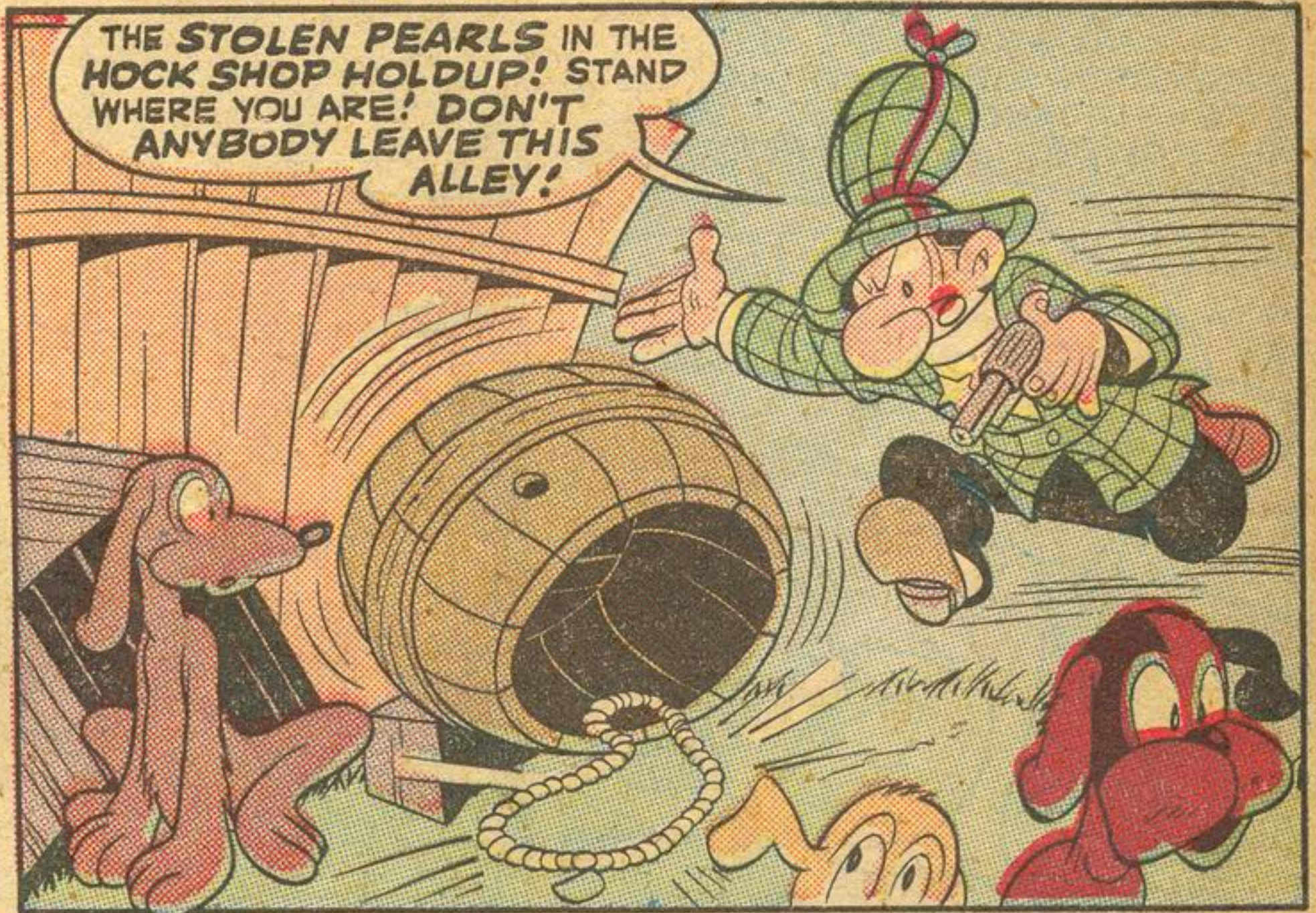
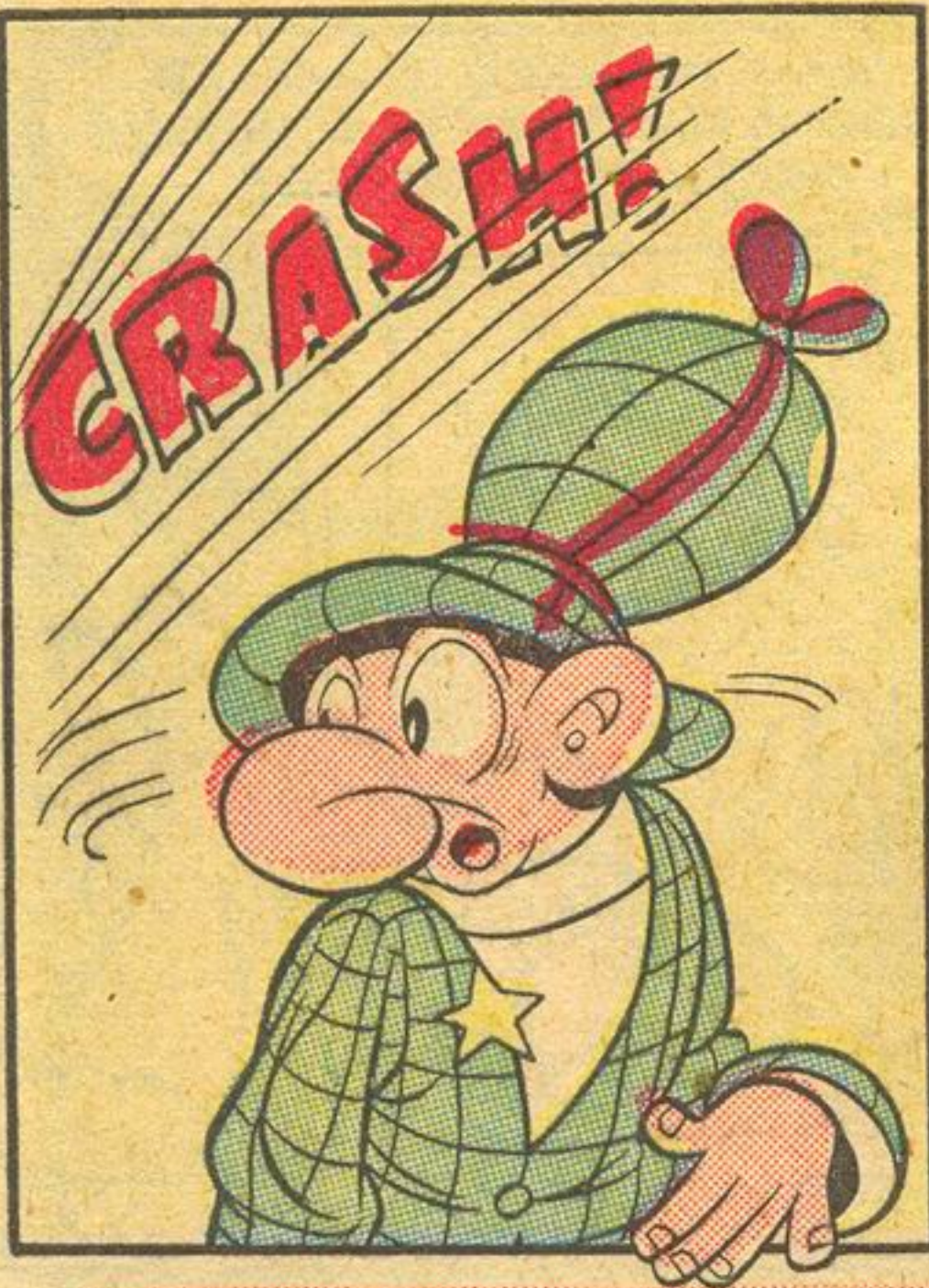
YEAH! BUT I'M AFRAID HE'LL GO
STRAIGHT BACK TO THE BUTCHERS
FOR MORE **STEAK!** THAT MUTT
IS A VICTIM OF CIRCUMSTANCES!
THERE ARE TOO MANY
HOMELESS DOGS
IN TOWN!

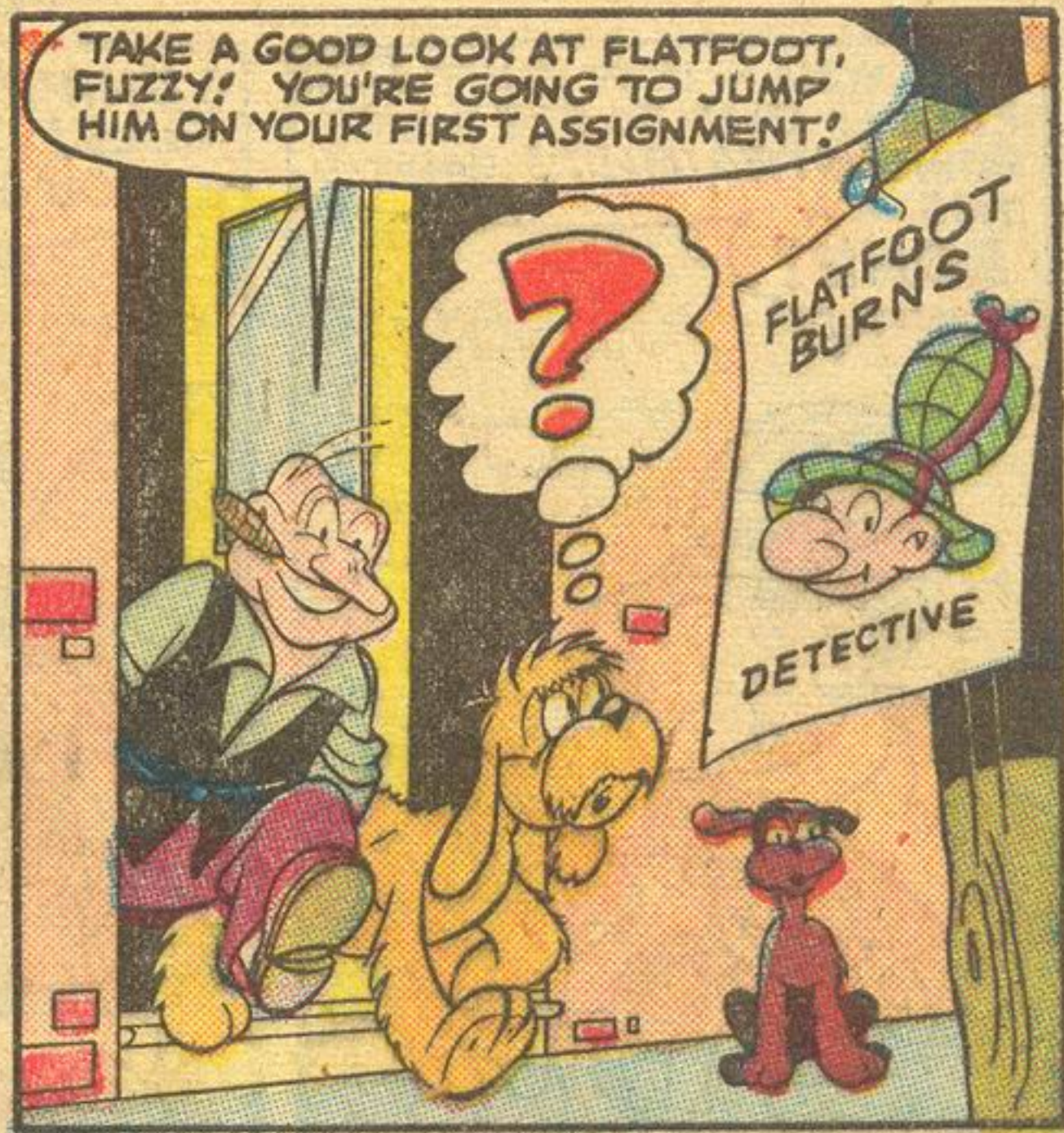
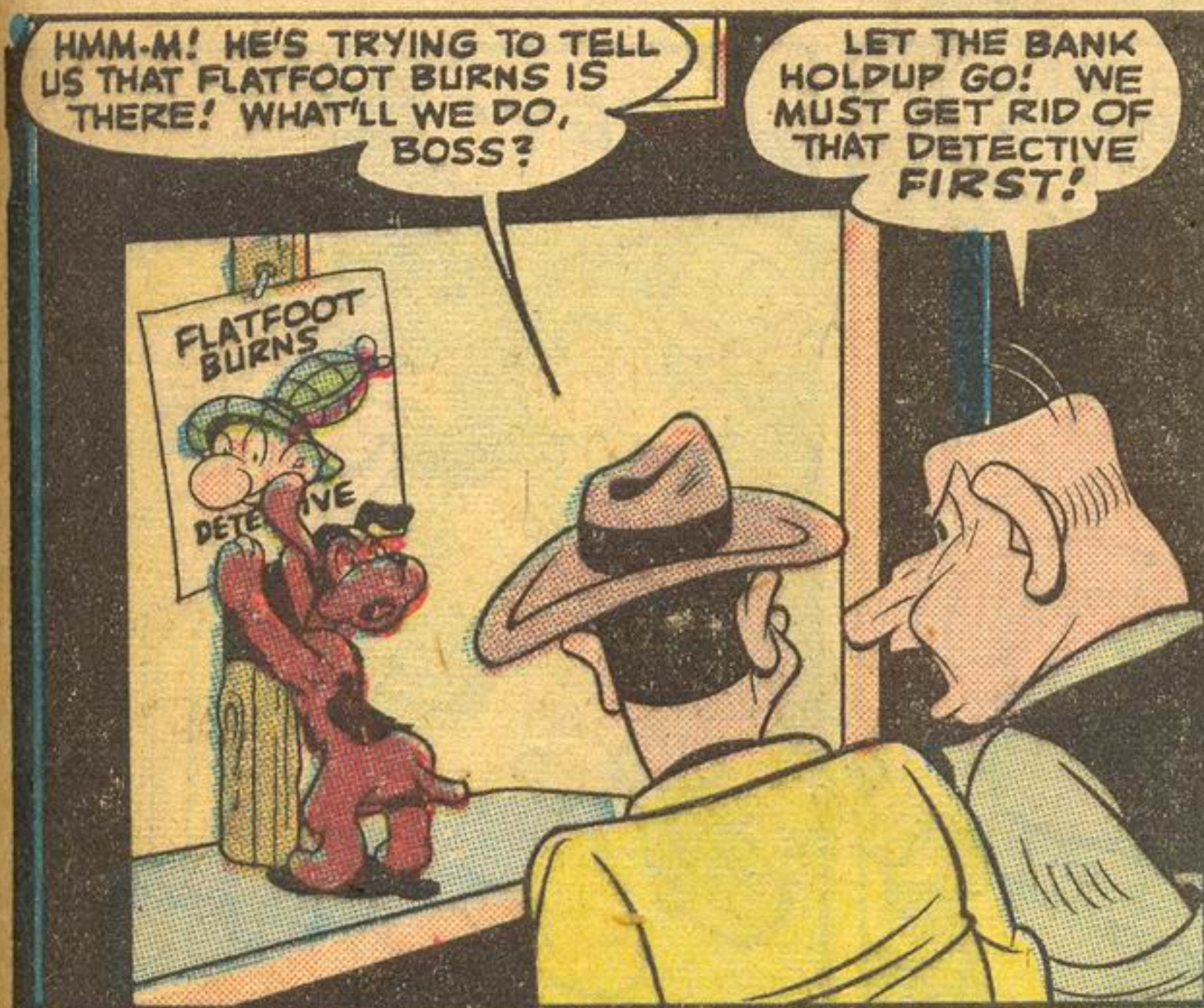




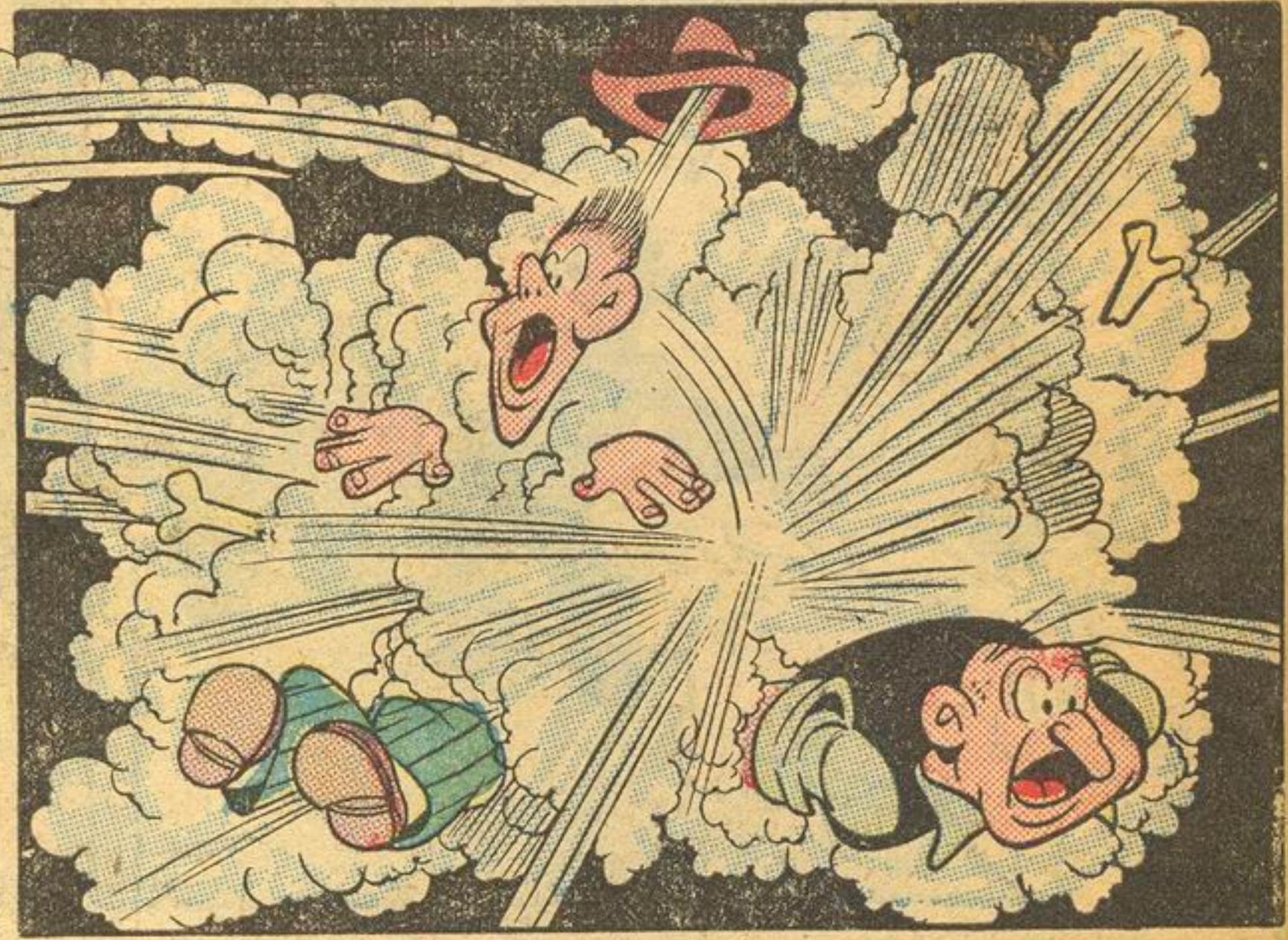


POLICE COMICS





POLICE COMICS



THE SPIRIT

Each human, journeying hurriedly through life, leaves his mark and influence on those who follow--but few on this earth can boast a heritage so bizarre as that of the Heirs of Dubbs Dombey!



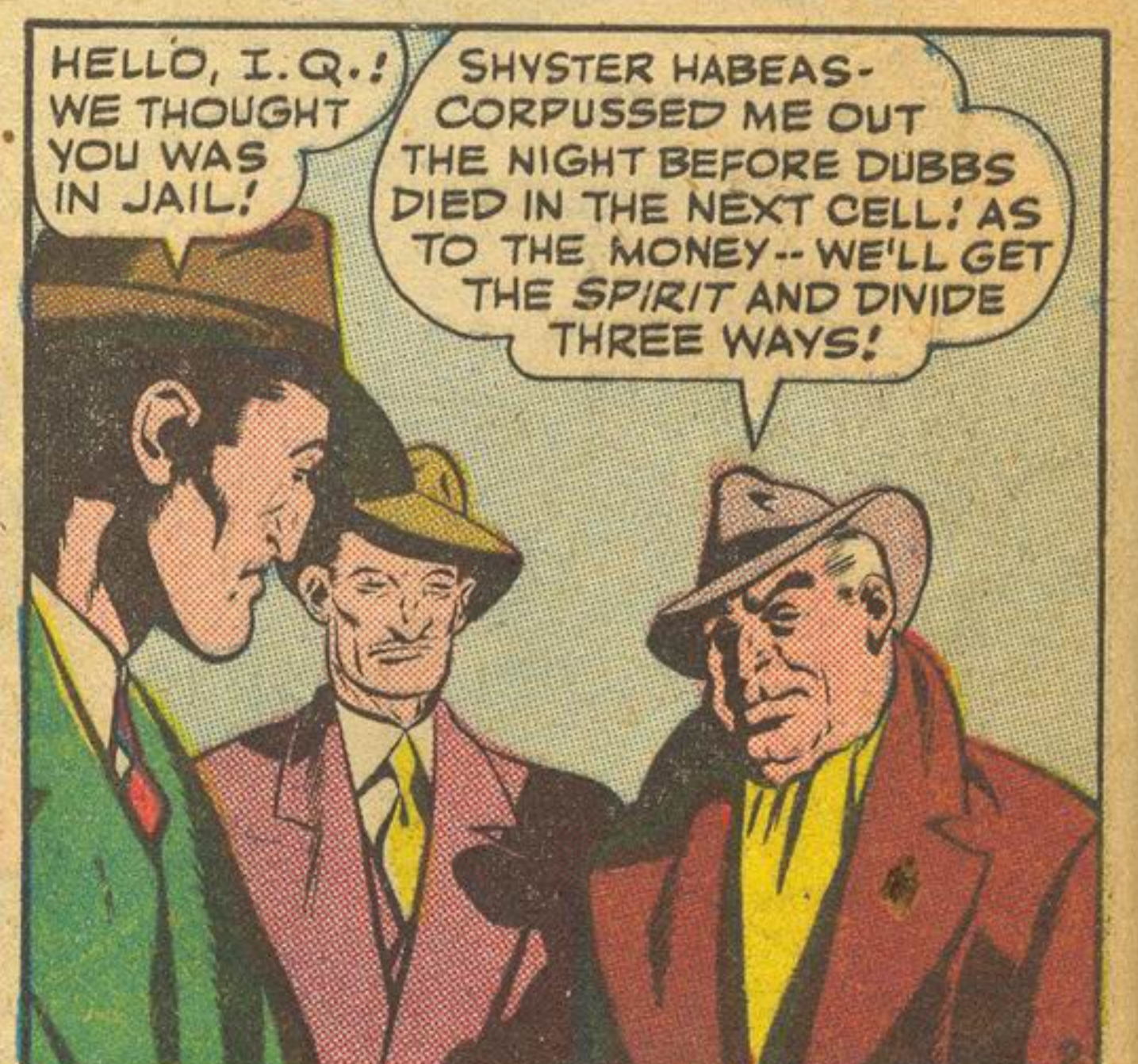
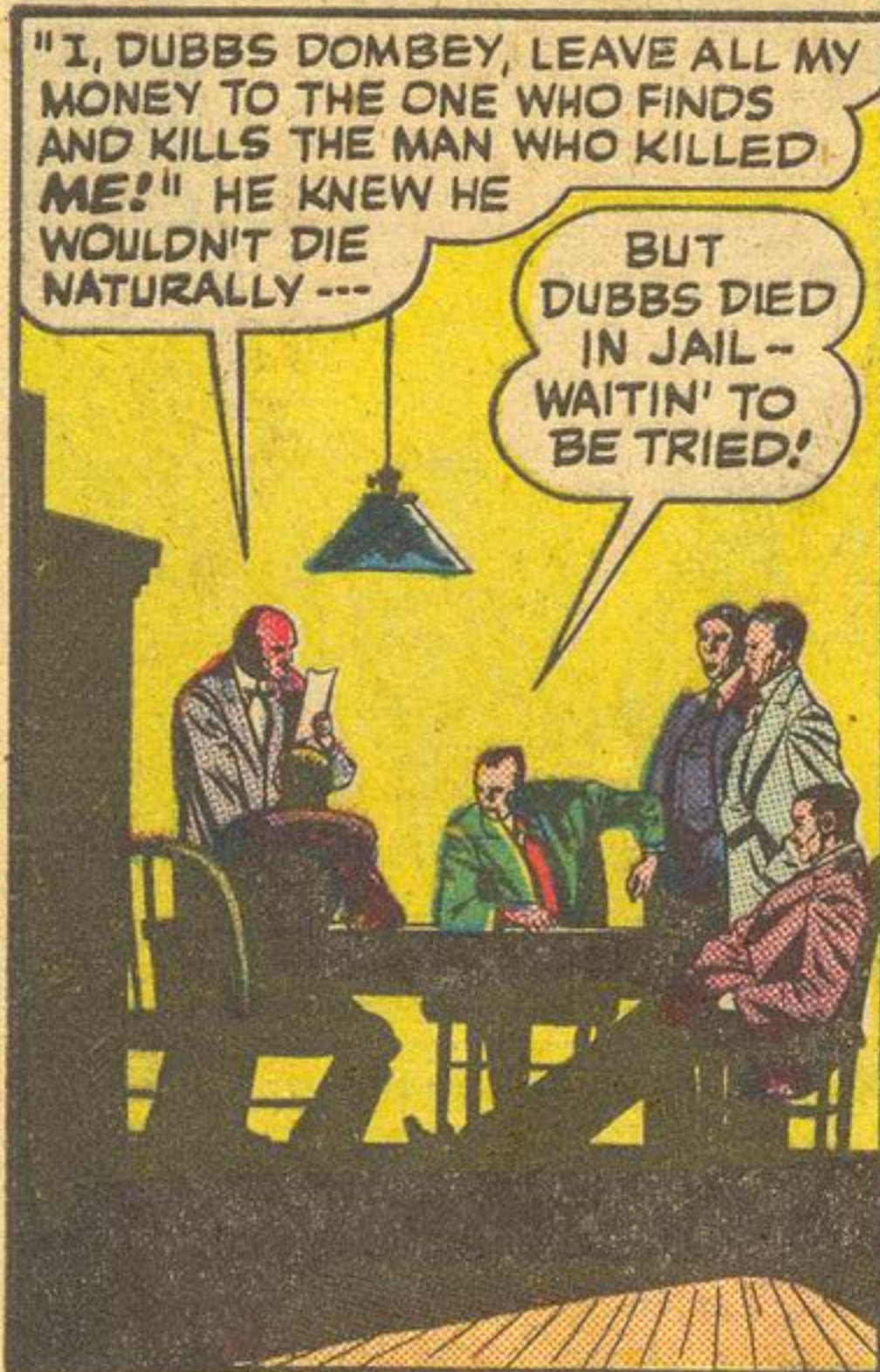
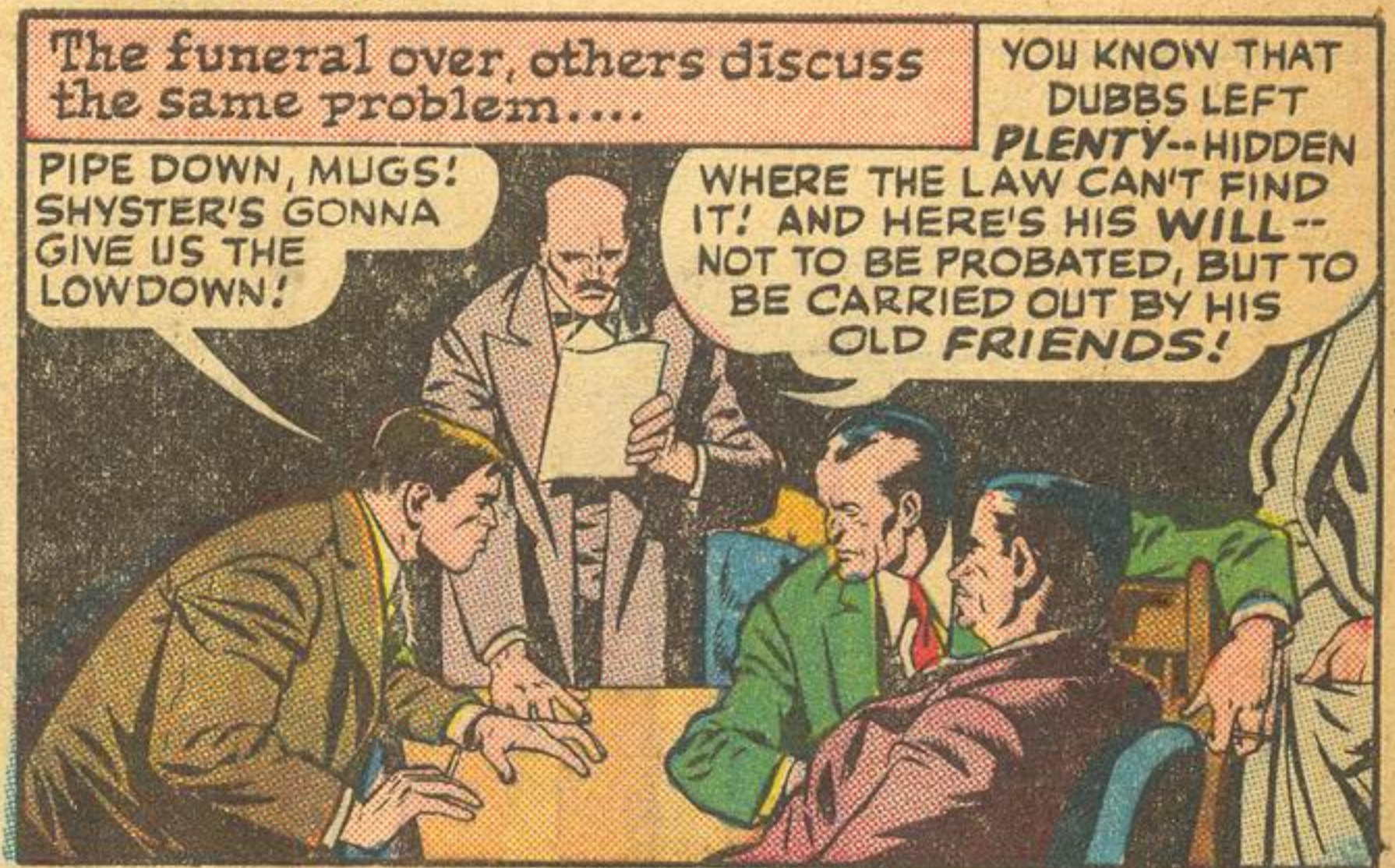
In the heart of Wildwood Cemetery...

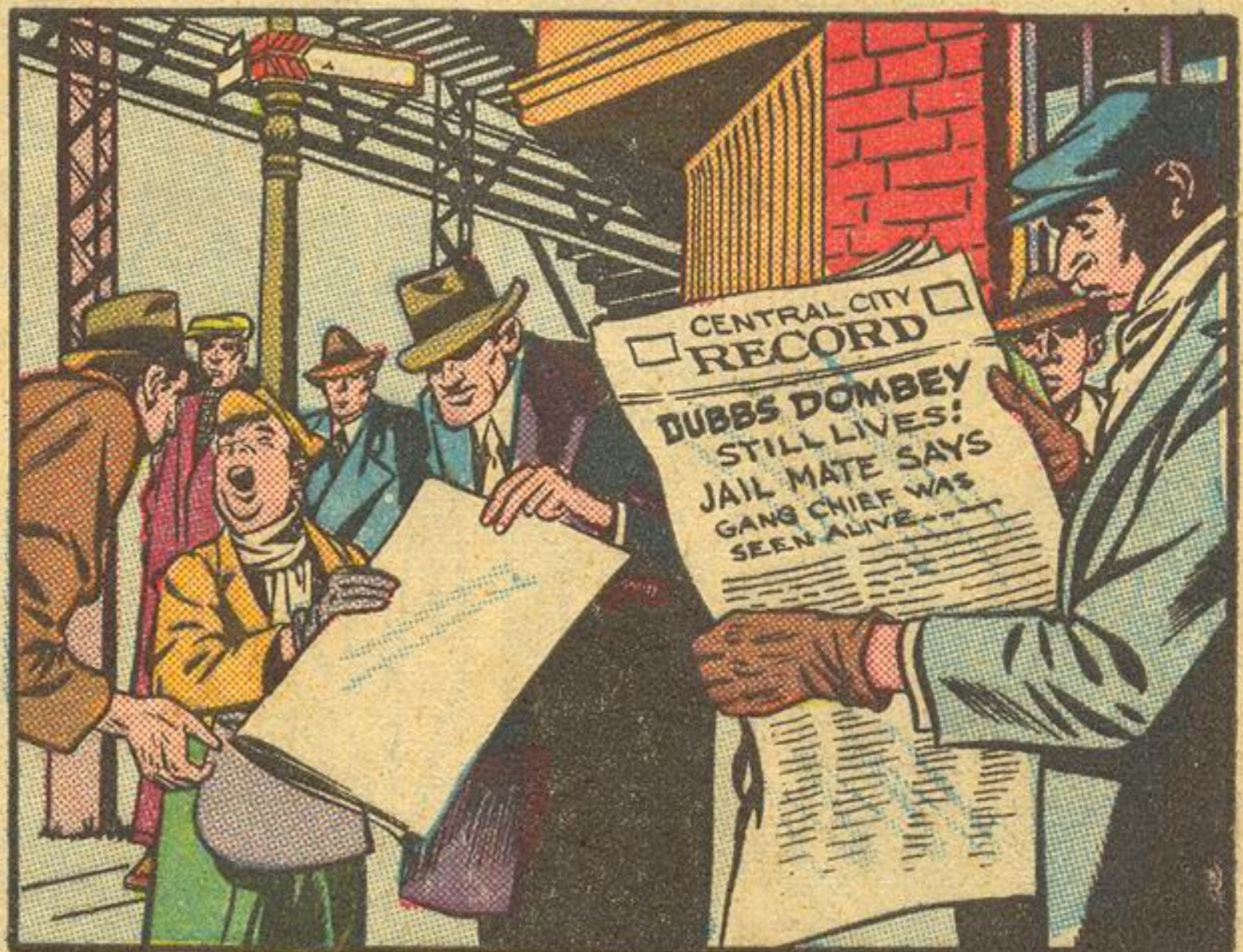
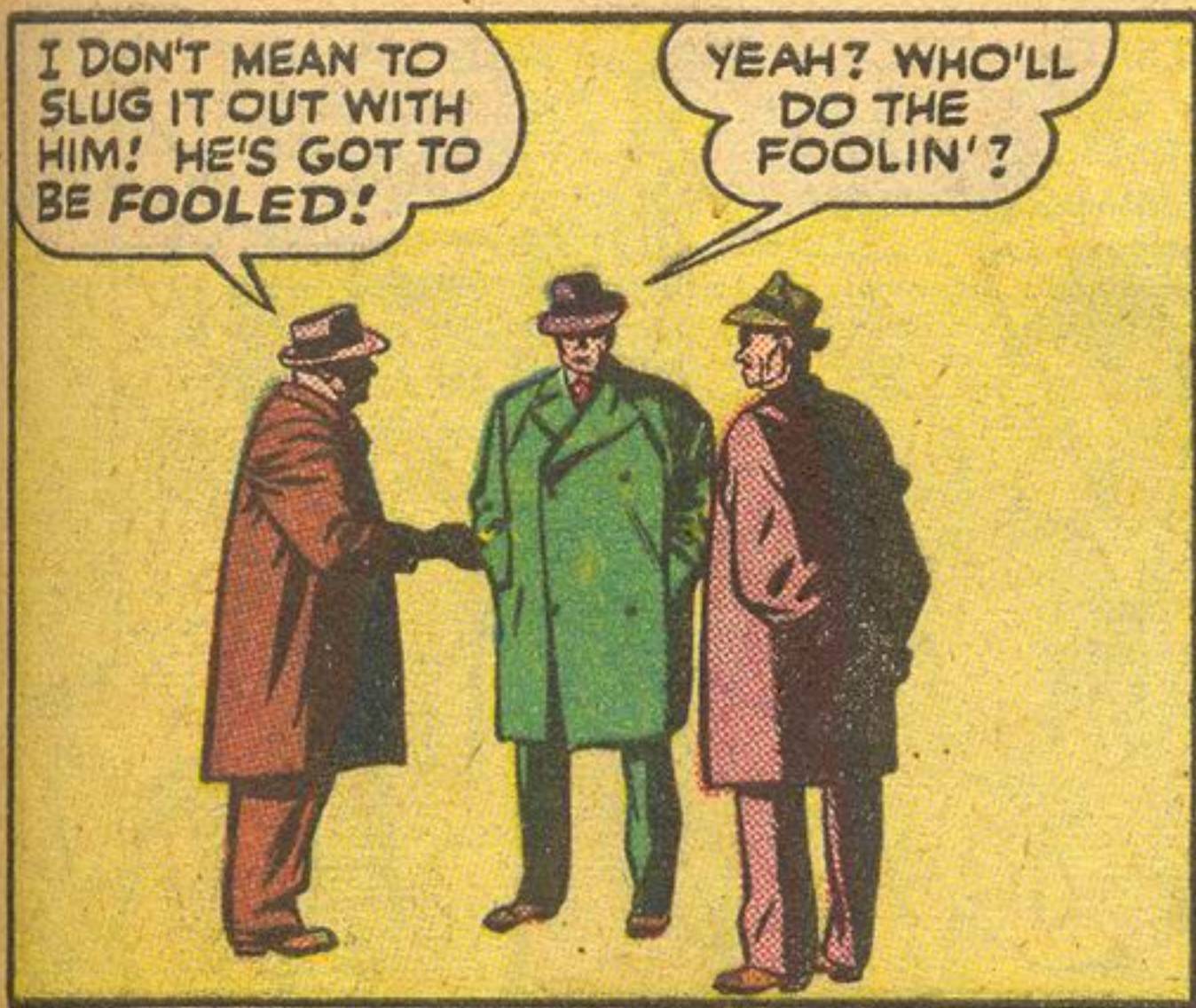
THEY'S PUTTIN' SOMEBODY AWAY **RIGHT**, MIST' SPIRIT BOSS! TONS O' FLOWAHS -- AN' LOTS A TOUGH-LOOKIN' MOURNAHS!

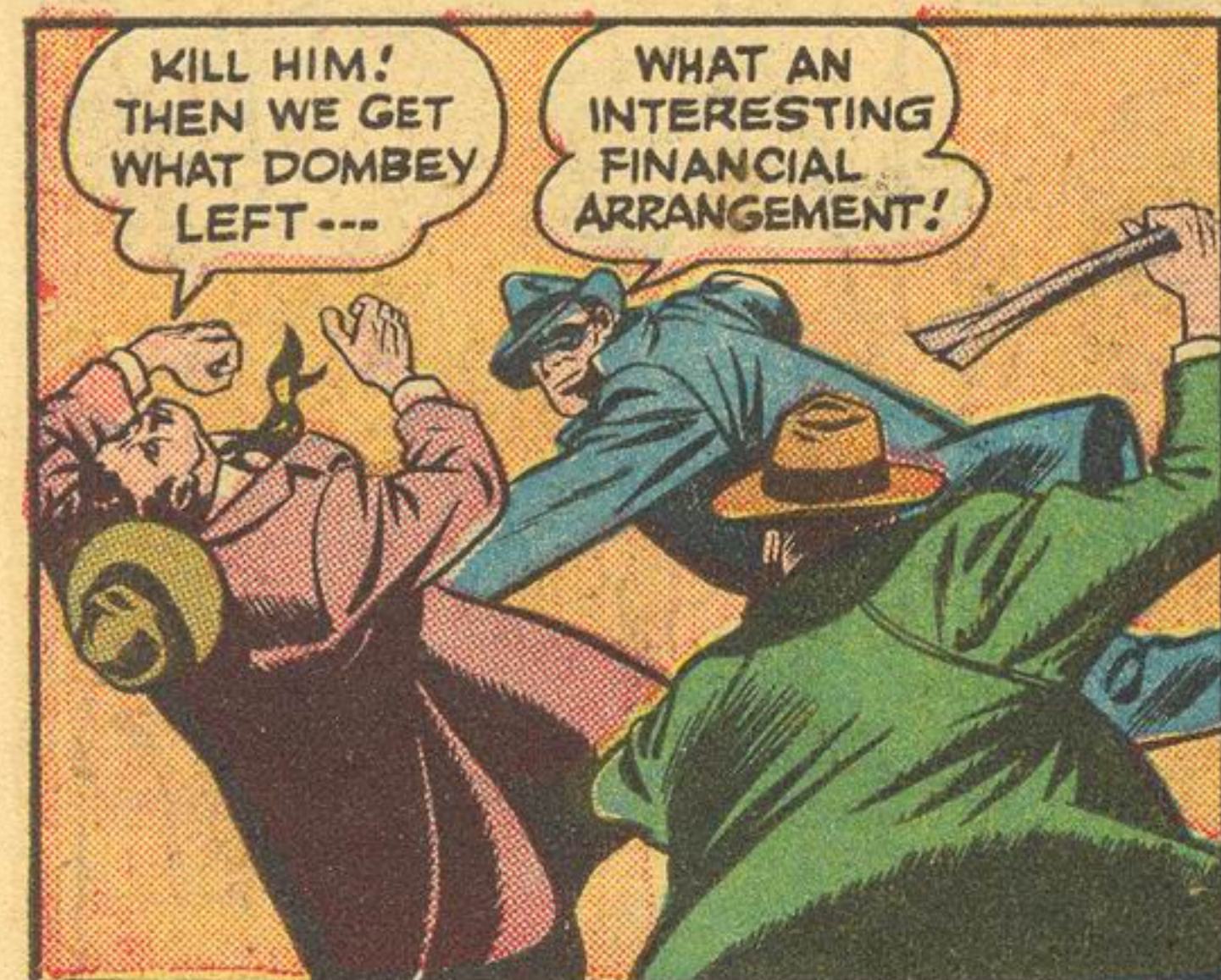
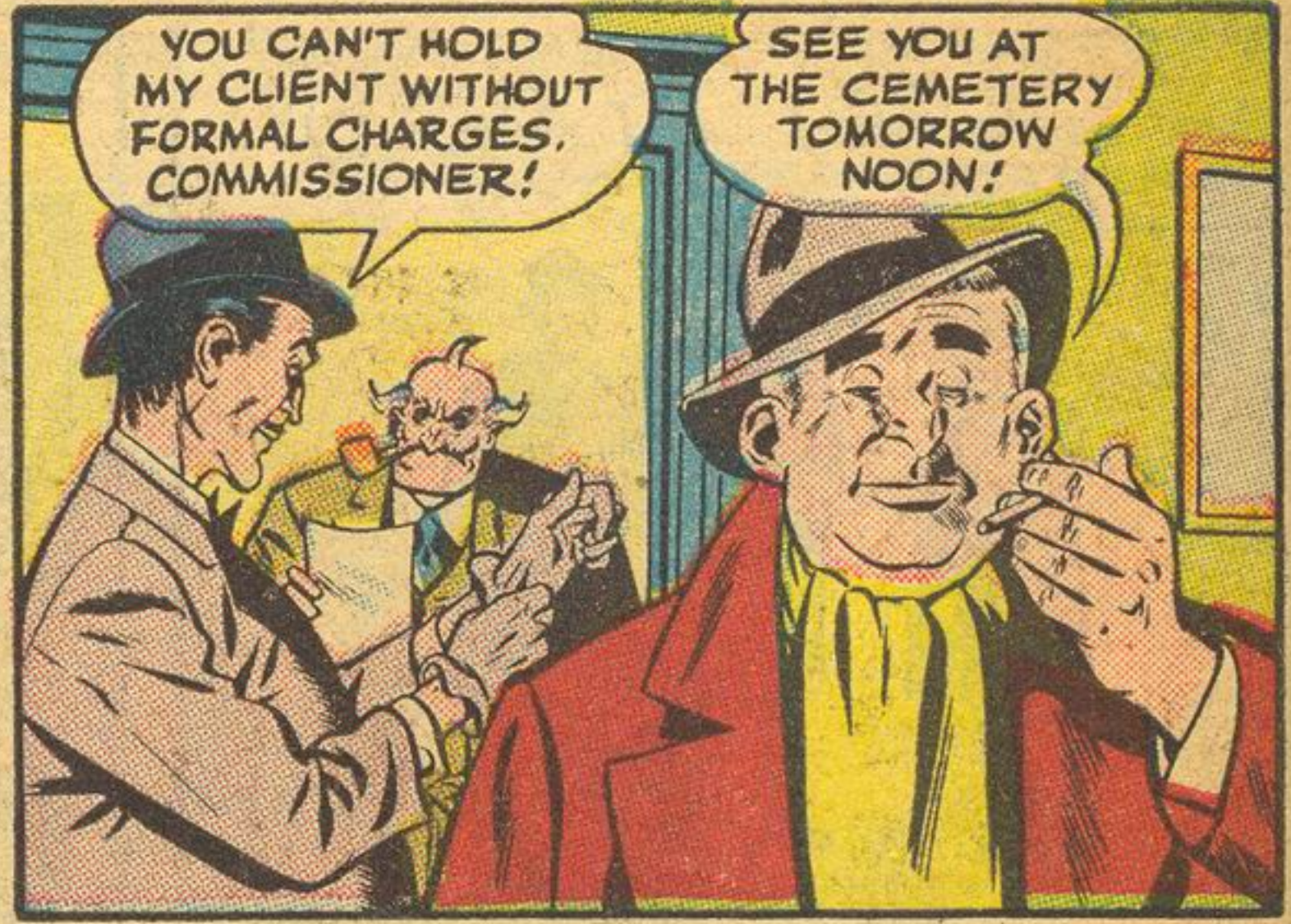
THAT'S THE FUNERAL OF DUBBS DOMBEY, THE GANG LEADER, EBONY! REMEMBER HOW WE CAUGHT HIM? HE DIED SUDDENLY IN JAIL!

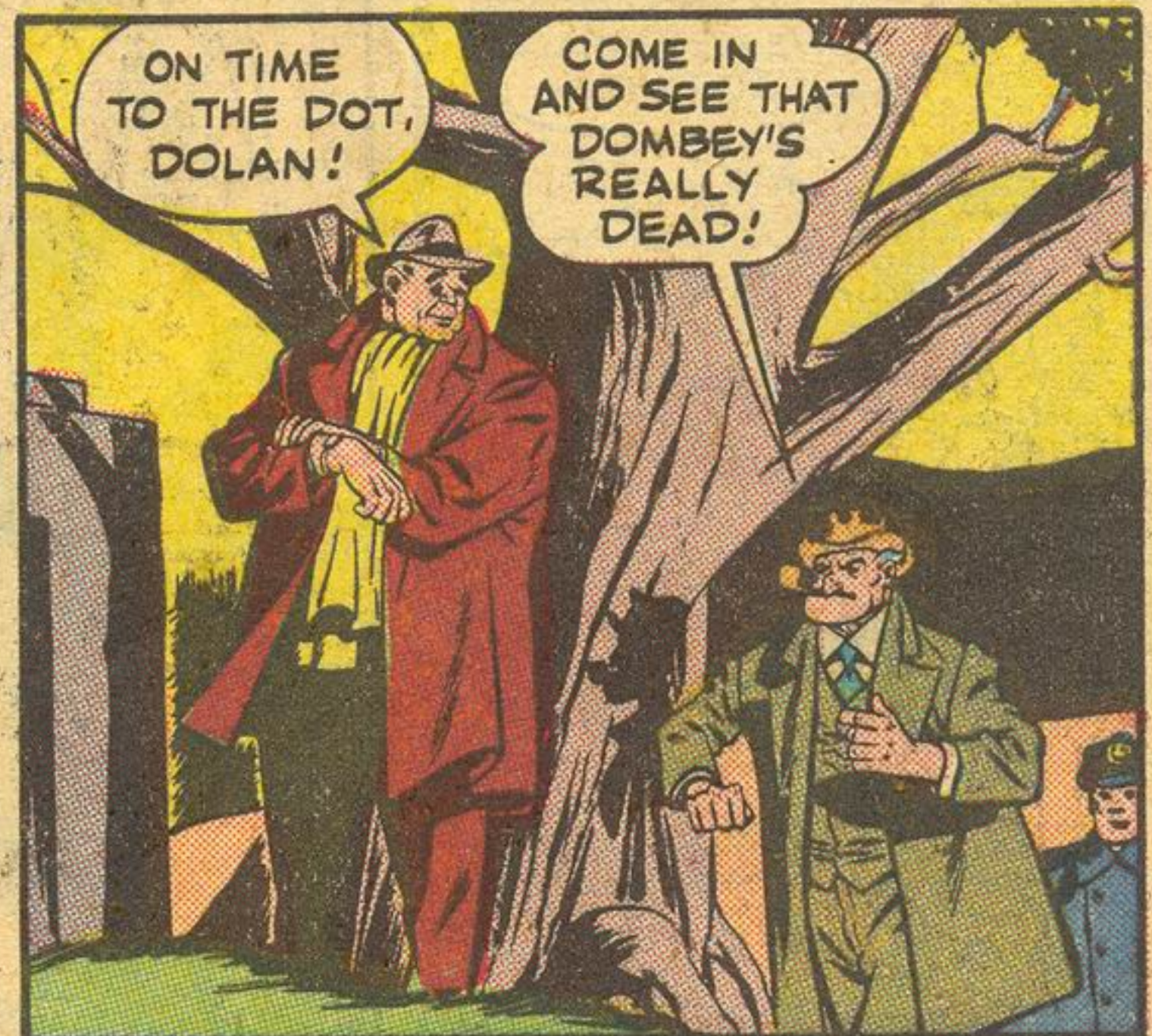
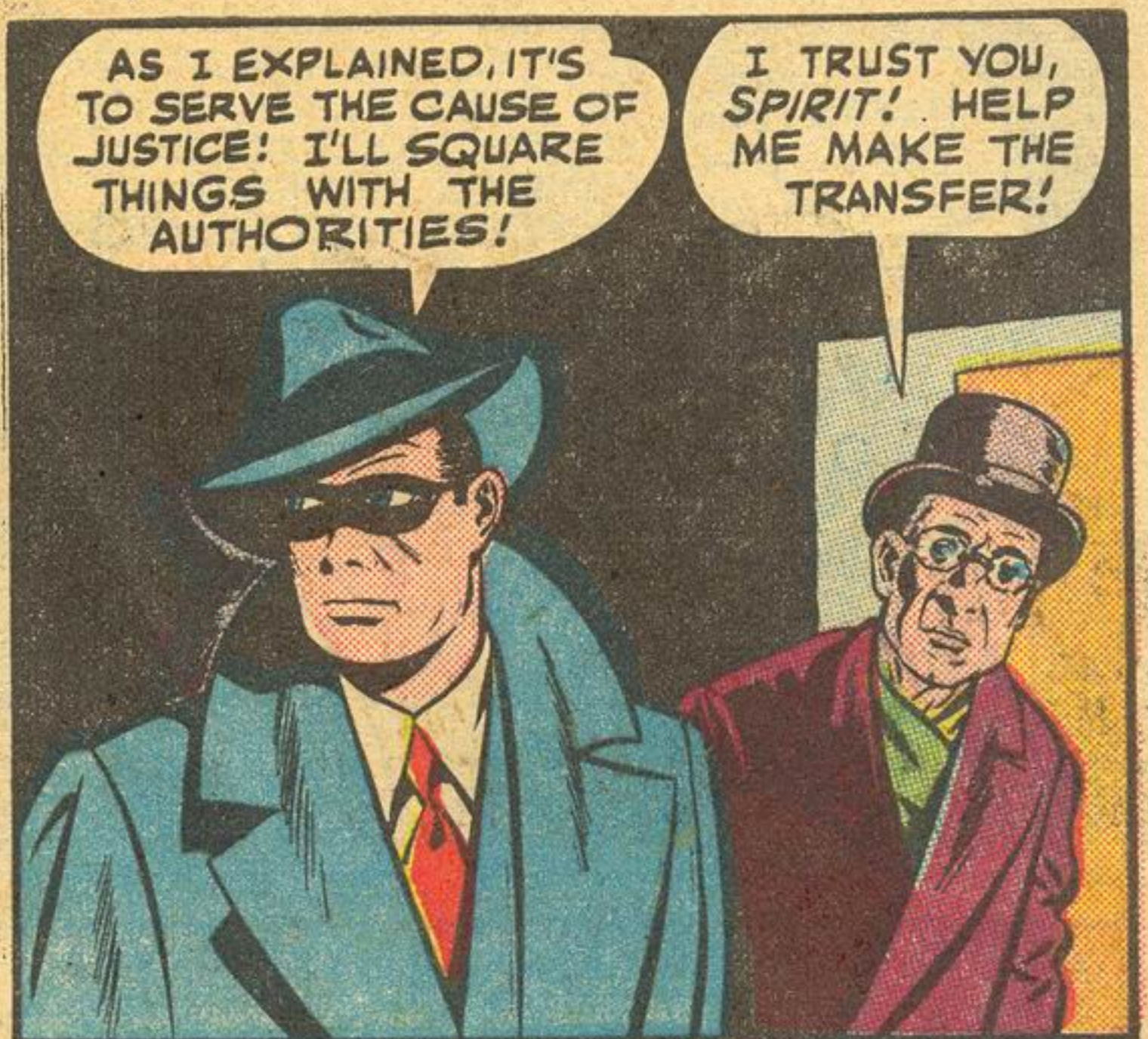


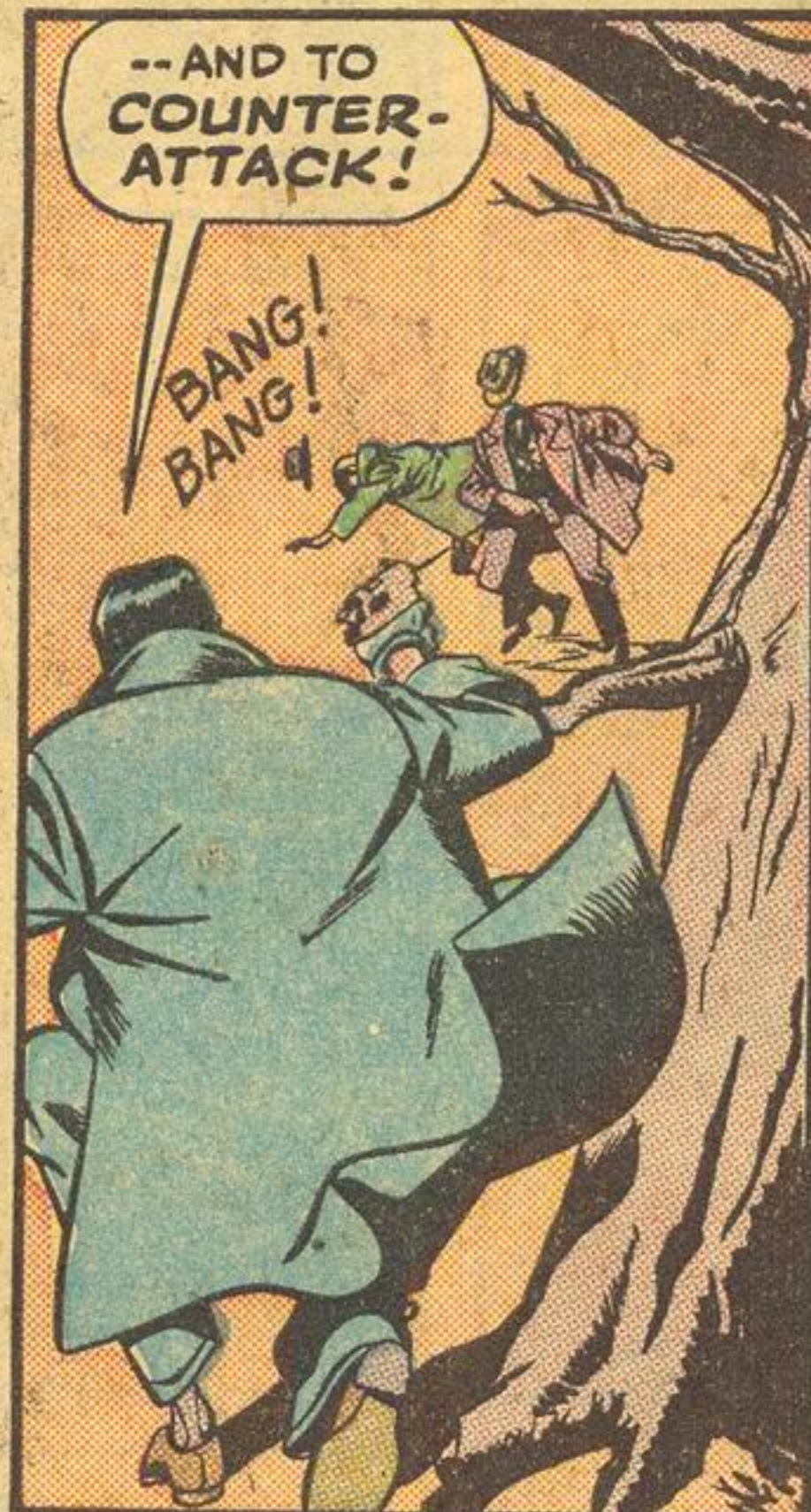
POLICE COMICS

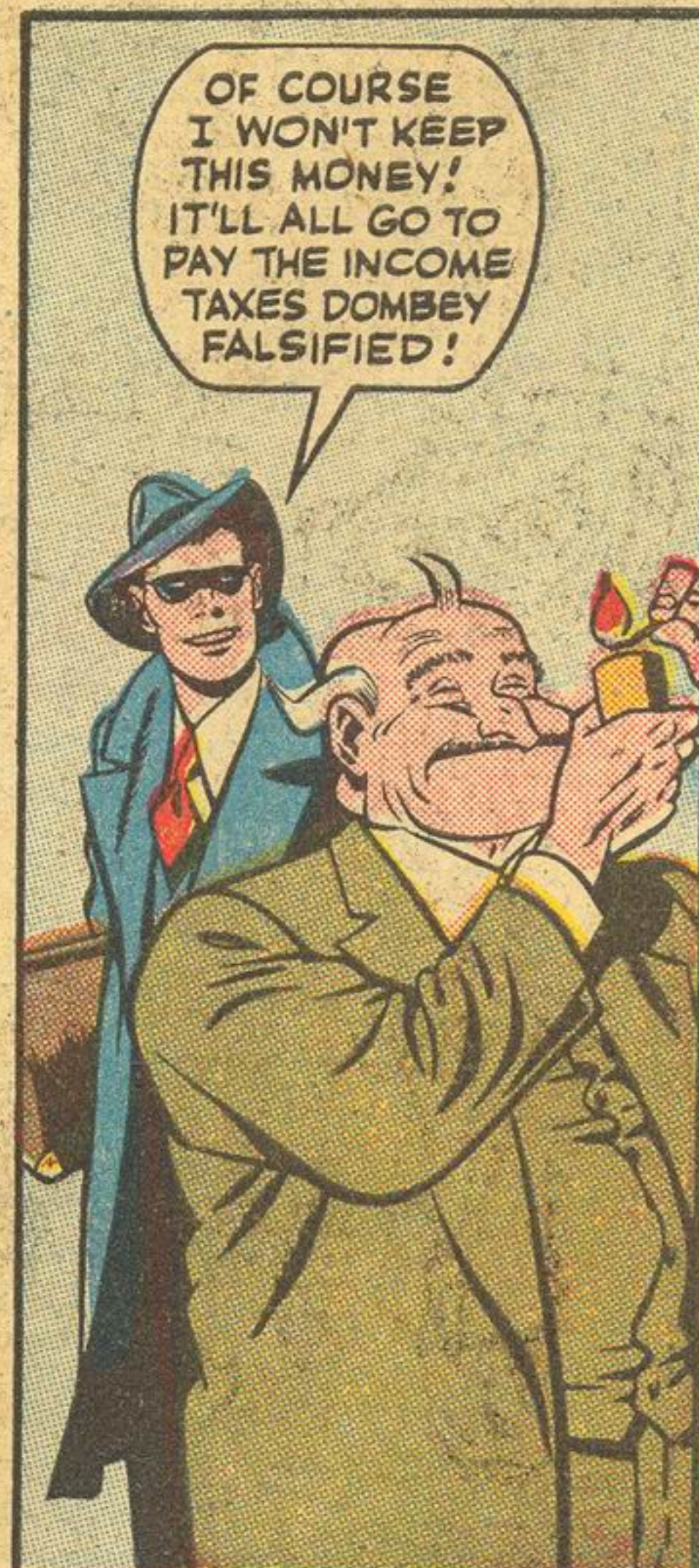








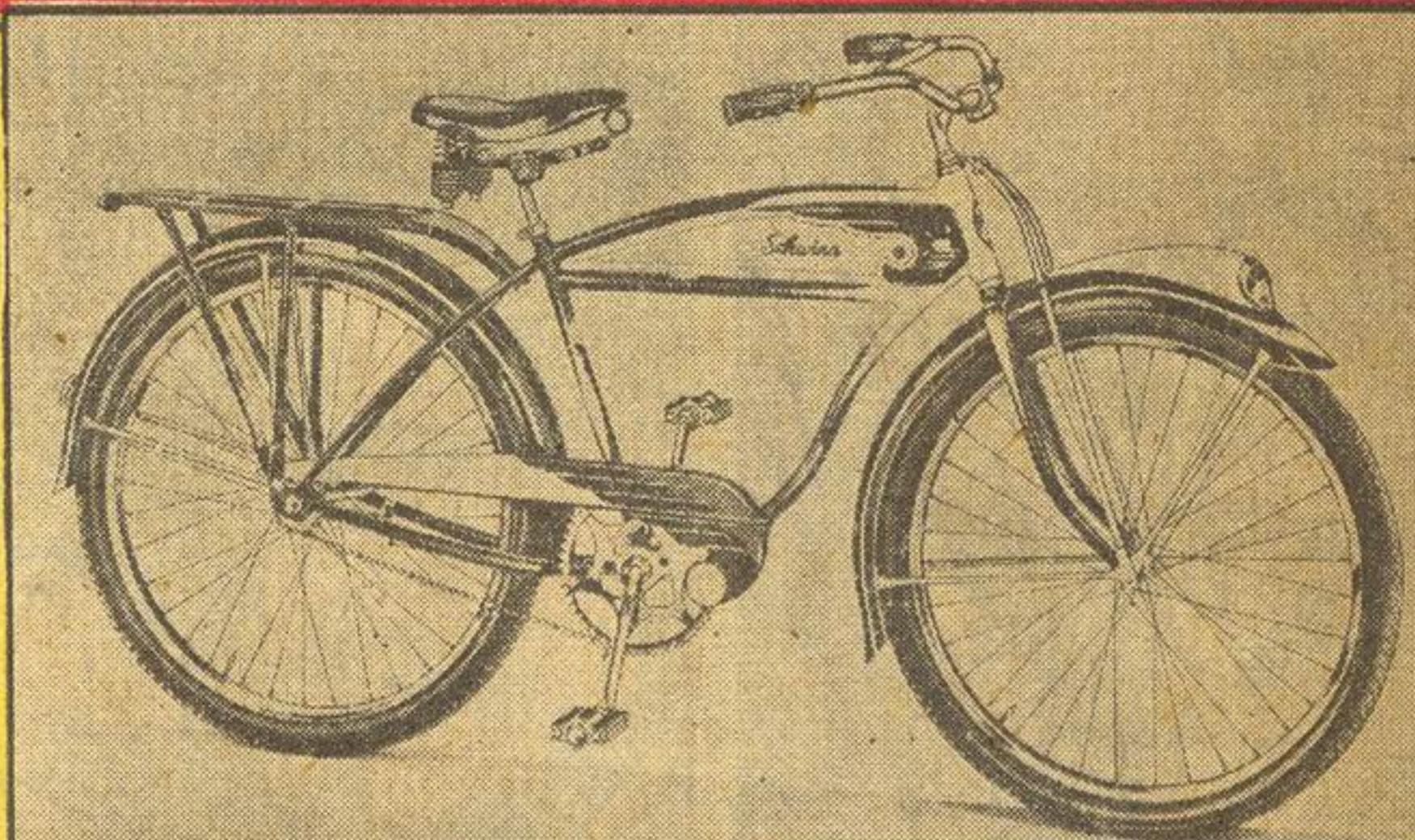




THE FEATURES THE OTHERS WISH THEY HAD ARE ON THE NEW *Schwinn-Built Bicycles*

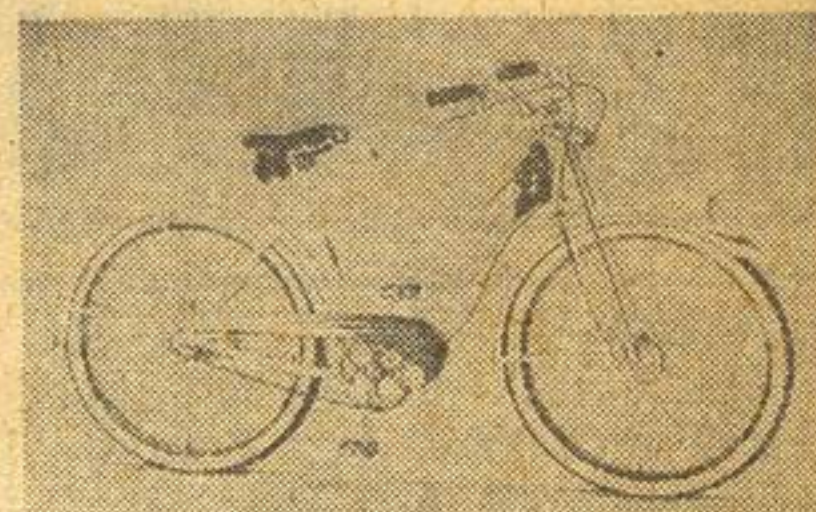
HERE ARE THE NEW POST-WAR MODELS YOU'VE WAITED FOR

The bright, sleek new Schwinn-Built Bicycles are all you've hoped they would be! They give you such important Schwinn-patented features as Knee-Action Spring Fork, Fore-wheel Brakes, Cyclelock and Built-In Kickstand! Yes, all these exclusive advantages . . . plus precision-built ball bearings and other features that do so much to assure you of fast, safe, easy riding . . . year after year. See the new post-war Schwinn-Built Bicycles at your dealer's . . . today.



BE SURE TO LOOK
FOR THE SCHWINN
SEAL OF QUALITY
ON THE FRAME
BENEATH THE SADDLE

IT'S SCHWINN
FOR GIRLS'
BICYCLES, TOO



MERILEE PEDDELS says the new Schwinn-Built Bicycles for girls have rich colors, sturdy streamlined frames—yes, all the great features of the models for boys!

1 THAT'S TH' PLOT—ANY QUESTIONS?
HOLY SMOKE! THOSE THUGS ARE PLANNIN' TO ROB TH' FIRST NATIONAL BANK



2 WOWIE! I'VE GOTTA NOTIFY TH' POLICE—AN' QUICK! BOY! AM I GLAD I'VE GOT A SCHWINN BIKE. SO I CAN TEAR ALONG



LATER

TH' COPS!
TH' JIGS UP!



4 YOU'LL BE REWARDED FOR SAVING THE BANK WITH YOUR FAST THINKING, SPEEDY

YOU MEAN FAST RIDING, SIR—I GIVE ALL TH' CREDIT TO MY SCHWINN BIKE



FREE!

EXCITING
MOVIE STAR—
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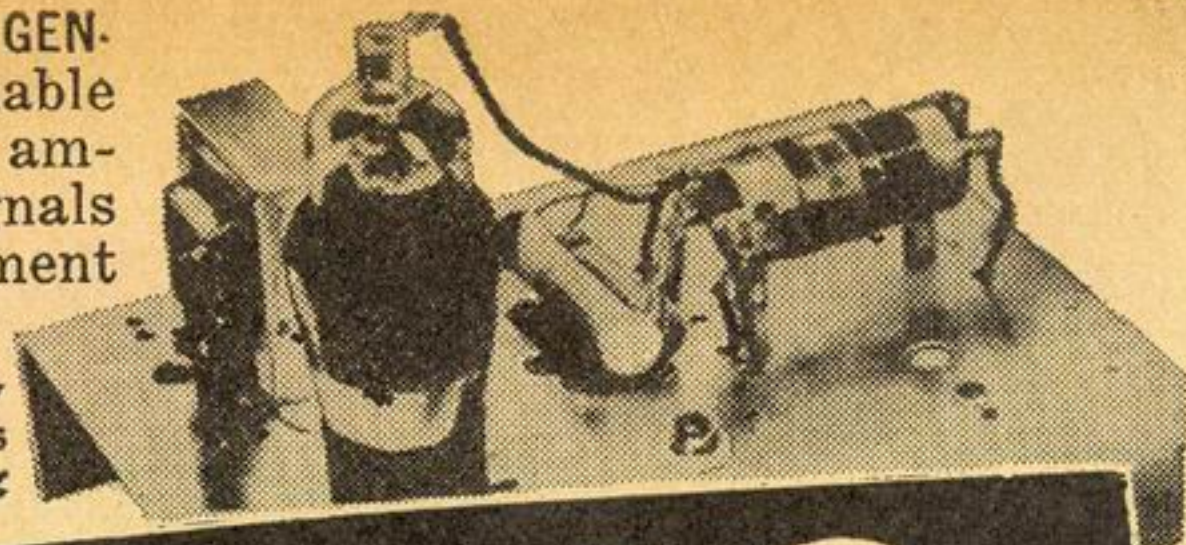


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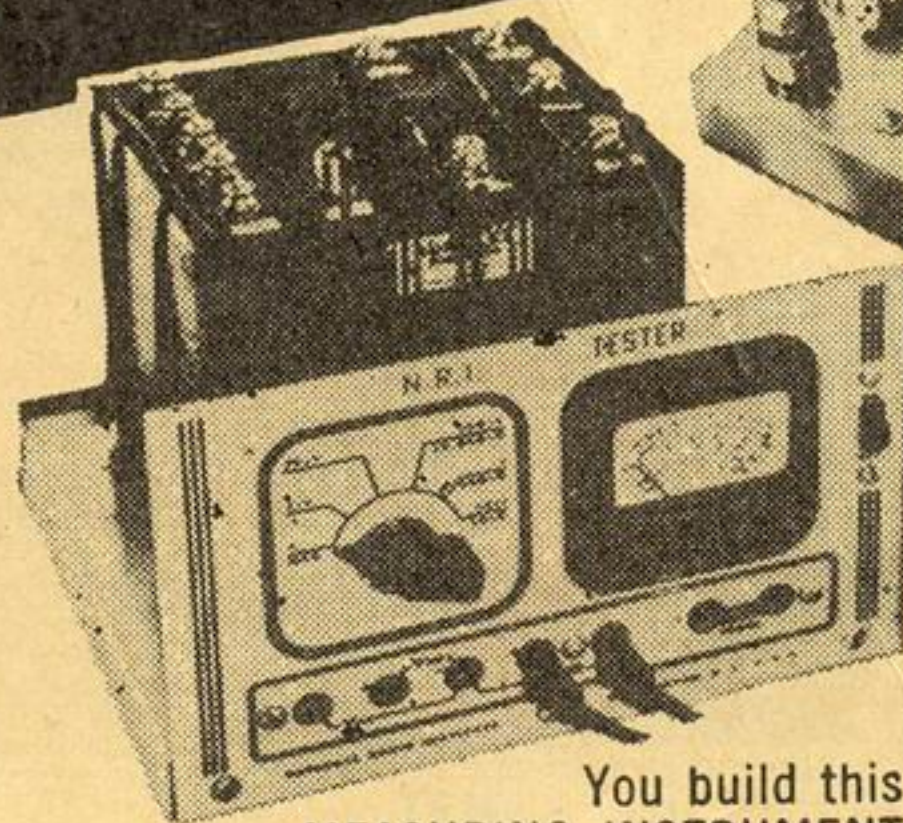
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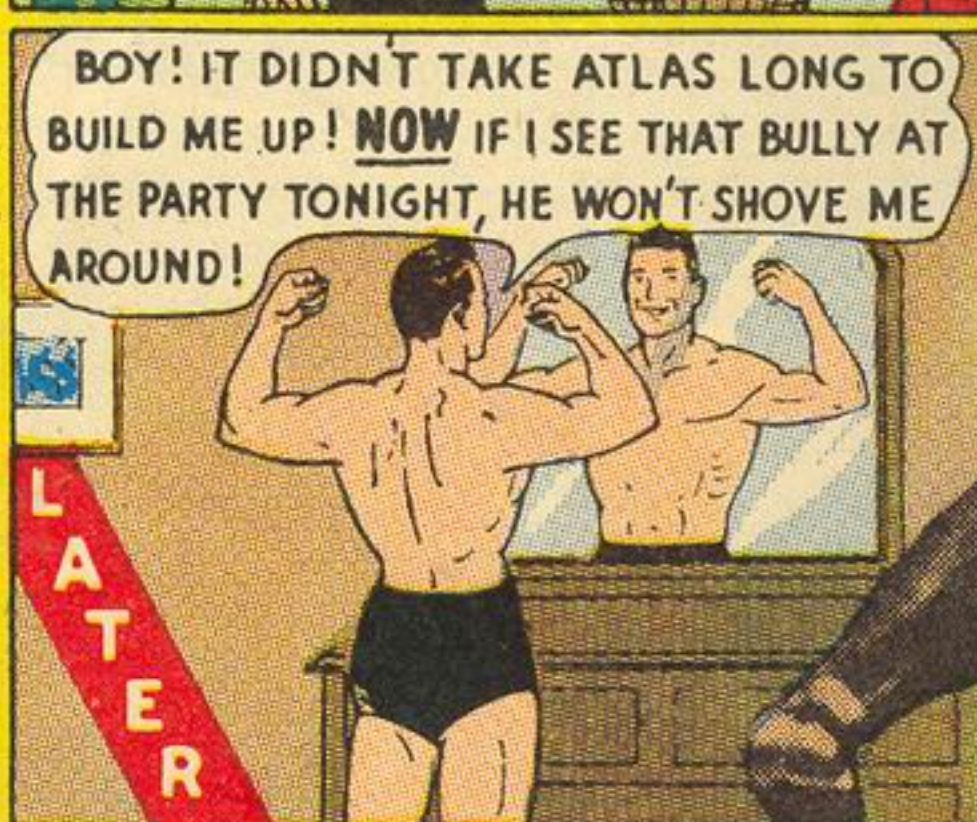
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